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THE HARROW LIFE OF HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

H. Herkomer, A.R.A. *Engraved by F. Sternberg.*

THE VERY REVEREND HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

Dean of Gloucester and Head-Master of Harrow School. 1885.

THE HARROW LIFE OF HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

HEADMASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL (1860–1885)
MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (1886–1918)

BY

EDWARD GRAHAM

LATE SENIOR ASSISTANT MASTER IN HARROW SCHOOL

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER
BY
SIR GEORGE O. TREVELYAN, BART., O.M.

'Nec petimus laudes; magnam depingere vitam
Ingenio fateor grandius esse meo.
Hoc erat in votis, ut, nos quod amavimus, illud
Serus in externis continuaret amor.'
H. M. B., 1903

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO THE CHILDREN

BORN AT HARROW

OF

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

AGNES ISABEL, EDWARD MONTAGU,

ARTHUR HUGH MONTAGU, AND GERTRUDE MAUDE,

AND TO THE MEMORY

OF

EDITH VIOLET

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

No man's life can be divided, as it were into water-tight compartments, without some loss of interest in its unity, or the correlation of its parts. There are, however, circumstances which may excuse, if they do not wholly justify, a division in this particular case. Dr. Montagu Butler's life falls, more naturally than most, into two clearly marked halves, between which the year 1885, when he resigned the Head-Mastership of Harrow, forms the line of cleavage. Moreover, to arrange and digest the mass of papers which he left relating to his Mastership of Trinity and the various activities of his later years would entail a long delay, and there is a natural desire among his Harrow friends and pupils for a memoir of his Head-Mastership. I have decided, therefore, with the concurrence of his family, to publish the first volume at once. It is hoped that a second volume, dealing with the years at Gloucester and Cambridge, may be forthcoming at no distant date.

I had wished to tell the story of his earlier life less in my own words than by quotation from his letters and memoranda. Of the former I have been disappointed to find how many have been destroyed. His life was a long one; he outlived nearly all the friends of his generation, and executors do not always cherish a reverence for the files of old correspondence. Where it was possible, I have tried to record his own thoughts in his own words.

To those who have entrusted his surviving letters to me, or have assisted me with reminiscences, my thanks are due. To none more than to Sir George Trevelyan for his opening chapter, and to Mrs. Butler for her unremitting kindness in the arrangement of her husband's papers, in opening to me the stores of her memory, and in giving me many valuable suggestions and criticisms.

E. G.

FORSTON HOUSE, DORCHESTER,
July 1920.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

By the Rt. Hon. Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart., O.M.

Welcombe, Stratford on Avon, January 16, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Butler,

I have never been more touched and honoured by a letter than by yours which has this moment come into my hands. I like to think of that letter as an indication on your part that my friendship was, to my oldest and dearest of friends, what his was to me. The sad pleasure which you gave me was of a piece with that given by the beautiful letter, (the last I shall ever receive from him,) which he himself wrote to me this very Christmas.

I can hardly describe the peculiar emotions and impressions that have passed through my mind during the last two days. The news of your husband's death,—at an age greater than mine, who already know how placidly a man views the chances of life and death at eighty years old,—seems not so much an event as the text for an endless, bright, memorable, and unregrettable retrospect and revision of the past. I begin with my feeling towards him at Harrow, where, as a mere child, I was his school-fellow for one summer term; a feeling which certainly was not 'on this side idolatry.' I recall the extraordinary mutual affection which, before I ceased to be a Harrow boy, sprang up between my parents and my uncle, and that Montagu Butler who, whether young or old, was the brightest, the kindest, and the most joyous of human beings. Then came our fortnight of companionship in the Tyrol, between my time at Harrow and my time at Cambridge,—a tour, his proposal of which was the highest honour that up to that moment I had ever received; and, after the lapse of another year, his return from Eastern travel to residence at the University,—a marked event in the social life of Trinity

College, and the beginning of true relations between the older and the younger, the teachers and the taught. And then the passionate and exuberant pride and satisfaction of the whole Harrow world when he was appointed Headmaster of our school, which for a quarter of a century he guided upon its course with full sails, a crowded crew, and on an even keel. One other circumstance I will mention, (which has never received its due notice,) how, while his staff of masters as a rule loved and appreciated him, there were one or two able and ambitious men among them who were critical of him, and very hard indeed to please; and how he so behaved, and so bore with them, that these very men, after they left Harrow in the fullness of time for other employments, thought and talked of him as a friend of whom they were fond and proud. What a feat was that, on his part, of goodness, and wisdom, and self-control!

Dear Mrs. Butler, you will understand why, in my thoughts about him, love and admiration swallow up all other emotions; but, for that very reason, my wife and I feel all the more for your loss, and your sorrow. How much you have added to his life which he, of all others, was qualified to understand and appreciate! Thanking you once again for writing to me as, and when, you did,

I remain,

Yours ever truly,

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

This letter was in answer to one which Mrs. Butler wrote to me on the day of her husband's death. Some weeks afterwards she expressed her wish that I would place on record an account of what I knew of his early days; those days about which, in all probability, I remember more than any other living human being. 'There always,' she said, 'seems to be a halo of romance round your friendship for each other.' That halo will be present to my eyes until they have ceased to see; and so it was with him likewise until the very end. 'You may be sure,' (Doctor Butler wrote to me in December 1914,) 'that I enjoyed your Christmas letter. I cannot expect to enjoy many more such greetings; but, while they last, they are very precious. Thank God, ever since 1851, whether we have seen much of each other, or little, our friendship has never for a moment been shaken

or clouded. The memory of its earlier years, when so many dear ones of yours were still living and famous, brings back to me some of the happiest and most *grateful* hours of my life.'

The recollections of the old are very popular reading; and, to judge by the profusion with which they are given to the world, they must be easy writing. When a man, endowed with a wholesome amount of self-distrust, is far on in years, he is inclined to wonder at the abundance and minuteness of the reminiscences published by certain of his contemporaries who, while we were all in the prime of life together, did not impress us as having exceptionally well-stored and retentive minds. For my own part I am only too certain that, during the sixty-nine years which have elapsed since I first saw Montagu Butler, I have forgotten very much; and I am alive to the still more insidious danger of imagining that I remember things which I never witnessed, and which perhaps never happened. There is an awful example, connected with Harrow, of the tendency to self-deception which besets the old. A stock tradition, which found its way into the anecdote-books, had long been current to the effect that Peel and Byron declaimed on Speech Day the fine dialogue between Turnus and Drances in the eleventh Book of the Æneid; and that when Peel, as Turnus, came to the line

'Pedibusque fugacibus istis'

he pointed, ironically and scornfully, to Byron's lame foot. Many years ago a very ancient Harrovian indeed paid a visit to the School, and publicly confirmed the tradition on his own personal authority as an eye-witness. But all the same there was no truth whatever in the story, which is incredible on the face of it. Byron, boy or man, was the last person in the world whom it was safe to insult; and moreover the programme of the Harrow Speeches on July 5th, 1804, is still extant, and it records that Turnus was performed by Peel Senior, and Drances by a Scholar named Leeke; while Lord Byron acted,—and by all accounts acted remarkably well,—the character of King Latinus, in whose presence the dispute was conducted.

Montagu Butler and I were at Harrow together during the Summer Term of 1851; he as Head of the School, and I as a little fellow of twelve years old. I greatly doubt whether he knew me by sight; and, indeed, I was not much to look at. He never spoke to me but once, when, as Monitor for the week in Fourth Form Room at calling-over, he sent me to tell a bigger boy than myself,—who did not like me, and had let me know it,—that he was to make rather less noise. But, all the same, in ascribing the commencement of our friendship to the year 1851 Doctor Butler in one sense did not ante-date it; because from the very first I felt for him a regard and admiration which it is agreeable to recall. In all my protracted, and perhaps exceptional, experience of the social side of English education,—not by any means confined to my own school, my own college, or my own university,—Montagu Butler stands out as the most attractive figure. All who came in contact with him, his seniors and his juniors alike, yielded readily to the charm of his manner, and recognised the strength and purity of character that lay beneath it. His address was the more captivating because he never deliberately sought to please. The secret was in his inborn and spontaneous kindliness; in his transparent freedom from any taint of pettiness, selfishness, or conceit; and in his buoyant and contagious ideality. The world was interesting and beautiful to him, and he had a singular power of making it appear the same to others. He saw everything on its brightest and best side,—friendships and duties; literature, politics, and history; the special studies of the place, which he mastered with a rare facility; and the games, which he played to perfection. His schoolfellows loved the sight of his frank and engaging face, and his graceful and manly figure; and the lower boys had plenty of stories to his credit, some of which were perhaps legends. We told each other that he was first-rate at football, but had been forbidden by the physicians to play; and that he was the best boxer in the school, although much too good-natured ever to have fought a battle. As to his cricket there was no question whatever. He was a safe, and very lively batsman; and his fielding was nothing

less than a feature in the game. He always stood Point, and sometimes quite close in ; and sixty years afterwards there still were famous veterans of old Harrow Elevens who testified to the unusual quality of his performances.

On the second day of August, 1851, I persuaded my mother to drive with me to the Eton and Harrow match at Lords, which was an inconceivable novelty in our family habits. My inner motive was a desire to see, and to show her, Montagu Butler in his blue cap and white flannels. The afternoon cricket was at the very height, and yet our carriage, one of very few, drove easily round behind the circle of spectators until we reached a comfortable berth with an uninterrupted view. Some years later on Butler gave me a most characteristic account of the part which he took upon that occasion. Our first four wickets had fallen for thirty runs, and our prospects were blank indeed when his turn came on to bat. On reaching the ground he went up to his partner, and gave, and took from him, a solemn pledge not to part company until they had saved the match ; and save it they did. He himself made forty-one runs, just less than the top score, but something to be proud of in those primitive times, and on those archaic pitches. It was a parallel story to that recorded in Edward Bowen's poem of 1873 :

> And when at the last we trembling said
> ' Can anyone now be found
> ' To keep, with valour of hand and head,
> ' For a hundred runs his ground ? '
> Somebody—ah ! he would, we knew,—
> Somebody played it steadily through.

That was the last triumph of Butler's school-life. A week previously he had won the Gregory scholarship of a hundred pounds a year, the only very valuable prize that Harrow had to offer, which came up for competition but once in every five years. He was indeed a ' Pullus Jovis,' as old Thomas Carlyle affectionately called a certain young man with whom everything seemed to prosper.

When Montagu Butler went to Cambridge in October 1851 we lost sight of him at Harrow ; but he was seldom out of our minds for long together. His influence and

popularity in his own great college, and—as he became ever more widely known, and more generally liked,—in the university at large, were matters of pride to the schoolfellows whom he had left behind him on the Hill. Moreover his academical successes were of a character which fascinated young people, instead of boring and repelling them. Every really great Headmaster in the history of English education,—as the result, it may be, of English freedom and individuality,—has produced a special, and sometimes a rather unaccountable, type of pupils. Doctor Russell of the Charterhouse, with his commanding personality, and his vigorous and diversified interest in human affairs, had under him, at one time or another, George Grote, Sir Henry Havelock, Thackeray, and Bernal Osborne, and, (in queer contrast,) several of the less eminent Tractarians. Under Doctor Russell, too, was my own father, who when a boy of sixteen, with a will of his own, received a nomination to the East Indian College at Haileybury; but, against the wish of his elders, he insisted on staying at Charterhouse for another six months on account of the good which he was getting there. Nor can he be said to have wasted his time, inasmuch as, before he was twenty years old, he had taken action which effectually killed, for ever and a day, the last very formidable remnant of pecuniary corruption in the Civil Service of India. Doctor Samuel Butler of Shrewsbury, and his favourite disciple and successor, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, established and fostered between them, for good and evil, that searching and exact, if in some respects too narrow, theory of scholarship which in the nineteenth century dominated Cambridge, where the Porson Prize for Greek Iambics was won by a Shrewsbury man thirty-five times in the course of sixty years. The influence of Doctor Arnold at Rugby was once famous to a proverb, and is still a notable tradition; but the influence of Doctor Vaughan at Harrow, or elsewhere and afterwards, did its work in silence, and has been far less frequently, and less energetically, extolled, or analysed, or called in question.

A just and perceptive estimate of Doctor Vaughan's character and powers has been given by William Johnson,

the eminent Eton tutor, who visited him at his Doncaster Vicarage not very long after he had quitted the Headmastership of Harrow, which he had raised from a broken-down, ill disciplined, school of some sixty boys to a thronged, a carefully organised, and, (according to the requirements of the day,) a most efficient place of education. He had ruled it during fifteen years without apparent effort, or visible friction, by the affection and respect which he inspired in all around him. 'I was quite satisfied.' (So Johnson wrote.) 'It was exactly the Vaughan I had expected. Evidently a very able parliamentary man ; quite fit to sit in Council with Gladstone and Westbury ; capable of fighting them with their own weapons. Quite fit to be a Bishop.' Doctor Vaughan had already refused Bishopric after Bishopric, and with them the assured prospect of that higher promotion which few indeed, and least of all the responsible Ministers of the Crown, would have grudged him.[1] The motives of his disinterestedness were not of this world, as is indicated by the nature of the labours to which his life was thenceforward devoted. During thirty years to come he preached sermons which went straight to the heart of his hearers, and which were treasured by multitudes of readers in every class of society, and of many religious denominations. And meanwhile he prepared for Ordination more than four hundred young men, the pick and flower of the Church of England. They repaid him with love and loyalty, the coin that he preferred to all others. 'Never probably,' (it has been truly said,) 'has there been a deeper and more lasting bond between Master and Scholars than existed between him, and successive generations of his pupils.'

> Dî majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
> Spirantesque crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver,
> Qui preceptorem sancti voluere parentis
> Esse loco !

[1] I once applied to the Lord Chancellor urging him, for certain reasons, to take exceptional care about the appointment to a certain vacant living. Lord Herschell answered that Doctor Vaughan had recommended a candidate to his notice ; 'and I consider that recommendation,' he wrote, 'as equivalent to a Royal Command.' It was finely said.

While Doctor Vaughan was at Harrow his Sunday evening sermon in Chapel was an event of the week, for great and small. It is creditable to the fresh and unperverted judgment of boyhood to remember the blank dismay that fell upon the whole school when anybody except the Headmaster mounted the pulpit-stair. But, apart from his public preaching, and his personal example, Doctor Vaughan's relations with his pupils had not specifically, or obtrusively, a religious complexion. There was nothing of the father-confessor, and nothing of the pedant or the dominie, in his intercourse with the leading Monitors, or with any Head of the School who was in a fair degree worthy of his regard and favour. Secure of his authority, he gave us an unbounded freedom of remark and reply, to an extent which sometimes bordered on presumption, but never on impertinence. He seemed to like us the better for our faults; which, after due reflection, made us the more heartily and sincerely ashamed of them. Our conversations were businesslike and straightforward talks about Greek and Latin, and history, ancient and modern, with frequent digressions into contemporary politics; a field where Doctor Vaughan's keen, cultured, and abundant drollery,—carefully suppressed in uncongenial company, and on official occasions,—allowed itself ample scope to play. His combination of moral and intellectual qualities exerted, in one important respect, a subtle and potent influence on the young people whose studies he directed. Endowed with remarkable literary power, and unerring literary taste, —though with a disproportionably narrow range of general reading,—he was quick to detect, and relish, any stroke of originality, or any beauty of style, in the exercises submitted to him by his pupils. His generous praise, (for he had not a particle of jealousy or captiousness about him,) not seldom appeared excessive to those who were the objects of it; but his approval and indulgence, instead of breeding conceit, were of a nature to inspire wholesome self-confidence and arouse to redoubled effort. And so it came to pass that, before he had been three years at Harrow, the School had begun to possess verse-writers whose productions had an artistic, and in some cases a genuine poetic, value.

Such was Francis Vaughan Hawkins, a near relative of the Headmaster, who was Senior Classic at Cambridge in 1854; and Montagu Butler, the Senior Classic of 1855. In 1856 Harrow had to content herself with a Second Classic. But that Second Classic was Charles Stuart Calverley, whose lambent wit sparkled and flashed through his inimitable lighter pieces; and who, when in serious mood, could strike a higher strain, as in those twelve Latin Hexameters, (a paraphrase of Byron's invocation to the Mediterranean Sea,) which Doctor Vaughan pronounced to be 'not Virgilian, but Virgil.' A frequent name on the Speechroom Prize-boards is that of William Hope Edwardes, who is commemorated on the wall of Harrow Chapel in an epitaph by Montagu Butler which the most accomplished Latinist in existence could touch, or alter, only to spoil.[1] In that brilliant group of young scholars,—or in any other group of scholars, young or old,—Butler was second to none in his marvellous and enviable facility. Turning English into Greek or Latin, and Greek or Latin into English, was to him a labour of love, if indeed it was a labour at all. Throughout the whole of his life, when he chanced on a piece of modern poetry which caught his fancy, he could with difficulty resist the temptation of seeing how it looked in an ancient dress; and the ease and zest with which he flung himself into the work of composition, and translation, made him a most formidable competitor in the Cambridge Senate House. He went into the contest in a cheerful and hopeful mood, glowing with that joy of battle which is the surest presage of victory. A library of prize-books; a wealth of income from famous scholarships; medals; Declamation Cups; and a recognised supremacy as a fluent,

[1] Amicum jucundissimum
GUL^M JOH. HOPE-EDWARDES
Olim primo inter nostros
Loco potitum
Post si vita suffecisset
Et suis et reipublicæ
Majora pollicitum
Amore desiderio reverentia
Haud pauci prosequuntur
NAT. AUG. 23, 1836. OB. SEPT. 30, 1867.

and most fascinating and persuasive, speaker in the debates of the Union Socicty,—everything fell to his share, and everybody acknowledged that his successes were handsomely and fairly won. Then came his triumph in the Classical Tripos, rewarded by a Trinity Fellowship at the very first moment when that crowning honour could be conferred on him.

It was at this period of his career that Montagu Butler entered upon close relations with Macaulay. The earlier omens had not been favourable for the prospects of that alliance. Official holidays were always a sore subject in our household, inasmuch as my father never took one except under severe domestic compulsion. But there was a single week in the year when he would have found no one at the Treasury, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer down to the junior messenger; and so, on the Thursday before Easter, we all went off together to some Cathedral City, and on the Saturday to another, returning rigorously to London on the morning of Easter Monday. Macaulay stood treat; and a treat it was. It was a privilege for us young people to be shown by such a cicerone over an old provincial capital like Norwich, or Salisbury, or Winchester; and it was better still to come back, from our walk, to an antique and comfortable hostel with the anticipation of an exceptional repast before us, to listen while our uncle read aloud the Dinner at Todgers's from 'Martin Chuzzlewit'; or the visit to Auxerre during the Family Grand Tour in the later pages of 'Tristram Shandy'; or, (which we admired more than anything,) the Battle of Steenkirk, or the Siege of Londonderry, or some other purple patch from the manuscript of his History. On the eighth of April 1852,—when I was a boy of thirteen, and Montagu Butler a Trinity Freshman,—we began with Peterborough, where his father still was the Dean. Next day we started betimes to view the Cathedral; but, on reaching the Close, I marched our whole party to the house which then was the Deanery, and planted them at a respectful distance from the front-door on the bare chance of catching a glimpse of Montagu in case he should issue forth with an intention of attending

the morning service. Macaulay, grown weary of waiting, beguiled ten minutes by reading the epitaphs on the grave-stones,—a habit which, as with Cicero before him, was one of his favourite pastimes,—and he soon was greatly consoled by the discovery of an ill-spelt inscription on a monument which professed to have been erected to a gentleman 'by his fiends.' The object of our quest failed to appear; but it never occurred to me to suggest that we might ring the bell, and send in to ask for Mr. Montagu Butler. I would as soon have ventured to call at Buckingham Palace, and inquire whether the Prince of Wales happened to be residing there with his father and mother.[1]

As my years increased, my courage grew. In the Christmas holidays of 1855 I besought my mother, nothing unwilling, to ask Vaughan Hawkins and Montagu Butler to meet Macaulay; and, much to my satisfaction, and somewhat to my relief, they promptly accepted the invitation. That dinner was a complete success. Our guests were both of them University Scholars, and Fellows of Trinity; and my uncle, on his part, desired no better company than that. I still have a living impression of the conversation which ensued when the pair of friends had taken their departure; and I perceived with delight, but not with wonder, that Butler had already gained the regard and respect of all the three elders. My father, who was no sentimentalist,—and who, as the prime mover in throwing open the Civil Service to competition, might be regarded as a specialist in the comparative merits of rising young men,—was vigorous and emphatic in his praise. A few days afterwards Montagu Butler had passed through that outer door in the North West corner of the Albany Arcade where the London County Council has affixed a commemorative tablet to Lord Macaulay; had climbed the long and steep flights of stone steps, resembling those of a prison even more than of a workhouse; and had been ushered into

[1] About half a century afterwards I stayed in the Palace at Peterborough, and Bishop Glyn and I examined the grave-stones in the neighbourhood of the old Deanery. But, to our great disappointment, we found that the lettering had in many cases been rendered illegible by time and weather.

that set of spacious and commodious rooms which left nothing to be desired as the domicile of a literary bachelor. 'To-day,' (so Macaulay wrote on the 4th of January, 1856,) 'I gave a breakfast to Jowett; Ellis; Hannah; Margaret; and Montagu Butler and Vaughan Hawkins, young Fellows of Trinity. A pleasant party; at least I thought so. After long silence and solitude I poured myself out very freely and generally. They stayed till past one; a pretty good proof that they were entertained.' More than twenty years later on, when the 'Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' had just appeared as a new book, this passage was brought to the notice of Doctor Jowett by a brilliant young friend who now is Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen College at Oxford. 'Entertained!' said Jowett: 'I should rather think we were entertained! Nobody ever talked like Macaulay.'

The moment was singularly propitious for the commencement of a friendship between two men of widely different age, who yet, both intellectually and morally, possessed very much in common. Macaulay had been chary, and even miserly, of his time during the many years when he was writing his History, and scrupulously fulfilling his obligations as a Member of Parliament. He spoke not infrequently, amidst a rapt attention from the entire House of Commons which Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to describe as unparalleled in his own protracted experience; and he responded to the summonses of his party-whip with the ingrained docility of a veteran who had served through the campaign of the great Reform Bill. But he was now at last a free man; and the season of his emancipation covered the date of his first meeting with Montagu Butler. Macaulay's health had long been in a condition which imperiously demanded an entire change of life, place, and habits. He was not disobedient to the remonstrances of his physicians, and the entreaties of his family. In January 1856 he bought the lease of a cheerful and roomy villa,—with a spacious lawn sloping gently towards the South, and a well-stocked rose-garden of some local celebrity,—standing on Campden Hill, the highest point, and presumably bathed in the purest atmosphere, of all London.

And, on the twenty-first day of the same month, he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. Meanwhile the third and fourth volumes of his 'History of England' had been given to the world; the most gigantic and successful book-selling transaction which that world had witnessed. 'I earnestly hope,' Macaulay wrote in his private diary, 'that neither age nor riches will narrow my heart.' That is the sort of prayer which, when sincerely and honestly made, is sure to fulfil itself. Macaulay's heart certainly remained large enough for his friends, both old and new; and among new friends, in the deepening evening of his life, Montagu Butler was the most favoured. It was not in my uncle to undervalue the proffered attentions of a young man of high character, and proved ability, with whom he might stroll on a summer afternoon among his lilacs and laburnums, talking Juvenal, and Catullus, and Theocritus, and Athenæus, and Plato.

Montagu Butler was fond of referring to the 'Macaulay Christmas holidays of 1848,' the year of Revolution on the Continent of Europe, when the first two volumes of the 'History of England' were published. As a boy of fifteen he revelled in the brilliant narrative; and the key to his political creed was to be found in the last two paragraphs of the Tenth Chapter, which every Englishman, of every party, would do well to study, at this time of all others. It is the story of our nation, prosperous, almost beyond belief, by her own industry, enterprise, and intelligence; and planted, secure and stable, amidst a welter of shipwrecked despotisms, and anarchical convulsions, on the broad basis of constitutional liberty. Butler's politics, all through his long life, were founded on an intense and absorbing patriotism. England, to his conception, was the best corner in the best possible of worlds, with a glorious and hopeful future, and a past alive with grand and heroic figures. Macaulay, therefore, was already an author to Butler's own heart; and, when intimacy sprang up between them, the sturdy graciousness, and the evident goodwill, of the elder man evoked in the younger an affection which was an abiding and enduring sentiment. I lately was honoured by a letter from Sir Joseph Thomson, Butler's distinguished successor in the Mastership of Trinity College.

'You of course,' (Sir Joseph wrote,) 'know the veneration of Doctor Butler for your uncle. It was quite exceptional if any serious conversation with him passed over without some anecdote about Macaulay. I wish I had set them down in writing.' After I had finished my American History, in the sweet and serene leisure of advanced age, I made a habit of writing to Butler, every Christmas, about recent studies of mine which were connected with Greek and Latin; and I never failed to draw from him one, or more, vivacious and most acceptable replies. One time it was Samuel Butler's Life and Letters of his own grandfather, the great Shrewsbury schoolmaster,—that amazing conglomeration of shrewd sense and startling paradox, of instructive facts and excruciating comicalities. John Murray, looking at it from the point of view of the Publisher, complained that the book was an 'Omnium Gatherum'; to which the author responded, wittily and truly enough, that human life itself was an Omnium Gatherum. Another time I had been reading through the entire range of the Phalaris controversy, on both sides of the question. And at the end of all, when my dear friend's life was ebbing, I feared to pain him by breaking through an established custom, and to lay up regrets for myself by omitting an attention; and so I wrote to him on the subject of Bishop Monk's life of Bentley, the masterpiece among college biographies from the pen of Macaulay's old Trinity Tutor, with the margin of its pages copiously, and lovingly, annotated by Macaulay's pencil. I did not look for an acknowledgment; but an acknowledgment came, in the shape of a touching and beautiful recapitulation of the debt which the writer, (for that farewell letter was in the Master's own hand,) believed that he owed to my uncle's friendship. Sixty years had not effaced, or blurred, the memory of those ancient kindnesses.

My father from the first entertained a high opinion of Montagu Butler; and, placed as he was in the very centre of Administrative activities, he had more power than Macaulay to hold out an helping hand. He assisted his young friend to posts of temporary employment which introduced him to influential public men, and provided him with a sound

and useful apprentice-ship for a public career. My father believed,—as everyone who knew the House of Commons, and the Whitehall Boardrooms, towards the middle of the nineteenth century could not fail to believe,—that Montagu Butler, with his gifts, and character, and reputation, would go fast and far if he once got a footing in the sphere of politics. But it was not so to be. By the middle of 1857 Butler had made up his mind to go into residence at Cambridge, with a view towards taking Orders, after allowing himself a goodly interval of time for what in those days was regarded as distant travel. Meanwhile our household in Grosvenor Crescent was just now in a difficulty of a nature to which the family was not unaccustomed. My father possessed a claim to two months holiday in the year; he never took more than one month; and in 1856 he had taken no holiday at all. He had indeed promised, by way of compensation, that in 1857 we should all go with him on a Continental tour of six or seven weeks; but the summer of 1857 arrived, and the Sepoy Mutiny with it. My father's passionate love of India, and his interest in her welfare, overlaid by eighteen years of hard work at home on English and Irish business, revived in irresistible force; and anxiety for the safety and credit of his old friends and comrades in the Indian Civil Service was never out of his thoughts. He could not bear to be away from the Treasury, and so miss the freshest and most authentic tidings from the scene of action and peril. Moreover his knowledge of India, and his advice on Indian problems, was demanded by the Cabinet, and freely imparted to the general public in masterly, and much read, letters which appeared in *The Times* newspaper over the signature of 'Indophilus.'

My mother agreed, most reluctantly, to leave my father in London, and go abroad without him, accompanied by me and my sister Margaret, afterwards Lady Knutsford, in order that we young people might not be baulked of our promised trip. By this time my own turn had come for being Head of the School, and Gregory Scholar,—as Lord Ridley's came five years afterwards,—and the last week of July 1857 was my last week at Harrow. Then, or thereabouts in date, Montagu Butler travelled down one Saturday

from London, and played in the Sixth Form game. He made a great and very perceptible sensation by his fielding at Point, where he showed all his old skill, and had even more than his old luck. It was reported among the spectators, (with what truth I know not,) that he had taken part in only half-a-dozen matches during the six years which had elapsed since he contended against Eton at Lords. Next day he asked me to take a walk with him, but we went no further afield than the Grove,—a wilderness of fine old trees, and verdant glades, and secluded sylvan foot-paths, which covered a good few acres on the steep flank of Harrow Hill, and gave its name to my own Boarding House. We lay on the turf, that warm Sunday afternoon, looking down upon a large pond which, with characteristic optimism, he afterwards described as ' the blue lake of the Grove ' ; although the Harrow Inspector of Nuisances gave it a very different appellation. He imparted to me the unexpected news that, by arrangement with my mother, he was to meet us in Bavaria, and take me off on a fortnight's walking-tour in the Tyrol. He placed before me, in picturesque detail, a brightly coloured list of plans and anticipations ; and he undertook to enlighten me, in the course of our journey, about anything that I wished to know with regard to the Cambridge and Trinity life which lay before me. The surprise and delight aroused in me by such an invitation, from such a quarter, afford a measure of the rank which Montagu Butler occupied in the esteem of his own generation.

We met at the appointed time and place, and spent some exceedingly happy days all together in the capital of Bavaria. Years afterwards I wrote to Lady Knutsford from Munich : ' Ah me ! Do you not remember our first sojourn here ? How full of life and cleverness Butler was with his reminiscences of Dresden, his delight in Munich, and his anticipations of Greece.' And then he and I left my mother and sister behind us, crossed the Austrian border, and plunged into the heart of the Tyrol. Montagu Butler had a profound affection for the mountains, and, all his life through, he resorted to them for rest and recreation ; but he was not a mountaineer in the sense in which Leslie Stephen and Frank

Tuckett were mountaineers, or Edward Whymper, or George or William Mathews of Birmingham. He at one time kept about his rooms a weather-beaten green plaid shawl, to which he pointed with respect because, 'poor as it looked, it had been on the top of Sinai, and Parnassus, and Monte Rosa'; but he chose his mountains for the sake of their associations with a very different sort of literature from the technical details of a 'first ascent' in the columns of the *Alpine Journal*. In August 1857 he, and his youthful fellow-traveller, were brisk and active walkers, good for seven or eight hours a day, one day with another; fresh and punctual for our start in the morning, and glad to get early to the next stopping place with a plentiful reserve of sunlight for lounging and loitering, and gazing up at the summits and glaciers which over-hung the village where we were quartered, before our bed-time came.

It was a romantic land, that Tyrol, inhabited by a manly and handsome race; and the national costume, graceful and imposing in itself, recalled old engravings of Hofer, and his compatriots, in their war of Liberation against the Bavarian invader. Our weather was often glorious; and the scenery, near and remote, was different from that of Switzerland, but hardly less enchanting, with its distant snowcaps peering over the endless waves of pine-forest, and its peaks of Dolomite, tawny at mid-day, and vivid scarlet in the sunset glow. The hill-streams swarmed with blue trout, and babbled and sang in the keen morning air. It was the time of our lives; 'that happy hopeful past,' (to quote the words of James Lowell,) 'when one was capable of everything, because one had not tried anything.' We strolled, or trudged, or clambered, sometimes with our eyes intent on the objects around and above us, but more often discoursing with absorbing interest, and unquenchable animation, on matters which we knew about, or at all events which we cared about. Across this immense stretch of years I can still recall a discussion on the question whether Doctor Arnold, or Doctor Vaughan, was the greater Headmaster; and a protracted, and at last heated, debate over certain episodes in the private and public conduct of King David as recorded in the Books of Samuel

and of Chronicles. On one afternoon my companion beguiled the last mile or two of a day's walk by a spirited epitome of the story of Uncas in 'The Last of the Mohicans.' He fascinated me by his ardour and eloquence; but I remember thinking that the manufacture of a high-minded, humane, and chivalrous hero out of a Red Indian of North America was a feat beyond even Montagu Butler's power of idealising. From time to time he faithfully redeemed his promise to indoctrinate me in Cambridge modes of life, and study, and duty; and I carried to the University a store of good resolutions, deserving a better fate than for the most part too surely awaited them, which had been instilled into my mind by the wisest, and most attractive, of Mentors.

Half way through our time we had a touch of hardship, with a cheerful and satisfactory issue. After one or two more fatiguing days than usual we traversed a glacier pass between two beautiful snow-peaks situated at a considerable elevation on the Southern face of the Gross Glockner. It was a difficult walk of twelve or thirteen hours; on that occasion we had apparently thought it due to our self-respect to carry our knapsacks on our own shoulders; and the provisions which we had brought from the miserable lodging, where we had passed the previous night, consisted of garlicked meat, and rye-bread flavoured with carraway seeds. Montagu Butler fell ill, and soon became very ill indeed; and, gallantly as he bore himself, I was greatly relieved when we reached our destination at Pregarten. There was no inn in the village, and we were directed to the house of the Parish Priest, whom we found an amiable, a generous, and a most agreeable host. We had no modern language in common with him, and were reduced to fall back upon our Latin. It was a curious illustration of the necessity for frequent and continuous practice in the speaking of a foreign tongue. Butler was a scholar of ten thousand, whose speciality was the ease and abundance with which he composed in Latin; and yet he was slow and embarrassed in his effort to talk it, whereas our interlocutor rattled away without hesitating for a word, or fumbling over a sentence.

The good Priest could not have entertained us more royally if we had been a couple of young Archdukes, playing truant among the mountains from the Court life at Vienna. He must have cheered and warmed us with mulled wine in our weary and bedraggled plight; for I remember some mild joking about 'Vinum conditum,'—as to whether the middle syllable of 'conditum' was, in this case, to be pronounced long, or short,—with a grateful assurance on our part that the wine which he had set before us deserved both the one epithet and the other. Next day, when we were in a condition to enjoy it, he gave us an excellent dinner of four courses, every item of which I can bring back to my memory at this hour. With his command over our only medium of communication our host was able to turn the dialogue into any channel that he wished. Almost the first question that he asked us was whether the Governor General of British India really and truly drew a salary of three hundred thousand gulden a year; and he employed what apparently was the one English word in his vocabulary by telling us, like a good Austrian, that Lord Palmerston was a 'Firebrand.' He kept us under his roof for three nights until Butler was quite himself again; and he displayed much unwillingness to part with us even then,—a compliment my share in which I silently made over to my companion. Montagu Butler's genial familiarity wrought in this case the same rapid effect which it very seldom failed to exercise. The old man seized an opportunity for getting me alone in the summer-house of his garden, where he examined me about my friend's parentage and antecedents, and, (with still greater particularity,) about his future. I inscribed an answer, in somewhat awkward Latin, on the fly-leaf of my pocket Virgil, which concluded by informing him that my comrade was journeying eastward on a visit to the Holy Land, from which he would return home to become a Clergyman of the Church of England. Roman Catholic as he was, he took from me my book and pencil, and wrote beneath my last sentence the words: 'Perbene! Dominus cum ipso!' At the end of our fortnight of separate travel we rejoined the ladies, who had been waiting for us at the Baths of Ischl; and not long afterwards we

parted company,—Montagu Butler starting on his road to Greece, and Palestine, and Italy; and we for England. We still looked forward to the prospect of a good time on our way home; for we were to meet Macaulay at Paris; and we knew, from the experience of a golden week in the near past, what meeting Macaulay at Paris meant. He received us in a large and comfortable Salon in the old hotel Wagram, which looked across the Rue de Rivoli on to the massive gilt railings of the Tuileries garden. He was in joyous spirits, brimming over with welcome, and with a piece of news which he insisted on our guessing. His old friend Palmerston had offered him a Peerage, and he had accepted it amidst what may fairly be described as a general rejoicing on the part of his countrymen. Henceforward, (he told us,) we should have to address him in our letters, after the fashion prevailing in the seventeenth century, as 'Right Honourable my Singular Good Lord.'

In the October term of 1858 Butler, fresh from his foreign tour, came into residence at Cambridge, where I was already a second-year man. I had acquired sadly little of the knowledge which students are sent to the University to learn; but I had made myself thoroughly conversant with the social side of college life. I knew what sort of place Trinity had been in the absence of Montagu Butler, and I could appreciate the difference which his presence amongst us rapidly, and very visibly, began to make. He entered into possession of a set of rooms, such as a Prince might envy, on the upper floor of Nevile's Court, at the farther end of the Cloister which lies on the right-hand as you look from the Hall steps to the river. His advent was hailed by his elders and his contemporaries, in whose ranks he had many friends, and countless well-wishers; and it was anticipated with ardent curiosity by the undergraduates, most of whom, during the past three years, had known him as a name, and nothing more. And now, when at last he reappeared in his former haunts, no one was disappointed in him, and no one was disillusioned. For fifteen months to come Montagu Butler's apartment was the resort of all that was notable and distinguished, and all that was hopeful and

promising, in Trinity. There the most diffident of Freshmen had the chance of meeting the recognised celebrities of the College;—famous students, who likewise were men of the world of the best and most agreeable type. Such was William George Clark, the Public Orator, and the delight of every private company which was capable of relishing finely turned, but not over-studied, conversation; and John Grote, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, a worthy brother, and in case of need a loyal and effective champion, of the great historian; and Munro, the editor and expounder of Lucretius; and Joseph Lightfoot, the eminent Divine, who died Lord Bishop of Durham; and the stately presence, and urbane address, of William Hepworth Thompson, the Regius Professor of Greek, and Butler's predecessor in the Mastership of Trinity. Then there were those younger Fellows who pulled a working oar in the essential business of the college, under difficulties which none except themselves fully knew,—men of whom all their juniors were proud, and very fond,—Burn, and Blore, and James Lempriere Hammond; with an occasional glimpse of Edward Benson, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, on a thirty or forty hours holiday from his undermastership at Rugby.

Among the undergraduate guests were Richard Jebb of the Charterhouse, and Henry Jackson from Cheltenham College, the two famous classical scholars who, as such, have been decorated with the Order of Merit; and John Jermyn Cowell, a charming comrade and universal favourite, the Secretary of the Alpine Club in the days when Alpine exploration filled an enormous place in the talk and thoughts of University-bred men; and Henry Sidgwick, whose company at the age of twenty, and five-and-twenty, was craved and coveted by his own contemporaries with an avidity which it is singular, but far from inexplicable, to recall. These, and some three or four like them, formed what may be called the inner circle of Montagu Butler's younger friends; but he was always ready to welcome any lad of high character, and shining performance, whom he could find a reason, or an excuse, for inviting to his dinner-table. The lifelong energy, with which he played his part as a host and an entertainer, originated from the unchecked

impulses of his frank and benevolent nature; but it was underlaid and animated by a fine thought, and a definite and public-spirited purpose. That was the cause of the unique success of the annual half-week when, as Headmaster of Harrow, he kept open house for old Harrovians; and, later on, of the annual half-week when, as Master of Trinity, he kept open house for old Trinity men. And in like manner his ever-flowing hospitalities in Nevile's Court during the years 1858 and 1859 had the result, and the conscious intention, of bringing the young into intimate relations with the old; of encouraging a feeling of brotherhood throughout the College; and of creating a vigorous and efficient public opinion on all matters which concerned the well-being of the community.

Some of the brilliant group of young men who surrounded Montagu Butler, after they had won their Fellowships, made a generous, and even lavish sacrifice of their own time and labour in order to give promising scholars of the First Year personal and individual instruction, of a superlative quality, in Greek composition. That was henceforward the substitute for the Freshmen's Lecture, where a mixed mob of undergraduates,—future Senior Classics and Chancellor's Medallists, or gentlemen who contented themselves with identifying, not always successfully, the words of the Greek text with the English of Bohn's translation,—were herded together in the same class-room, during the best and most valuable hours of the morning on five days of the week, to do a schoolboy lesson of thirty or forty lines of Euripides.[1]

The grievance of the Freshman's Lecture was understood and resented by few except the abler and more industrious

[1] The play selected for my Freshman's year was the Helena. On our opening morning the man, who was put on to construe the story of Jupiter and Leda in the Prologue, rendered the passage thus: '*μορφώματα* having taken, *ὄρνιθος* the form, *λαβών* of a swan.' That was my earliest experience of Greek in the college of Porson.

Macaulay,—in his sympathy with my studies which often shamed me into diligence, but of which his death robbed me at the time of my life when it was most needed,—had read the Helena through once more, for the tenth or twelfth time, and had hit upon an emendation, of convincing simplicity, in some doubtful lines which have puzzled many famous commentators.

of the reading men ; but there was another cause for discontent, common to everybody, in the badness of the dinner in Hall, and the slovenliness with which the meal was served. Montagu Butler himself had been a courageous and unselfish pioneer in the attempt to reform that most afflicting and indefensible of abuses, which fell very hard on the less wealthy students who could not afford the excellent repasts which, in response to our private orders, were sent to our lodgings, or our rooms in College, from the Trinity Kitchens. It was notorious that nothing gave more inexpiable offence in the highest quarter than any complaint about the discipline, or any proposal to interfere with the perquisites, of the College servants. With this knowledge in their minds, Montagu Butler, and one or two of his friends, prepared a petition asking for an inquiry into the arrangements of the dinner in Hall ; and got it signed by men of their own year who had taken, or were soon to take, their degrees, and who therefore were no longer amenable to the terrors of official disfavour. The petition, when presented, was received with marked disapprobation, and promptly consigned to what the governing authority hoped and believed would be permanent oblivion. That dream of peace was destined to end in a rude awakening. Fired by Butler's example, and warned by his defeat, the students of my own year, when our time arrived for action, resolved that that disastrous experience should not be repeated. We, too, drew up a petition, and we canvassed for signatures not the Questionists only, but all the men, of every year, throughout the whole College. Upwards of four hundred names, (as my recollection goes,) were audaciously and jubilantly affixed to the paper ; and it was a document which could not be treated with indifference, and still less with contumely. A committee of strong-minded, and open-minded, men was appointed from among the Fellows ; the organisers of the movement were encouraged to be present at the meetings, and invited to suggest questions for the witnesses to answer ; the evidence obtained was of a conclusive, and a startling character ; and a complete and very effective change of system was recommended, and carried out at some considerable, but most justifiable,

cost to the revenues of the College. *We* stormed the breach, but it was Butler who had first broken ground in front of an all but impregnable citadel.[1]

After no long delay, another reform, not unconnected with the former, was made by general consent in the venerable customs of our Society. The Noblemen and Fellow Commoners, young men of rank and means, wearing a special costume, paying higher fees, and dining at the Master's or Vice-Master's table on the dais in the Hall, had for centuries been familiar figures in Trinity. That time-honoured, but time-worn, privilege was unpopular among the undergraduates in general, and irksome to the best of the Fellow Commoners themselves ; and very choice spirits not a few of them were. The whole system was in imminent danger of abolition ; and its principal defender opined that the moment had come for an appeal to the sound sense, and right feeling, of the community. He printed, and circulated, a small pamphlet or fly-leaf, reminding his readers that these Noblemen and Fellow Commoners had high positions awaiting them in the future, and that they could not too soon begin to associate chiefly with men of their own class. Moreover, (he said,) it must be remembered that they enjoyed much better dinners at home than the rest of us, and might naturally expect to dine exceptionally well at College. A stupider production has seldom proceeded from the pen of a very able and distinguished man. The advocate had killed his own cause beyond any hope of redemption. The institution of Nobleman and Fellow Commoner died, and was buried ; and its epitaph was a casual remark by an undergraduate who hailed from Harrow. The first Lord Belper had two sons at Trinity, both of them excellent fellows. The elder one wore the blue and silver, and dined above the salt ; while Arthur, the younger, went about in the Pensioner's gown, and sat among the general mass of us Pensioners in the body of the Hall. When the obnoxious fly-leaf was brought to Arthur Strutt's

[1] Some curious, and most unsavoury, revelations about the old and unreformed dinner in Hall are given in the *Reminiscences of the Right Honourable James Stuart*, himself a Fellow of Trinity, on the 139th page of the volume. But Mr. Stuart has not told the whole, or the worst.

notice he drily observed, 'I suppose this man thinks that, when I am at home, my father keeps a Second Table for me to eat at.'

There was one class of Trinity men who always found facile access to Montagu Butler's cordial intimacy, and friendly good offices. No Harrovian, from Freshman up to Master of Arts, who desired his acquaintance, needed long to remain a stranger to him. Harrow, during those years, contributed a large element to Trinity society. Doctor Vaughan's Cambridge reputation; his thorough mastery of Cambridge scholarship; and, (it must be allowed,) his comparative deficiency in some branches of study which were held in special esteem at Oxford, soon turned the current of Harrow students from the Isis to the Cam; and the striking success of Harrovians in the three Triposes of 1854, 1855, and 1856 swelled that current into something which resembled a flood. In several Octobers the entries of Harrow names in the Trinity books bordered on the number of thirty; and the time seemed at hand when as much as a seventh part of the population of the college would have learned their Sophocles in John Lyon's school-house on the Hill. Harrovians swarmed in the New Court of Trinity, the centre of merry and irresponsible undergraduate existence; and candid friends were sometimes driven to admit that they had had quite as much as they wanted of Harrow phrases, and Harrow topics.[1] And yet the members of Montagu Butler's old school were not unpopular at Cambridge. Their faults were of a sort which gave umbrage to official superiors rather than to co-ævals and comrades.

[1] When the Eton Freshman, George Howard, better known as the Ninth Earl of Carlisle, came amongst us with his bright presence, and his artistic ways, he used to maintain that the difference between Eton and Harrow was that an Eton man, who could play cricket, talked cricket; whereas a Harrow man talked cricket whether he could play it or not. My own withers were not unwrung.

Years later on, in the night succeeding the day of a Harrow and Eton match, we both of us were seated, half dead with fatigue, and bored to extinction, waiting for a party division at two or three in the morning at a table in the side-lobby. I let drop an observation to which George Howard scorned to reply in words. He silently took a sheet of House of Commons notepaper, and drew an Eton and a Harrow boy, with unhesitating skill, from the feet upwards. I set a higher value upon that little sketch than upon some more elaborate and expensive pictures.

They had very little intellectual arrogance, or moral superciliousness, about them. They were too expansive, and perhaps too numerous, to be cliquish; they entertained handsomely, and accepted invitations thankfully and gladly; and they welcomed all outsiders to the energetic, and somewhat loosely regulated, and easily learned, Harrow football which they played two or three times a week on Parker's Piece.

I still continue to recall, with sincere pleasure, the generous envy excited in certain of my habitual associates, who had been educated at other public schools than ours, by two circumstances:—the eagerness, and frequency, and the almost filial affection with which we visited, and revisited, our old master Doctor Vaughan at Harrow; and our possession, within the walls of the College, of such a guide and friend as Montagu Butler. They liked us all the better for our liking and admiring him. He had won our confidence. We knew everything about him, and we knew nothing except what was good of him. He united blamelessness, which almost partook of innocence, to manliness, courage, sound sense, and high ability. Scrupulous in his judgment of himself, and his watchfulness over his own conduct, he was singularly indulgent to the shortcomings of others. When Doctor Vaughan resigned the Headmastership, Harrovians, all the world over, set their hearts on Montagu Butler as his successor. But there was a formidable competitor in the field, who was already a Headmaster; Butler was only six-and-twenty; and men of the age and standing of the Harrow Governors are apt to think that a candidate of six-and-twenty has plenty of time to wait for another chance. The prevailing impression in London was unfavourable to our hopes. 'Your forebodings about Butler,' (so I wrote to my mother,) 'are very painful. As the time draws near, one's confidence is considerably diminished.' The Harrow community at Cambridge grew anxious and uneasy; and when, late one evening, the tidings arrived that Butler was appointed, and that the future of Harrow was safe in his hands, there arose a sudden and spontaneous outburst of relief and exultation, accompanied by nothing unbecoming, or even excessive,

when the genuine importance of the decision is weighed and considered. The scene of public rejoicing outside my own ground-floor rooms, of which I retain a faint remembrance, is described in a letter from me to Macaulay dated the twenty-first November 1859,—the last complete month of my uncle's life. 'It is most satisfactory,' (I there remarked,) 'about the election of Montagu Butler as Headmaster of Harrow. We celebrated it by an extemporary symposium in the middle of the New Court, giving claret to every one, whether an Harrovian or not, who was willing to rejoice with us. It was an honour to human nature, the amount of sympathy we obtained.' Macaulay replied by return of post. 'I was delighted,' he wrote, 'by Butler's success, and more so because it was unexpected. I suppose he will be made a Doctor of Divinity without delay.' [1]

With this bluff and unvarnished expression of Macaulay's interest in the next stage of his young friend's upward career I close my fragment of narrative. It is for others to describe Harrow's unbroken course of prosperity, for a quarter of a century, under the rule of Doctor Butler; and his tenure, during the three decades that followed, of a still more dignified and exalted office. I had the privilege of knowing him, as few now alive can have known him, for the period of eight years which ended more than sixty years ago. I have now set down in writing those events in his early life which I can recall to mind; and my part of the book is done.

[1] The correspondence from which these extracts are taken was published in *The Times* Literary Supplement of March 9th, 1916. All the three letters throw a cheerful light upon passing history; and the two from Macaulay have a literary value.

THE HARROW LIFE OF HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.

CHAPTER I

THE BUTLER ANTECEDENTS

DOUBTLESS it would be possible to trace further back the pedigree of the Butler family; but for the purpose of this memoir it will be sufficient to start with the seventeenth century and in the county of Worcestershire.

There, on the banks of the Severn and a few miles north of the city of Worcester, stands an old Tudor house of the 'black and white' style of architecture common enough in the western shires of England. It is situated opposite to an island in the river called Bevere Island (possibly 'beaver-island' originally), and in the parish of Claines. It is known as Holy, or in local parlance Hollock, Claines, and is surrounded by a property said to have been worth about £500 a year. The parish records are full of entries of the Butler name from about 1540 onwards. A Butler seal attached to an unimportant deed among the Church records was given by the Vicar to Mr. George Gray Butler of Ewart Park, and is still in his possession.

The earliest of the entries which concerns us is that which records the burial of Richard Butler of Hollock Claines on May 22, 1685. His son, Richard, of Hollock Claines and St. Helen's in the city of Worcester, a 'Civilian Proctor,' was born about 1652 and buried at Claines on June 26, 1715. He married, *en secondes noces*, Elizabeth Carte of Poole Court, Bushley, in the county of Worcester; and of that marriage was born at Worcester on June 4, 1697, a son Daniel. On the death of his father this Daniel migrated from the western home to Sussex. He settled at Rye and married on March 12, 1723, Mrs. Mary Morris,

believed to be of Worcester. Three years later, in 1726, Daniel Butler moved again, this time to Margate, established there a legal practice, became the father of nine children, died on March 22, 1756, at the age of fifty-nine, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Ives, Margate, where an altar-tomb still stands in his memory.

Of Daniel's large family the sixth child was Weedon Butler, of whose interesting career there is more to record. He was born in the High Street of Margate on September 22, 1742. Left an orphan at the early age of fourteen, he was articled in 1757 by his elder brother, Richard Butler of Rye, as apprentice and clerk to Mr. Benjamin Rosewell, Attorney and Solicitor, of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, in the City of London. At the end of his six years' apprenticeship Weedon was offered a partnership in the business of his employer, but declined it. He was the first of the Butler family to show signs of a literary bent, and a solicitor's office would afford no scope for indulging it. Further, there were conscientious grounds for his refusal, for he had already decided to take Holy Orders. But first he is said to have visited all the churches and chapels in the Metropolis in search for the most congenial denomination. Deciding finally for the Establishment, he was ordained, attached himself as curate and amanuensis to the notorious William Dodd, D.D., and held those offices from 1764 to Dodd's fall in June 1777. For the patron whom Weedon Butler served laboriously and unselfishly, and for so little reward, was convicted of forgery and suffered what was then the recognised punishment for his offence—death by the hang-rope.

For some time Weedon Butler lived in Dr. Dodd's house, of which Lord Chesterfield's son was also an inmate. In his diary he records a visit from Lord Chesterfield, and speaks of having spent part of a day in arranging for that 'admirable Crichton' the headings for 'A Father's Advice to his Son,' a treatise of which Weedon thought highly in later years. It is possible that he was brought into connection with Dr. Johnson, who also worked hard for Dodd. The outlets for the young man's energy were numerous. In addition to the ordinary work of Dodd's chapel, he helped his patron to compile 'Dodd's Commentary on the Bible,' in three volumes, begun in 1765 and published in 1770, and assisted in editing the last four volumes of the 'Christian Magazine.'

On Dodd's ignominious fall, his amanuensis seemed to have been the only friend who clung to him—probably from simple generosity—it can hardly have been from a conviction of his patron's innocence. He revised and corrected Dodd's effusion in blank verse, 'Thoughts in Prison,' and was rewarded only by a mention in that outpouring of humbled pride:

> But I am lost, a criminal adjudged!
> A guilty miscreant! Canst think, my friend,
> Oh Butler!—'midst a million faithful found!
> Oh, canst thou think, who know'st, who long hast known
> My inmost soul . . .

and so on.

But the work of Dodd's chapel had to be carried on, and the once fashionable incumbent was replaced by his curate. Weedon was nominated to the charge by Dr. Courtenay, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square: he became a fourth-part proprietor of the concern, and officiated regularly till his retirement in 1814. In addition to the incumbency he became Lecturer at the churches of St. Clement, Eastcheap, and St. Martin Orgars. In 1787 he instituted the Chelsea Sunday schools. He was a joint founder of the Society for the Discharge and Release of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts, and joint founder of the Sea Bathing Infirmary at Margate. He was ever ready to preach in aid of Foreign Missions. In 1799 he was appointed Domestic Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. And in addition to all these responsibilities this amazing man was for thirty-five years master of a classical school at Chelsea, in which he educated his own three sons. An old Chelsea servant thus describes his appearance: 'He looked very venerable and benevolent. He wore a bob-wig and gaiters, and looked like a Bishop: indeed he was known as "the Bishop of Chelsea."'

And what of his domestic life? When he was twenty-nine years of age he married at the Parish Church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, on December 16, 1771, a lady of French extraction, Miss Anne Giberne. It was evidently a union based on deep affection with a bride of singular personal charm; and we may naturally conclude that something of the wit and grace which marked the conversation of Anne's sons and grandsons was derived from the French strain in their blood.

The Giberne pedigree is not without interest. There lived early in the sixteenth century one Jean de Giberne, Dumas de Giberténe aux Cevennes. His grandson, also Jean de Giberne, is described in family records as Seigneur de Giberténe, co-Seigneur de St. Germain de Calberte, Evêché de Mende aux Cevennes. He was born in 1582, and married 'Mlle. Jeanne de Majanelle de l'ancienne famille de Val Francisque.' Their grandson, Jean René Giberne, abjured the Catholic faith in Jersey and died about 1705. Of his son, Isaac Louis Giberne (1701–1742), the story is recorded that a man threw his dog into a bonfire, and that Isaac Louis, in a fit of anger at this outrage, stabbed the offender and had to fly his country. The fact that the little dog had previously saved his (or her) master's life will secure for the refugee the sympathy of most lovers of dogs. Giberne, when walking alone in the Black Forest, lost his way. Overtaken by a storm, he took shelter in a lonely inn kept by a most unprepossessing landlord. On retiring to rest, he took the precaution to barricade his bedroom door with a large chest. Some hours later stealthy steps were heard on the stairs, and his door was tried—in vain. Giberne then lay down fully dressed upon his bed, determining to keep awake ; but weariness overcame him, and he slept. Soon, however, he was aroused by the violent barking of his faithful companion, the dog, and found that his bed was sinking through the floor. He sprang up just in time and escaped through the window, carrying under one arm the preserver of his life. Whether Sir Walter Scott had heard of this story before he wrote ' Anne of Geierstein ' I cannot say. Isaac Louis Giberne settled in England, married a Miss Catharine Dewberry, and became the father of a large family, of which Anne, born August 11, 1738, was the ninth child.

Of Anne's life little is recorded ; but on her death at the age of sixty-four, which took place on March 18, 1803, at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, her husband made in the family Bible (the gift, by the way, of Dr. Dodd) the following touching entry :

Of Character and Temper the most unassuming, of Assiduity in promoting the Comforts of all around her the most tender and unwearied ; her Life and Conduct in every Relation were truly exemplary. Patient, calm, contented under various Trials of Sickness and Pains, and perfectly resigned upon Christian Principles to the Will of Infinite Mercy and Wisdom. To her surviving

Relatives be this the lasting Consolation, which alone can reconcile their Hearts to such a Loss.

To Weedon Butler and his wife Anne were born, all in the parish of Pimlico, a family of five children, four sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Weedon the second, was born on September 13, 1772, and was educated by his father at Chelsea, and afterwards at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. After taking Orders he became Lecturer at Charlotte Street Chapel, Brompton, and later on Rector of Woolston, Bucks. On his father's retirement he took on the school at Chelsea, but it ceased to thrive and was finally given up. In the days of his prosperity he had been an enthusiastic and critical collector of books. ' His library overflowed the great 50-guinea book-shelves. It climbed to the lofty ceilings, it ran into the bedrooms, and now it had all to be sold.' Weedon the second died in 1830 brokenhearted by the early death of his eldest son.

The second son, George, was born on July 5, 1774; of him there will be more to record in the next chapter.

The third son, John Walter, died in infancy.

The fourth son, Charles William, was born on January 5, 1777. He became captain of the *William Pitt*, East Indiaman, was shipwrecked in a gale off Algoa Bay on December 17, 1813, and lost his life and all hands.

It was the shock of this loss that caused his father to resign the school at Chelsea and all his varied interests in London. He retired to the parish of Gayton, in Northamptonshire, of which his son George, then Head-Master of Harrow, was the Rector, with the, to us, anomalous result that the father served as curate to his absentee son. There he spent seven useful, quiet years, beloved by his parishioners for his simple life among them—a man who lived, as he preached, the Gospel of Faith and Good Works.

Of the interest he took in his grandchildren the following extract from one of his letters is a proof. Of those letters Montagu Butler wrote on March 13, 1907 : ' They help me to see how human and loving he was, and how he understood *l'art d'être grand-père*.'

To Thomas Butler
(afterwards Assistant Secretary, British Museum).

Gayton : October 8, 1817.

Dear Grandson Tom—. . . Now I think of it I must tell you a *strange story* about a *Russian Dog* which Dr. Butler has sent us lately. He is indeed a fine rough Fellow and makes a great roaring *Noise* in

our Farm-yard. But he is so fond of eating young ducks and chickens before they are dead, that we have made him a Prisoner by himself, to save all the Rest; for *we like them ourselves* when they are killed fairly, and when we begin to think them too many. Moscow does not like his own Company alone; but he must do so until he has learned to let other Creatures live about him as well as himself: and until he learns this lesson thoroughly (as you do the multiplication-table), and becomes quite un-savage, he will continue in Prison for abusing his Liberty by destroying his *gentle* Companions. He has been a very *Buonaparte*! I think we must send him to the same Island. But farewell, my dear Tom, and always believe me to be your very affectionate Friend and Grandfather,

Wn. Butler.

In 1820 Weedon Butler retired from the curacy of Gayton, and resided for a short time in the Isle of Wight. Thence he removed to a house on a property at Greenhill, near Harrow, which had been acquired by his son George, the Head-Master. There on July 14, 1823, in the eighty-first year of his age, he expired in the arms of his son, who wrote in the family Bible:

He died without a groan or struggle. I closed his eyes. Thus terminated his valuable life by a gentle decay, without bodily suffering or mental weariness. 'Let me die the death of the Righteous.'

Weedon was buried in the 'New' Churchyard at Chelsea.

CHAPTER II

DR. GEORGE BUTLER'S HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF HARROW

Of the four sons of Weedon (the elder) and Anne Butler by far the most famous was the second, George. He was born at Chelsea on July 5, 1774, educated at his father's school, and sent from there, with his brother Weedon (the younger), to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Some extra-collegiate coaching he obtained by travelling in the vacation of 1792 to Sedbergh, where lived one Dawson,

the remarkable mathematician and philosopher who turned out 13 Senior Wranglers. In June my Father went to read with him, being just under 18. The terms were 5*s.* a week for the best teaching in England. At the Inn he paid 1*s.* 6*d.* a week for lodging, 10*d.* a day for dinner, and 2*d.* a day for breakfast.[1]

At Cambridge he divided his time between Mathematics in the morning and Classics in the evening—a strain which told upon him and led to his being disappointed of establishing what would have been then 'a record.' For in the Tripos examination of January 1794, when he was only nineteen years of age, he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman; but he was prevented by a serious breakdown from competing for the Chancellor's Classical Medals Great was his joy and surprise, he told his children, when on the second day of the Mathematical Examination, as he was on his way to the Hall, he met one of the examiners, who told him that he need not go up again, for that he had done so well on the day before that he was already placed ahead of all other competitors.

I felt almost choked with gratitude, and I thought of my dear Father's joy when the tidings should reach him. I wrote to him; and then what do you think I did? I read the 'Arabian Nights' and forgot all my past anxieties.

[1] From a letter of Dr. Montagu Butler to Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart.

What might have been the result, if he had been able to enter for the Classical Examination, cannot be decided; but it is certain that the Master and Fellows of Sidney urged him to compete, and that his friends anticipated success. The following letter from his son, Dr. Montagu Butler, clearly states all the evidence that can now be obtained:

To Arthur Stanley Butler,[1] Professor of Nat. Philosophy at St. Andrews.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: March 23, 1914.

. . . And now for the dear Father's early exploits at Cambridge. I won't compare what he did with what others have done, for there have been not a few double feats superior to those of the late Duke of Devonshire: but I will just give you what I know to be the facts:

In October 1790 he came up to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and in January 1794, being then 19½, he took his B.A. Degree as Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, J. S. Copley, the future Lord Lyndhurst, being second in both Competitions. He had intended to be a Competitor for the Chancellor's Classical Medals, but he was seriously ill before the Examinations, and unable to be a Candidate. The two Medals were won respectively by J. Doncaster, of Christ's, and W. Taddy, of St. John's.

My Father had been generally expected to be the Senior Medallist. My evidence as to this is twofold:

1. When I was about 15, Mr. Henry Revel Reynolds, of Trinity, a great friend of our family, and Father of the wife of our Uncle John Edward Gray of Wembley Park, was paying one of his numerous visits to our parents at Gayton Rectory, Northamptonshire, my birth-place. Mr. Reynolds told me then explicitly that, but for his illness, my Father would have been 'Senior Medallist.'

2. In the year 1896 or 1897 Archdeacon Cheetham of Christ's College, Hulsean Lecturer to the University for that year, was twice our guest at this Lodge, when he came up from his Canonry at Rochester to preach. I once asked him casually what had been his school as a boy, and he replied in substance, 'Oh, I was at school with Dr. Doncaster'—I forget where—'and he told me more than once that he would never have been Senior Medallist, but for my Father's sudden illness just before the examination.' I got the good Archdeacon, who was very friendly, to write down and sign this statement, and I have it somewhere.

As to Mr. Taddy, the Second Medallist in 1794, I know nothing about him.

Strangely enough, I cannot remember to have even questioned the dear Father about what must have been a disappointment at the time.

Soon after the Mathematical Tripos George Butler was elected Fellow and appointed Lecturer at Sidney, and about

[1] Second son of Canon George Butler of Windsor.

that period he read Greek with Porson, but in what capacity is not recorded. A remark, however, of the great Dr. Parr is recorded to the following modest effect: 'Porson is of course our first Grecian: everybody knows who is the second: you, Butler, are the third.' At Sidney he remained for about ten years until his appointment to the Head-Mastership of Harrow in 1805. On at least one occasion he was Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge.

He was a man of remarkable versatility. To his Mathematics and Classics he added a fluent proficiency in French (derived doubtless in the first instance from his mother, but improved by conversation with French refugees at Cambridge). German and Italian he learnt very thoroughly during tours, carried out chiefly on foot, to Germany in 1798 and 1801, and to Italy and Sicily in 1802 during the short-lived peace with France. It is a curious coincidence that George Butler, like his French ancestor, had an exciting adventure in the Black Forest. He also had lost his way. Presently he met an ugly-looking customer, who undertook to set him on the right path. Butler insisted on his guide walking in front, and said afterwards that he felt secure because, as an expert fencer, he knew some passes which would at once disable his opponent should he attack —and George Butler's rapier was only a stout umbrella!

In 1902 Dr. Montagu Butler presented to the Library of Harrow School a little oak-case containing early copies of Schiller's works, with the following explanation:

> Some at least of the volumes in this case were given to my Father by Schiller himself, and the autograph Inscription in vol. I of the 'Gedichte,' unfortunately cut short by the binding, is that of the Poet. How many of the volumes were presents, and how many bought by my Father before or after Schiller's death in 1805, must remain uncertain.
>
> H. Montagu Butler.

His meetings with Schiller are thus described in his diary:

> Jena: Sept. 22, 1798.
>
> At nine I despatched my Introductory (from Böttiger) to Mr. Schiller. He is a sad lie-a-bed, not rising till eleven. 'He would be glad to see me in the afternoon,' was the reply. About half past three I called on Schiller. He received me in his study, up two pairs of stairs, in the politest manner. His countenance, not very pleasant, is hit off exactly by the plate, except in colour,

which is fair, with red eyebrows. I mentioned to him that I had read his *Don Carlos* with much pleasure. 'He was flattered,' he said. After some more literature, we got talking of politics and Buonaparte's expedition to Italy. 'The French principles will never gain ground there, they are such religious sectaries, as with the Jews.' I advised him, as I had done Goethe, to make a tour through the Hartz: 'The journey,' I said, 'would benefit your health, you would gain many new ideas, and now is just the time.'

I asked him how his *Ghost-Seer*[1] was to end. He said at first he had meant to continue it much more *wonderfully*, but that he had now lost all relish for it and looked on it almost as a *fremdes Buch*. 'Read it as such,' said I, 'and you cannot fail to like it. You will be excited in the perusal; the train of your ideas and your relish will be restored.'

Mrs. Schiller came in and sat with us. She is very pretty and an agreeable woman. I was half in love with her.

'He should like a voyage,' he said. 'You may describe a storm and a watery horizon without it,' said I: 'besides, you would probably be sea-sick.' 'True,' said he, 'but one does see many things one might not otherwise have thought of, as in a fountain the rainbow.'

Encouraged by his friendliness, I expressed a wish to hear some of his *Wallenstein* from the Poet's lips. It was just six. 'Then you must come,' said he, 'and pass the evening with me.' I readily agreed. 'Don't be later than eight,' he said. Away I ran, as happy as a prince. A little before eight I returned to Schiller and was introduced into the drawing-room up one pair of stairs. Here were Mrs. Schiller and her two children, both beautiful as angels, herself too looking very engaging. The children, as soon as I sat down, came running into my arms. I could hardly refrain from tears. The elder, about seven years old, with a sort of black leather helmet and arms bare up to the elbow, looked quite a '*Cupidon armé*,' as I told Mrs. Schiller, for we talked French.

I was soon summoned to Schiller himself. After some general conversation I begged him to proceed to business. He told me the Μῦθος, and read me a good deal of the First Part: 'For,' said he, 'I have availed myself of Shakespeare's example, and given it in two Parts.' I could have told him, after Aristotle, that the interest is much greater the more it is concentrated, provided that it continue clear. *Buttler* is one of the principal Dramatis Personae, which afforded us some amusement, especially as, being the confidant and murderer of Wallenstein, his rôle is not very popular. His reading was very animated, standing up so as to give greater energy, as I did to overlook the MS. . . .

In the course of conversation I had many opportunities of observing his satirical turn and of discovering in him the spirit which inspired him to write with Goethe the *Xenien*. In this University (Jena) it is very common, and there is a prodigious spirit of party prevailing. About eleven I took my leave of Schiller. He saluted me *à l'allemande* and I kissed Mrs. Schiller's hand. Home to bed.

[1] *Der Geisterseher.*

To return to George Butler's varied accomplishments: he had a considerable knowledge of Chemistry and Physical Science, and lectured on those subjects to his 'Private pupils' at Harrow. Sir Gardner Wilkinson once told Montagu Butler that he owed his first interest in Art and Archæology to his Head-Master. He was also a good musician and draughtsman. To the mental gifts he added great bodily strength and endurance, though his frame was small. He was one of the best skaters and fencers of his day; he could jump, without preliminary run, a gate as high as his shoulder; his horsemanship surprised the malefactors among his boys at Harrow, when they found that their Head-Master would put his horse at any hedge behind which they hoped to lie *perdus*. He was a great swimmer and seldom missed his morning dive in the Cam, even in the most wintry weather. On one occasion he had broken the ice and dived, only to find on rising to the surface that he had overshot the hole and was beneath the ice. In January 1843, when he was in his seventieth year, he was riding from Gayton to Northampton in snow and a very sharp frost. Crossing a bridge over a canal, he observed a woman's dress moving in the water. He leapt from his horse, plunged into the freezing water, and so rescued from suicide a young woman who had been driven by the desertion of her lover to seek a watery death. It was difficult to raise her body owing to the steep bank of the canal; but he succeeded, got the insensible woman carried to a roadside inn, and there directed the labourers in the method of restoring life. Then he returned home, changed clothes, and started again for Northampton. For this exploit he received an address of thanks and congratulation from his neighbours and the coveted gold medal of the R.H.S.

In 1805, on the resignation of Dr. Joseph Drury, the Head-Mastership of Harrow became vacant, and George Butler determined to stand for it. He received a joint Testimonial of extraordinary warmth from a large number of the Heads of Houses and leading professors and scholars of Cambridge. When the six electing Governors of the School were equally divided, three voting for him and three for Mr. Mark Drury, the appointment lapsed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Manners Sutton, and it is said that the Archbishop, in deciding for Butler, was much influenced by the Testimonial and also by the strongly expressed opinions of Porson and Parr as to his classical attainments.

And so he entered on a memorable Head-Mastership which was to last for twenty-four years. His election was not popular with the boys, who had counted on seeing another Drury chosen for the vacant chair. In the violent expression of their resentment Byron took a leading part. Some vitriolic satires on the new Head-Master emanated from his pen, and in the first edition of the 'Hours of Idleness' he repeated the strictures. The story of his generous recantation in later years, of his apology to Dr. Butler in person, and of his *amende honorable* in the second edition of the 'Hours of Idleness' may be read in Moore's Life of the poet, or in Mr. P. M. Thornton's 'Harrow School.'

George Butler inaugurated a policy of building which, with pauses, has never ceased. The School in 1805 consisted only of the old Jacobean west wing, the Head-master's House, and a miscellaneous collection of other Boarding and Dames' Houses. George Butler added the east wing, the bow-windows, and the steps to the 'Old Schools,' defraying the cost by subscriptions from the Governors, Masters, and Scholars. He started the first bathing-place on part of the site of the present noble 'Duck Puddle.' He induced the Governors to found, out of the Lyon Trust, the annual prizes for the Greek and Latin verse. He took endless pains in rehearsing the performances of the Prize-winners at the Speech-days, which were then held thrice in each year. He added the second School motto, 'Stet Fortuna Domus,' to the older one 'Donorum Dei Dispensatio Fidelis.' But, though he advocated, he did not originate, as is commonly believed, the addition of the crossed arrows to the lion rampant on the School arms. In 1816 he wrote to Flaxman, who had been commissioned to design the monument of John Lyon in the parish church:

> Beneath the lion you might have something in allusion to our ancient custom of shooting for a silver arrow. . . . On all our prize-books the usual decorations are couples of crossed arrows, distributed in different parts: for, though the annual archery has long been discontinued, yet we retain the memorial of it.

Flaxman accepted Dr. Butler's suggestion, and embodied it in the design.

Three years after his election, in 1808, he was faced by a new crisis of no less serious importance than a rebellion of the School. This was perhaps in some way an after-math of the trouble of 1805. The Head-Master had required of the monitors that they should ascertain and give

up to him the names of the perpetrators of an outrage. The monitors had other ideas of their duties. They brutally caned one small boy and were preparing to treat others as drastically when Dr. Butler appeared, annexed their canes, and informed them publicly that they had not, and never would have, any such right to inflict corporal punishment. The ten monitors resigned in a body. Two days later five of them, pupils of Mark Drury, apologised handsomely; the other five ungraciously; but all were reinstated, promising to accept in all respects the Head-Master's rules for the present and for the future. But their submission only brought upon them the indignation of the School, yielding to which the reluctant five organised the rebellion. For four days, November 3–7, there was no attendance of the boys at School or Church. They paraded the streets with cries of 'Liberty and Rebellion' and 'No Butler.' They blocked the London Road with chains to prevent communication with their homes. In vain the School bell rang, and the Masters marched in procession, headed by Dr. Butler, to their class-rooms, where they sat in solitary grandeur. But the little Doctor never quailed. Regardless of hisses, insults, and even showers of stones, he constantly called the 'Bill,' to which nobody answered, and moved among the rioters. With his own hand he rescued the key of the School building from boys who threatened damage or even arson. On one occasion the monitors proposed that they would retire to their houses if he would condone what was past. 'No,' he replied, '*that* I never will. You have dared, without any plea whatever, to rebel, and now you shall taste the effects of rebellion. Some of you ere to-morrow morning will be expelled, and no power on earth shall compel me to reverse their sentence.' The effect of such courage and determination was salutary, and gradually better counsels prevailed. The boys returned to their duties, *minus* seven who were expelled; and a timely leniency was extended to the School.

Dr. Butler's copious diary of the whole episode closes with these words:

> On Nov. 22 Lord Winchilsea called upon me and informed me that the King had spoken to him for a long time the day before in high terms of my conduct. . . . The King said that he had heard from Dr. Goodall and other Masters of Eton that I had conducted myself as well as it was possible for man to do; and he dwelt minutely on the particulars.

George III. generally was of opinion that he could have fought the battles of his reign better than his generals did: on this occasion he was more generous in his judgment.

If the rebellion caused, or was caused by, some dislike of the Head-Master's autocratic rule, there is ample proof that George Butler lived his unpopularity down. In the schoolboy diary of Walter Calverley Trevelyan, covering the years 1812–1815 and published in 'The Harrovian' for 1897, we find abundant witness of the simple kindness and generous hospitality which he extended to the boys. Coupled with sound advice, praise for good exercises, and an occasional flogging for bad lessons, he gave them peaches, glasses of wine, Roman coins, and permission to use his garden. He entertained the whole of the Sixth and Fifth Forms to supper 'with good Madeira.' Holidays and remission of work were frequent in honour of the stirring events of those years of war with France and America. The boys of course were not always grateful. They played such pranks as to break his window with books, 'for a wager'; but doubtless the Doctor had the last word on such occasions.[1]

He made a collection of miniatures, painted probably by his own request, of distinguished Harrovians of his own and bygone ages. Most of these were presented by Dr. Montagu Butler to the School Library in 1907, but one was given earlier.

To B. P. Lascelles, Librarian to Harrow School.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: March 30, 1905.

I am meditating a few gifts to the Library, if you think they would be acceptable. The Centenary of my dear Father's appointment to the Head Mastership, and my own increasing years, turn my thoughts naturally to what will be and abide long after I am gone.

Many years ago I bequeathed to the Library in my will a really beautiful Miniature of Lord Byron by Holmes. It was given to my Father by Mrs. Skinner, the lady who is so mercilessly, and with such cruel exaggeration, ridiculed in 'Pickwick' as 'Mrs. Leo Hunter.' She had two copies of this Miniature, and gave one to my Father, with a letter which has been preserved. Byron left Harrow in the summer of 1805, and the summer of 1905 seems an appropriate time for consigning it to its final home. The face is far more agreeable than that in the picture which hangs on the Library wall.

[1] An interesting account of Dr. George Butler's personal appearance and methods of teaching may be read in the Autobiography of Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely.

Among Dr. Butler's 'private pupils' were Lord Dalhousie, afterwards Governor-General of India, his elder brother Lord Ramsay, Lord Duncannon, and the two sons of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister. To these it was the sad duty of the Head-Master to break the news of their father's assassination in the Lobby of the House of Commons. Lord Duncannon was a frequent visitor at Gayton after the Head-Master's retirement. During one of these visits Montagu Butler heard him relate how he had been urged by a friend, in a formal letter, to add his signature to a petition on behalf of Smith O'Brien, his contemporary at Harrow, when he was sentenced to death for high treason in 1848. In an equally formal strain he replied that, much as he regretted the whole episode, the law must take its course, and the unfortunate man bear the consequences of his actions. To this the friend rejoined, 'My dear Ponsonby, are you going to let your old school-fellow *hang like a dog*?' 'Of course, when he put it like that, I had to sign the petition; but it was against my better judgment, it was against my better judgment.'

In 1814 he was presented by his College to the Sidney living of Gayton, Northants. His ministrations there were naturally confined to the School holidays: during School terms he was represented, till 1820, by his father, who acted as curate for his son. On March 18, 1818, he married Sarah Maria, eldest daughter of John Gray of Wembley Park. Gray's maternal uncle, Isaac Walker (d. 1804), was the purchaser of Arnos Grove and the progenitor of the famous cricketing family of the Walkers of Southgate. Possibly it was due to the family connection that those three brothers were sent to be educated at Harrow.

Of an uncle of Mrs. George Butler, her son Montagu wrote:

To Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart.

Loch Alvie Cottage, Aviemore: August 29, 1911.

. . . *We* had, years ago, a dear 'Great-Uncle Henry' Lewis. He was one of those unfortunate men whom Bonaparte imprisoned after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. He was a *détenu* for eight years; was, of course, given up by his family; taught himself perfect French while in prison, escaped in a woman's dress, and appeared one Christmas Day at his home just in time for dinner! My mother was his favourite niece, and you can imagine how we young people worshipped the kind old bachelor Besides living

in Italy for twenty years and becoming a first-rate Italian scholar, he used every morning, till he was ninety, to read a Chapter in the Hebrew Bible. . . .

At length, after twenty-four years of office, George Butler decided to retire to his country living, and notified to the Governors his intention to resign the Head-Mastership as from Easter 1829. The following letter was addressed to Sir John Richardson and is probably similar to other letters sent to parents of boys in the School :

Harrow : December 15, 1828.

My dear Sir—The kind interest, which you have at all times manifested in my welfare as connected with Harrow, assures me, that you will rejoice with me in the prospect of my speedy emancipation from the cares and labors of this busy scene,—now almost too much for my health & spirits.

I have at length, as you *may* have heard, notified to the Governors of the School my intention of resigning the Mastership at the ensuing Easter Vacation, when I shall have completed my 24th year of hard service.

It is a great comfort to me, in contemplating this retirement, to reflect that our late increased & increasing admissions shew us to have ' weathered the storm ' and to be once more ' proceeding in a prosperous course.'

Mrs. Butler unites with me in best compts to Lady Richardson & kindest regards to your sons and

I am ever, My dear Sir John,
Yours faithfully,
(signed) Geo. Butler.

P.S. I am often reminded that the £12,000 & upwards, which at my first arrival here I expended upon the School property, would by this time have amounted to a large sum : but I shall ever rejoice that I have so employed it for the benefit of this important establishment. I shall still have enough (with the abatement of my Carriage Horses) to live with comfort ; and my wife has no pride to stand in the way of *retrenchment.*

And so ended George Butler's official connection with the School, but not so his abiding interest in it. His letters to the three succeeding Head-Masters, Doctors Longley, Wordsworth, and Vaughan, were very frequent. Wordsworth indeed, who was himself often in serious difficulty with the School discipline, seems to have consulted the Nestor about most of his troubles ; and in answer to one of such letters Butler speaks of his own recurring dread of *émeutes* among the boys when the 5th of November came round.

In my hatred for Guy Fawkes and all his treasonable plottings used to be comprised a large portion of similar spite to those who contrived such an ever-festering and scarcely less dangerous mode of perpetuating the remembrance of it. Verily it went far to tempt me from my orthodoxy into Popery. However, I resisted. Great was my anxiety, and restless my vigilance, and most fidgetty my feelings, during that season of temptation. *That* danger well over, I used to anticipate calm weather till the holidays.

There was another tie between him and Harrow in the marriage of Mrs. Butler's younger sister, Rachel Gray, to William Oxenham, one of the Masters ; and in time there were added still closer ties when his eldest son George and his youngest son Montagu entered the School.

Of his life as a country parson at Gayton Rectory I shall speak in the next chapter ; but other honours and duties were in store for him. In 1836 he was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Peterborough, and in 1842 to the Deanery. On this occasion he wrote :

To Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.

Gayton : October 19, 1842.

It is quite true that Sir Robert Peel's most handsome offer of the Deanery reached me on Thursday last—the day selected by you as 'our Founder's Day.' What an auspicious coincidence of time on which an ex-Master of Harrow should receive such a testimony from the greatest of Harrow's sons ! The man whom we so justly regard as the pride and glory of our Ida. I am in hopes of being permitted to retain Gayton with the Deanery. Should I be called upon to resign my living as well as the Chancellorship (this latter office must of course be relinquished), I should scarcely be benefitted in a pecuniary point of view, and I should suffer severely from the exchange of my spacious Rectory House for the very inadequate dimensions of the Dean's residence. . . .

If it be not asking too much upon such an occasion, I would fain petition as an ex-Master, an Old Harrovian, a new Dean, for some indulgence such as a holiday on behalf of the boys.

The letter shows how dear to George Butler's heart was the fame and the happiness of Harrovians, old and young. He went to Harrow a stranger. He founded, in himself, his son, his grandsons, and great-grandsons, a family connection which was to last, with hardly an interval, and with untold advantage to the School, for over a hundred years. Indeed, who knows what further services to Harrow may not be rendered by the offshoots of George Butler's stock ?

CHAPTER III

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER: HIS EARLY LIFE AT GAYTON AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

To Dr. George Butler and his wife Sarah Maria were born ten children—the six elder ones at Harrow, the four younger ones at Gayton. A very short account of each member of the family will enable me to allude to them simply by name with no further explanation. They were:

1. George, born July 11, 1819. Educated at Harrow, he proceeded in 1838 to Trinity College, Cambridge, but in 1840 he migrated, with a scholarship, to Exeter College, Oxford. He won the Hertford Scholarship in 1841 and a first class in the final classical school. In 1843 he was elected Fellow of his College, and afterwards held in succession the following educational posts: Tutor at Durham University, Master at Clifton College, Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, Principal of Liverpool College. He married in 1852 Josephine Elizabeth, daughter of John Grey of Millfield, Northumberland, a lady remarkable for her personal beauty, her artistic powers, and, above all, for her devoted work in the cause of social purity. He was ordained in 1854. In 1882 he was appointed Canon of Winchester, and died there in 1890. His chief relaxation was sketching in water-colour. His brother Montagu described him as '*notus in fratres animi paterni.*'

2. Marianne Frances, born April 6, 1821. She died at Gayton on September 22, 1831.

3. Louisa Jane, born August 9, 1822; married in August 1853 to the famous (Sir) Francis Galton (1822–1911), explorer, founder of the Science of Eugenics and the Laws of Heredity. He was the grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, cousin of Charles Darwin, General Secretary of the British Association, and founder of a Laboratory for Anthropomorphic Statistics. Louisa, Mrs. Galton, died at Royat in 1897.

4. Benigna Anne, born September 15, 1824. She died at Gayton, on September 9, 1845.

5. Catharine, born December 21, 1826; married to the Rt. Rev. John Bowen, LL.D., Bishop of Sierra Leone. She died at Freetown, W. Africa, on August 4, 1858.

6. Spencer Perceval, born April 22, 1828. Educated at Rugby School; Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1849; 36th Wrangler and 5th Classic, 1851; called to the Bar, 1856. He had a considerable practice as a conveyancer, lived for many years at Julian Hill, Harrow, and was the business manager of the family affairs. He married in 1863 Mary, daughter of Nicholas Kendall of Bodmin. He died on July 11, 1915, and was buried at Harrow.

7. Emily, born January 19, 1830. She was the great repository of all the family anniversaries, events, and stories. She lived with her mother at Julian Hill and, after Mrs. Butler's death, at The Woodlands, Harrow. She died, unmarried, at Gayton House, Oxford, on October 25, 1909.

8. Arthur Gray, born August 19, 1831. Educated at Rugby. He was a Scholar of University College, Oxford, and Ireland Scholar in 1853. He won a first class in the final classical school, and was elected Fellow of Oriel College. He was a Master at Rugby School under Temple; first Head-Master of Haileybury from 1862 to 1867, and Vice-Provost of Oriel. He married Harriet Jessie, daughter of Michael Pakenham Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford. He died at Torquay on January 16, 1909.

9. Henry Montagu, born July 2, 1833, the subject of this memoir.

10. Gertrude Maria, born November 25, 1835. Soon after her mother's death in 1872 she joined the Anglican All Saints' Sisterhood, in which she worked for many years, first at home, later nursing in their hospital in India. After her final return from India she joined the Roman Catholic Church, and is still (in 1920) surviving at Oxford.

From 1829 to 1840 the family resided continuously at Gayton Rectory. After their father was appointed Dean their life was divided between Gayton and Peterborough; but the former was always 'home' to them, and some of the children were generally left behind to look after the parish folk when Dr. Butler was in decanal residence. The rectory is commodious and comfortable: it was built by his predecessor, the Rev. Christopher Hunter, and

enlarged by Dr. Butler at his own expense of £2000. The church has been restored since his time, and the tower of it rebuilt. Its lower portion shows some traces of Norman work, and the font also is late Norman. The Butler children were all devoted to their home, its garden, and especially two trees—a fir which is conspicuous in the illustration on the opposite page, and an oak in which the younger members had each his or her allotted seat. Whenever Dr. Montagu Butler revisited the rectory, his first care was to note whether the beloved trees had suffered any loss of branches.

Of the house he once wrote :

> I remember the dark passages and ghostly lumber-rooms in which I used to play hide-and-seek as a child, and I sometimes fear, and sometimes hope, that I have not quite lost my childish love for the mysterious.

Their father encouraged them to take interest in the social and domestic life of the village, which contained among its 416 inhabitants several 'characters.' Old Dunkley, the parish clerk, old Pell, and other worthies lived in the children's memory and are often mentioned in their letters. They delighted to recall the time-worn, but to them ever fresh, memories of the village, and their sense of the ludicrous was irresistible. On one occasion the four brothers met at George's home at Liverpool. A lady staying in the house was alarmed by loud and continuous shrieks. She rang for the housekeeper and inquired what dreadful crime was being perpetrated downstairs. 'Oh, ma'am, that's only the master and his brothers. They always laugh over their old tales like that, when they get together.'

The Rector ruled his flock with the tactful determination with which he had quelled the riot at Harrow. 'Wull, it's no use a-talking : for the Dane always wull have his own way,' put an end to their few controversies. One of these differences (I quote from his daughter Catharine's sketch of her father at Gayton) arose over the conduct of the rustic orchestra which led the singing in church. The musicians had quarrelled. The violin put in a flourish here, the flute insisted on playing slower than the rest. The Rector called a vestry meeting and harangued the farmers on the indecent display and the bad effect it would produce on the congregation. He obtained their assent to the discharge of the musicians and the pulling down of their

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, AGED 18.
From a Drawing by G. F. Browning. 1851.

gallery. The meeting took place at 9 A.M. By 1 P.M. the Rector, having engaged carpenters beforehand to be in readiness, had the satisfaction of showing one farmer, who had been too lazy to attend the meeting, and who now came to testify his disapprobation, that the gallery was already down. It was a good illustration of one of his favourite maxims, 'Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day.' In later years his son Montagu, then Master of Trinity, asked a village rustic exactly why they had all so venerated their old Rector. 'Wull, you see, we knew the Dane could 'a' knocked down any of we.'

His moral influence was greatly increased by the knowledge he showed of the work of an agricultural parish. 'Oh, the Dane knows everything, and that's what I say.' And from their persuasion of his wisdom in worldly matters they were more inclined to take his advice in purely spiritual subjects. He entered into the daily needs and tasks and sorrows of the poor, helped them by his practical knowledge, and won their affection by his appreciation of their merits. At his own expense he erected a pump for the almshouses; he started allotments, and allowed no bad tillage: he persuaded the labourers to save their money in summer to meet the hard times and sickness of winter; he was angry with parents who took no pains to get their children out to service. On one occasion he officiated as 'Way-Warden,' and employed a number of the parishioners, who were out of work, on the improvement of the bad roads. When the North-Western Railway was being made, and the Company were on the point of erecting a straight bridge for the Northampton road, necessitating an awkward bend, he forced them to build a skew-bridge, which for long years afterwards was known as 'Butler's Bridge.'

His daughter's sketch gives a picture of this 'Vicar of Wakefield's' spiritual cares, his Sunday services with two sermons—one written on the Saturday and one on Sunday morning—his catechism class for children between the services, his Sacrament Sundays four times a year, but repeated on consecutive Sundays to enable husbands and wives to attend. He made a point of going round the houses in the week preceding these festivals, dwelling on the privilege, and combating the fears of doubters: 'If you are unfit to take the Sacrament, you are unfit to pray or do anything good at all.'

The gipsies had a great respect for him. One day he was riding on his horse 'Merlin' past an encampment, and said in joke to the head of the gang, 'I suppose you will this evening be running off with a few chickens from the old Rector of Gayton's farm-yard.' 'No, sir; that we would not do for the world. The Rector once saved a girl from our party, and we will never hurt anything belonging to him.' He had some time before found a gipsy girl by the road-side ill: he bled her, and so saved her life.

So he lived among his people, and by his own example encouraged his children to share the interests, however humble, of their neighbours. But, if he was an autocrat abroad, he was a delightful father and friend at home. There was no stiffness in his relations with his children: they called him 'Mr. Dane.' The happiest recollections remained with them of his simple goodness. In the evenings, after the parish work was over, he romped with them, sang them queer old songs, and told them endless stories, some of which would last for many nights.

> How our hair stood on end over 'Old Steg' and other tales! Only his small reading-lamp, with its black shade, was burning; the fire was almost out, and we sat shivering with fear and wonder. Certainly Papa had a wonderful talent for arresting the attention of us all.[1]

Of such a striking personality it is surprising that no special memoir was ever written. Montagu Butler at one time contemplated this labour of love and collected materials, some of which he presented in later years to the Library at Harrow. On April 30, 1878, after a visit to Gayton, he wrote to his sister, Louisa Galton:

> It is just a quarter of a century since the dear good Father died. It was wonderful to see how fresh the memory of him still was at Gayton, and what a large space he evidently filled in the good people's heart and imagination. At one time I hoped to write something of an account, but the hours I spend daily in letters make that less and less likely.

Of the mother we have no such vivid sketch, but she must have been a rare confidante. So long as she lived, sons and daughters wrote to her long and intimate letters, with accounts of all they did and all they thought. Her

[1] From *Recollections* by his daughter Catharine.

answers, written in a small, cramped, and often hardly legible script, are proof of her wide range of interests and her humour. If not highly intellectual, she was cultivated in mind, full of practical sense, and a really religious Churchwoman of the Evangelical type. Though frail in appearance, and stooping in later life, she was energetic and quick in movement, and is said to have been 'a rather pretty old lady.' Her delicate hands were inherited by Montagu especially. Her influence over the family was considerable; she took great pride in the careers of her sons, encouraging them to aim at high standards in all things; she adopted their friends as her own, and when they married she made their wives welcome as her own daughters. She was a mother of whom it might be truly said that her family 'shall rise up and call her blessed.'

The boys at Gayton and Peterborough had the usual pursuits of boys. Of the home lessons we hear that the Dean would see with his own eyes that they were at work in the schoolroom by 7.30. He often said that he owed most of his own success in life to early rising. But he sent them to school at what we should now think the early age of seven or even six. They had plenty of pets and games. Dogs figure largely in the family letters. When one or other of the boys at school got a prize, he would write to ask that the dog might have a paunch given him to celebrate the honour. The first of these canine heroes to be mentioned was 'Don.' The following letter shows how his memory lived green for seventy years:

To Miss Mary Joyce.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: October 18, 1913.

As to poor old 'Don,' our animal idol, the hero of many a jest, whether in prose or verse—he was subject to one human frailty—jealousy. Once a small lap-dog was brought by a lady caller and placed on my mother's lap at the Deanery. Don saw and sulked—crept near—and, in an evil hour for his fame, *bit* the foot of the intruder! This outrage divided our family into two factions. My dear mother and some of the elders were loud in condemnation of Don's wickedness. We younger ones secretly sympathised and half admired! What a subject for a tragedy—so much to be said on both sides! Can dogs, mothers, elders, youngers, be the same in these latter days, or has Civilisation taken a different trend?

But I must detain you no longer with this sad nonsense. Even nonsense has its place among 'the Pleasures of Memory.' Peace to the shade of poor old, not wholly virtuous, Don!

Don's successor in the family affection was one Rover, who accompanied Spencer and Montagu to Cambridge, and on walks was made the confidant of many hopes and fears about Triposes and other subjects beyond the comprehension of any other canine friend. 'All our children,' wrote Montagu in later life, 'are taught to believe that of our family dogs Rover stood highest in the Moral Tripos.'

The boys had great days with their guns. One day George and a friend were shooting with success, and the pheasants were falling fast. This drew from the keeper the remark, 'Why, 'tis like the battle of Waterloo, gen'lemen, —partly.' But George's first experience was not quite so successful. He was taken out shooting by two young farmers of the parish, and the Dean, who took no small interest in sport, greeted him eagerly on his unexpectedly early return. 'Well, George, have you shot anything?' George, in a subdued voice: 'Yes, Papa.' 'What did you shoot?'—'Both the dogs.' On escaping to his sisters' sanctum, George described how one of his farmer companions had walked up to examine a carcase: 'Mr. Westiss' Fido. Prime fivorite cove him were, to *be* sure. Wull, chuck him in the bushes' (pronounce to rhyme with 'rushes'). The pang to the Dean was twofold, as to a sportsman, and a Rector who liked to live on good terms with his neighbours. The two stories were often recalled, to the end of his life, by Montagu Butler. If anyone made a far-fetched or inapposite comparison, like that of Monmouth to Macedon, for example, he would remark, with a twinkle not lost upon the initiated, 'Partly.' If a candidate for a scholarship was to be rejected on the weakness of his earlier papers, he would rule him out with a 'Chuck him in the bushes.'

No account of Gayton life would be complete without a mention of the beloved friend of the family, the servant Anne Cleave. She was absolutely devoted to the Dean and all the family; she valeted the boys, packed their boxes for school, and nursed them whenever they were sick at home. There is hardly a letter from Montagu, at Harrow, or at Cambridge, or touring in the East, which does not contain some message for Anne, some claim on her sympathy, or some friendly joke at her expense.

Into such a home and home-life Montagu Butler was born on July 2, 1833. He was baptized in the Parish Church at Gayton on August 23 by his father. One of his sponsors was the Hon. Spencer D. Montagu (son of Lord

Rokeby). There are no references to any of his god-parents in his letters, but on the occasion of the tercentenary of Harrow in 1871 Mr. Montagu, an old Harrovian of the first Dr. Butler's period, wrote to him :

> I was unaware what had been done for the dear old School. The papers in your letter therefore perfectly astounded me. Most assuredly old Harrovians have shown their love for the School.

Of his happy childhood Montagu Butler always spoke with enthusiasm. It was dimmed only by two passing sorrows. One was the death of his sister Benigna in September 1845, a few days before her twenty-first birthday. Of her he wrote in 1913 to Miss Mary Joyce :

> She and Louisa, who was about two years older, were to us younger people 'the sisters,' living in a bedroom by themselves, giving delightful duets on the harp (Louisa) and the piano. Benigna was also a trained singer, singing delightfully some of dear old Dr. James'[1] favourite airs from Handel and Mendelssohn.

The other grief ('heart-break,' he called it) was the marriage of Miss Anna Elizabeth James to the Rev. Prebendary J. W. Joyce, and her consequent departure from Peterborough. Could the precocious boy have been in love with her himself ?

> Almost the oldest of my book-possessions is a little 'Keble' in green calf, which was given me on Sept. 30, 1846, by 'Annie' James just before I went as a boy to Harrow. It has always been lovingly preserved in a silken cover, and is generally in my hands on a Sunday. She was one of the most beautiful ladies that I have known in a long life—beautiful in every way, in face, in mind, in spirit. The memory of her and of her gifted father ranks high among the blessings of my life.

Montagu was not a robust boy. The delicacy of his complexion lasted all his life. He complained that even the suns of Syria would not burn him brown. He was subject to colds, which generally took a feverish turn, and he suffered periodically from 'brow-ague,' which prostrated him. At school it was understood that he might 'stay out' practically at his own discretion, and only play games when he felt strong enough. The anxiety of his parents is frequently expressed in their letters. His friends all recognised that he must be spared exertion : his sisters,

[1] Canon of Peterborough.

when visiting him at Cambridge, were struck by the way in which his faithful intimates did little services for him. And yet he could never find himself in the neighbourhood of a mountain without scaling it ; and the walks which he records in his diary of tours in Wales, the Lakes, Scotland, Switzerland, would have taxed the powers of a much stronger boy or man. There were signs too of heart-weakness in his early years, and though he grew out of it in middle life, the mischief returned in the form of a mild attack of angina pectoris in 1900, when he was sixty-six years old. He survived the attack, and died of quite other causes at the age of eighty-four. So true is it that the creaking door hangs the longest. Again we shall hear of some mysterious defect of eye-sight which caused him to abandon games at Cambridge. For distant views he was always helpless without his little pair of opera-glasses ; but for reading he never required aid, though in 1915 an oculist reported that the sight of one eye was practically gone, perhaps owing to an accident.

In 1841 he was sent, when eight years old, to Olney, to a school of which he retained unpleasant memories ; and in 1843 he was transferred to Eagle House, Brook Green, Hammersmith, a school kept by the Rev. Edward Wickham, father of Dr. Edward Wickham, formerly Dean of Lincoln. Mr. Wickham had the grave responsibility of ' turning out ' the following schoolmasters :—(1) The Rt. Rev. Dr. Ridding, Head-Master of Winchester ; (2) The Rev. Dr. Warre, Head-Master of Eton ; (3) The Rev. Dr. Blore, Head-Master of Canterbury ; (4) The Rev. A. G. Butler, Head-Master of Haileybury ; (5) The Very Rev. Dr. Edward Wickham, Head-Master of Wellington ; (6) The Very Rev. H. Montagu Butler, Head-Master of Harrow ; and, in addition to these, F. Vaughan Hawkins ; C. F. Monro ; Bishop Codrington ; John Cordery, translator of the Iliad ; and the Rev. Horace Waller, friend of Bishop Mackenzie, David Livingstone, and General Gordon. What further proof could be needed of the excellence of the teaching at Eagle House ?

Besides laying a sound foundation of Montagu's scholarship, Mr. Wickham followed his after-career with constant interest, and often wrote congratulations to his pupil on successes at Harrow and Cambridge. Of the Second Master in the School, Mr. H. Adderley Box, Montagu retained one reminiscence :

He wrote out for me in my little Greek history, as a translation of ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγέλλειν—

'Stranger, let Lacedaemon know
That we obeyed and sleep below.'

It is far from first rate, but it is grave and terse: strange that it should have lived with me all these decades.[1]

[1] From a letter to the Rev. G. R. Woodward, June 24, 1913.

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL-DAYS AT HARROW

THE time came when a Public School must be selected for Montagu. Dr. George Butler had sent his eldest son, George, to Harrow in 1831, to be under the sway of Dr. Longley. But in 1836 Dr. Longley was promoted to the See of Ripon, and Dr. Christopher Wordsworth reigned in his stead. Now Wordsworth's discipline was slack, and one result of this was that the boys, young George included, were tempted by tradesmen and others to run into debt. Dr. George Butler wrote some scathing letters on the subject to the new Head-Master, especially referring to one shark of the name of Joseph Pope, who had married a Harrow 'Dame.' The very name stirred the choler of the Protestant Dean.

> Joseph! Pope!! [he wrote]. I should apprehend that his very inauspicious name and the knowledge of his past conduct will prevent many parents from sending their children to that Papal See.
>
> *Nomina sunt ipso paene timenda sono.*
>
> But danger known is danger almost parried. So be it with Pope!

The numbers of the School steadily declined. By 1845 there were only sixty-nine boys left, and Dr. Vaughan was advised to begin his work by expelling the whole of them! Even so stalwart an Harrovian as Dr. Butler lost faith in Harrow. He sent his sons, Spencer and Arthur, to Rugby. But when Montagu's turn came, Dr. Wordsworth had been succeeded by Dr. Vaughan, and a very different state of things prevailed on the Hill. This consideration, and the fact that 'Aunt Rachel,' wife of William Oxenham and sister of Mrs. Butler, could look after the delicate boy, turned the scale in favour of Harrow. It was arranged that he should be placed in the Head-Master's House and

in the Pupil Room of 'Uncle Billy.' 'It was just about 3.45,' wrote Dr. Montagu Butler in 1906, 'on Nov. 5, 1846, that my dear Father took me to Harrow and handed me over to Dr. Vaughan. The boys, in their coloured football-vests, were swarming up the hill as we drove past.' How little could he have anticipated that he would see, from the windows of the study in which Dr. Vaughan received him, that familiar sight repeated every day in the football season for five and twenty years of his own Head-Mastership!

Dr. Charles James Vaughan came to Harrow in 1845, and presided over the School for fifteen years till October 1859. In that period the numbers of the School rose from the remnant of sixty-nine left by Dr. Wordsworth to 500, including many names of those who afterwards rose to eminence in Parliament, the Services, Bench and Bar. The series of University Scholarships and Prizes was highly gratifying. The discipline, so relaxed under his predecessor, was soon strung up and remained, at least for the first ten years of Vaughan's reign, in a creditable condition. For Vaughan brought to Harrow the methods and traditions of his own master, the great Dr. Arnold, and applied them with his own characteristic compound of force and suavity. Of his relations with those with whom he had to deal he once remarked in later years that 'he had found the boys always fair, the Masters sometimes, the parents never, and as for widows, he confessed he had sometimes been tempted to reconsider his objections to suttee.' To his old pupils he showed warm hospitality, inviting small batches of 'old boy' friends to stay at his house for week-ends. If he could not devote much time to their entertainment by day, he was ready to sit up with them into the small hours of the night, discussing the varied interests of the School and his old pupils.

Montagu Butler fell, immediately and literally, into love and hero-worship for his Head-Master, and the affection was returned. 'For over a period of fifty-one years,' said the Master of Trinity in 1897, 'I never received from Dr. Vaughan a single harsh word or harsh look, whereas there have been simply innumerable acts of kindness and of the most delicate and beautifully expressed sympathy—expressed either in word or deed—at every cardinal event of my life, whether in its joys or its sorrows.' Dr. Vaughan held him the dearest and, as regards character and

attainments, the most distinguished of all his pupils, and the most worthy to succeed him in office. From the day that Butler left school began a correspondence which ended only with Vaughan's death in 1897. Unfortunately, the Dean of Llandaff's dying request was that all his papers should be destroyed, and so perished hundreds of letters from the pupil to the beloved Master. Hardly a vacation at Cambridge passed without a visit to Harrow, rapturously described in Montagu's letters to his father. The early impressions never died: rather they were deepened by time and lifelong intercourse. Preaching in Llandaff Cathedral on Oct. 24, 1897, the Sunday after Vaughan's funeral, the Master of Trinity put his recollections into the following words:

It is not as Parish Priest that he will be chiefly remembered. Rather it will be as the restorer, almost the re-founder, of one of the greatest of our Public Schools. . . . At Harrow—how can I recall those days which are so dear and so bright to some of us? —we all knew that we had at our head a strong ruler, who could not be trifled with. His softness of voice and manner, at first almost startling, never left any illusion with boys or masters as to either his penetrating insight or his resolute will. But he was very gentle with us, more and more so as the time of office drew to its close.

At first—I speak from clear recollection—his bright wit and sense of the ludicrous were not always untinged with sarcasm. But he soon detected and conquered the temptation. No self-conquest was ever more rapid or complete. Some, I imagine, who watched him for as much as fifty years, will scarcely believe that such a victory was ever needed. But the battle was fought. I saw it. As to his teaching, his brilliant scholarship and rare clearness of expression gave to almost every lesson something of the finish of a work of art. I have known many of the great scholars of our day; many with whom, in respect of mere learning, he would never have thought of comparing himself: but for the sheer scholar's instinct, the thinking and the feeling of the great tongues of Greece and Rome, more especially the Greek, the exact perception of the force of words, whether separately or in their junction and their cadences, there are few indeed that could be placed by his side. Never were these gifts of teaching more conspicuous, or, I think, exercised with more satisfaction to himself, than when he took us in the Greek Testament, notably in the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews. He did not deal much with the larger questions which cluster, as it were, around these great writings—questions of theology, of philosophy, of history, or of ritual—but he had in the highest degree the gift of linking chapter with chapter and verse with verse, tracking the argument through its windings and seeming disappearances, laying his finger on the sequence of each sentence and paragraph, and the exact mission of each word in its own order.

Vaughan replaced the first School chapel, erected by Wordsworth, a mean building of red brick, by the present chapel, of which the chancel was his own special gift, 'out of the fulness of his heart and the munificance of his hand.'[1] The first chapel had only been used in the afternoon; in the morning boys went to the Parish Church and occupied a gallery over the North Aisle. Mr. Cunningham, the Vicar, preached never less than three quarters of an hour, in a very low voice, and few boys attended. In this connection I must repeat a story told by the Rev. Prebendary F. W. Joyce, the present Vicar of Harrow, which illustrates, by the way, Montagu Butler's marvellous memory. 'I was showing the Master of Trinity round the familiar scenes of his boyish worship in this church. He was standing half-way between the North and South doors, looking up to a tablet just under the clerestory windows. He began to recite from beginning to end the whole of the inscription. I said to him, "Why, you can't read it at that distance?" "No," he replied, "but I can say it by heart. When, as a boy, I used to sit opposite to it in the North Gallery, I committed it to memory and have not forgotten it since."' On the restoration of the Parish Church the old gallery was removed, and Dr. Vaughan adroitly seized the opportunity to move the School to their chapel for both the services.

No greater contrast could be imagined than that between the Head-Master and the Under-Master, the Rev. William Oxenham, Montagu's uncle and tutor, 'that disorderly man,' as his nephew once described him. His lax discipline, his irritable temper, his strong language, his narrow range of teaching, are the subjects of many jokes in the letters of his pupils. The words 'fool' and 'foolery' were ever on his lips.

But there was [says Archdeacon Vesey in some unpublished reminiscences] an indescribable charm about the man. He dearly loved Harrow, was full of *esprit de corps*, and in some magical way inspired it to his boys. He was, no doubt, a bad master, but he was simply worshipped by his pupils. They laughed at his language, they played him pranks; but if any outsider said a word against 'Billy,' they were up in arms in a moment; and when at the annual dinner for Old Harrovians at the Freemasons' Tavern, 'Billy' stood up to return thanks for the toast of his health, the room rang with 'Three cheers for Mr. Oxenham, and one cheer more.'

Compare page 404.

Of the same eccentric character I have received another reminiscence :

From the Rev. Horace G. Monro.

I, like most boys, looked upon 'Billy' as a crusty individual. But after D'Arcy and I had left the School in 1850, we were wandering about together in the grounds of Carisbrooke Castle, and there we stumbled upon him. I can never forget the delight with which the old man clung to his pupil, and how D'Arcy seemed quite happy under the wing of his tutor. It was a revelation to me that 'Billy' was, after all, a most loving and lovable man, and my heart warmed towards him.

To have such an uncle and such a tutor must have been no small comfort to Montagu in starting life at a Public School. The strangeness, the home sickness, of the new boy was further tempered by the presence of his comfortable 'Aunt Rachel,' and the Gray Cousins were not far off at Wembley Park. He soon found another 'second home' in the Vicarage, where he was always made welcome, for his father's sake and his own, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, who was also a Governor of the School.

Fifty-seven years afterwards the Master of Trinity wrote his recollection of first experiences in Dr. Vaughan's House :

To J. R. M. Butler.

Trinity Lodge, November 5, 1903.

This was my first night as a Harrow boy. I was summoned up in the course of the evening to be interviewed by the three formidable Sixth Form fellows, Sperling, Hutton and Saurin. Hawkins[1] looked after me very kindly. If I remember right, I was not expected to go up to First School next day. Then followed one week of exemption from fagging, and then three weeks of night-fagging. At the end of a month came Trials, and I came out head and got my Remove. No more fagging.

Other masters in 1885 were J. F. Marillier, the Rev. T. H. Steel, the Rev. G. F. Harris, the Rev. Benjamin H. Drury, the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, and the Rev. R. Middlemist. Vaughan strengthened and enriched the Staff by adding men of such potent influence as the Rev. F. Rendall, the Rev. Edwyn H. Vaughan, the Rev. B. F. Westcott, A. G. Watson, the Rev. John Smith, H. E. Hutton, the Rev. E. H. Bradby, the Rev. F. W. Farrar, and Edward E. Bowen.

Of his contemporaries at Harrow who afterwards became

[1] F. Vaughan Hawkins had been his schoolfellow at Eagle House.

men of note a long list might be made. His chief rivals in the field of prize exercises were F. Vaughan Hawkins, Charles S. Blayds, famed alike for his scholarship and his jumping exploits at School, and afterwards, as C. S. Calverley, for 'Fly-leaves,' 'Verses and Translations,' and other contributions to literature; Alfred Blomfield, son of the Bishop of London and himself to be Bishop of Colchester, the brothers C. H. and C. J. Monro, and J. Hyde D'Arcy, who disappointed brilliant promise by an early death. Then there were his cousin, Henry W. Oxenham, afterwards a Roman Catholic writer of somewhat liberal views, Edward H. Pember, T. C. Baring, W. C. Plowden, Charles E. Austen-Leigh, his cousin the Hon. Edward Chandos Leigh, A. G. Vernon Harcourt, Kenelm E. Digby, Hon. R. H. Stewart (afterwards Lord Galloway), Cameron of Lochiel, Michael Culme-Seymour, William Church, Viscount Sandon (afterwards 3rd Earl of Harrowby), the Hon. Roden Noel, the Hon. L. A. Tollemache, E. T. Hoare, and Edward Latham. With these and others Montagu Butler preserved in after-life a friendship more or less close. But of all his school-friendships the most intimate, and destined to last the longest, were those with Viscount Althorp (afterwards 5th Earl Spencer, K.G.), Sir Henry S. Cunningham, K.C.I.E., son of the Vicar of Harrow and afterwards Judge of the High Court of Bengal, F. Vaughan Hawkins, Archdeacons Vesey (Veasey at Harrow) and Bothamley, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart., O.M., the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., F. D. Longe, George Miller, C. H. Monro, and the Rev. Horace G. Monro. His correspondence with Lord Spencer and Archdeacon Vesey was very regular: it was ended only by death. His close and beautiful friendship with Sir George Trevelyan will have been gathered from the introductory chapter of this memoir. To Sir Charles Dalrymple (also a frequent correspondent) he paid an annual visit at Newhailes, Musselburgh, and to him Butler wrote in October 1909, 'It is much to have enjoyed a close friendship for fifty years, and to believe that by God's Mercy it can never die.' But with all the intimates whom I have mentioned ties of an almost brotherly nature were established at Harrow and maintained in after-life.

Nobody enjoyed more than Montagu Butler these delightful intimacies, and the time spent in fostering them by the interchange, often during long walks, of thoughts

and confidences. But there were some hours which he preferred, even in boyhood, to reserve for privacy and quiet, or for reading outside the scope of his regular work. For instance, while most Sixth Form boys at Harrow club together for breakfast and tea, he took those meals alone in his room : this enabled him to read the whole of Scott's novels before he left School.

A marked feature of his life at this period was the eager and enthusiastic interest he took not only in the School work and its coveted distinctions, but also in his own private reading of a more general kind, especially in history, biography, and poetry. The vivid recollection of this early delight in literature made him value in later years the books given him as prizes, or acquired by himself through the investment of presents of money. He recalled how the Head-Master had allowed him and Vaughan Hawkins to go to a bookseller in London to choose their prize-books, and how he had invested his funds in Niebuhr and Burke. It gave him, too, an ever fresh sympathy with prize-winners of successive generations. This ardent love of literature was shared, in differing degrees, by a circle of unusually able boy-friends.

Montagu soon began to show what was in him. Wickham may have ' planted,' and Vaughan ' watered,' but it was the clever boy who won the prizes.[1] A perusal of his classical and English compositions, as printed in the Prolusiones of those years, will show that much of the facility and grace which clothe his maturer verses in ' Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life ' were already present in the early efforts of the boy. Still, a story is told that, when his prize-Iambics were recited in the Speech-room in 1851, Dr. Thompson (then Fellow and Tutor of Trinity) was present, and that he remarked to Montagu, on leaving the room, ' If you must have a solecism in a set of Iambics, is it wise to put it so very near the beginning ? '

To crown the intellectual successes, on the last Saturday of his Harrow life, as he was playing cricket against the M.C.C., the welcome news was brought to him on the ground that he had won the Gregory Scholarship, which was then, and, indeed, till quite recent days, the most valuable and coveted of all Harrow honours. To hold this, Montagu had to vacate the Lyon Scholarship which he had previously

[1] A list of them is given in Chapter XVI.

won, and the occasion was marked by an act of generosity. The Gregory Scholarship, of £100, was tenable for six years. Dr. George Butler proposed to the Governors on behalf of himself and his son, and in the interests of the School, that the emolument for two of the six years should be surrendered. A 'petition of appeal' was filed in the Court of Chancery and acceded to 'without prejudice to Mr. Henry Montagu Butler, unless with his consent.' The Governors placed on record 'their deep sense of the kind and liberal consideration for the interest of the School which the Dean of Peterborough had at all times evinced.' To his brother-in-law, William Oxenham, the Dean wrote:

> I quite agree with you that Monty has gained prizes quite enough for *his* benefit or for that of the School. Monopoly in such matters has a very bad effect, both upon the monopolist and upon his competitors, not to mention the invidiousness of such grasping ambition:
>
> '*Urit enim fulgore suo qui praegravat artes*
> *Infra se positas.*'
>
> And another feeling of the defeated is well expressed by the same writer;
>
> '*ego, ut contendere durum est*
> *Cum victore, sequor.*'

So wrote the good Dean at the close of his son's victorious career; but, as his letters show, nobody had done more to incite his son to enter for the prizes, and nobody evinced more delight in the results.

Montagu had other duties and interests besides his prize exercises. At the weekly meetings of the Debating Society he was a regular attendant, and he held the offices of Secretary and afterwards, *ex officio*, of President. He seems to have been an ardent Liberal in his youthful politics, for he favoured the Liberty of the Press, the abolition of the Corn Laws and of Corporal Punishment in the Services, the Privacy of Executions, the Justifiableness of the Subject taking Arms against his Sovereign. He thought that the progress of Russia was beneficial to Europe, that the Roman Catholic clergy should be endowed, and that the exclusive control of education should not be left in the hands of the English Church. He must often have smiled in later years if he remembered (and he forgot nothing) his boyish opinions on some of these subjects.

As Head of the School he had difficulties to face, including a very serious deficit in the accounts and a lack

of the sense of duty and dignity in some of his brother-monitors. In Dr. Vaughan's earlier years at Harrow there was, naturally enough, some friction between him and the boys: they claimed 'rights' which clashed with the Head-Master's authority, and many of the leaders among them, who had known Dr. Wordsworth's laxer rule, were disloyal. A better spirit soon prevailed, but there was an aftermath of bad tone remaining even as late as 1851. Montagu's influence and example, as Head of the School and of Vaughan's House, and as a devoted friend of the Doctor, were effective in dissipating the spirit of disloyalty, and we hear of it no more until, perhaps, quite the end of that Head-Mastership. J. W. Hozier, the Head of the School who succeeded him, put on record in a generous letter the unqualified success of Montagu in that office:

From J. W. Hozier.

Harrow: September 28, 1851.

I can never sufficiently thank you for all that you have done in the last year, and which I find more and more every day has done such an immense deal towards lessening my difficulties. I shall be delighted when you come here, as there are many things I long to talk to you about which cannot be explained in a letter. What I feel more than all is the tremendous weight of responsibility attached to my present position.

On the Speech-days of his last three years he played a very important part. The function in those days consisted chiefly of the recital of the Prize-exercises, and Montagu, as Prize-winner, almost monopolised the dais. There was less acting than in later years, but there were always one or two dialogues, such as that between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu, and 'Ben' Drury coached the boys. The Speech-day of 1851 was memorable for the presence of the Prince Consort, and Mrs. Butler wrote of it as only a proud mother could.

After the Speeches are over, it is the custom of the Head of the School to stand high up on the steps and call for three cheers for each of the distinguished visitors: the boys and the old Harrovians present stand below and respond to the call. There is a legend that on the Speech-day of 1851 the list of dignitaries was mislaid. Charles Currer was present as an old Harrovian and saved the situation. 'Never mind,' he said to the anxious Montagu, 'as each clergyman appears, you will call for three cheers for the Lord Bishop of ——, and I will start the shout before you give

him a See.' And cheered they were with many promotions to unexpected preferment.

There is another time-honoured custom at Harrow by which the Head Boy annually, and in the presence of the whole School, addresses the Governors in a Latin Speech, the Contio. He glances at the chief national events, and records the success or the demise of Harrovians during the past twelve months. The Speech is supposed to contain a minimum of six jokes, and it is expected of the Governors to give six dreary smiles. Nowadays, when the Head Boy may be a 'specialist' in Mathematics,' or Science, or Russian, or anything except Latin, the aid of a friendly Classical Master is sometimes enlisted, and the boy delivers a speech of which he could hardly construe six lines. But it was not so in 1851, or for many years after. Then the oration was delivered by its own composer, who had no light task in collecting and rendering, apologetically, into Ciceronian Latin the achievements of *Britanni in Ultima Thule*. In Montagu's Contio the reference to his father will, I think, strike those of my readers who have the patience and power to read it as a very graceful tribute:

Mihi quidem ex hoc loco contionanti in antiquiora nescio quo pacto animus refertur. Videor enim illuc temporis mente relabi, quum huius aedificii, quod pater meus praecipue ponendum curavit, ne unus quidem lapis exstitisset. Multa exinde nobis acciderunt: varia usi sumus fortuna. At ille, credo, si hodie hanc alumnorum frequentiam, si omnium modestiam ac disciplinam, si vestram denique, Praesides, per omnia benevolentiam contemplari posset, fateretur profecto stare adhuc fortunam Domus; neque nostram, quae nunc sit, Academiam ab illa quam ipse cognovisset, aut diligentia aut humanitate aut moribus degenerasse.

Until his last year Montagu played cricket rather spasmodically. His parents were ever anxious about the danger of over-exertion for him, and he complained himself that he could not always find time for adequate practice. The following letter to his father bears on this subject:

To Dr. George Butler.

Harrow: June 2, 1851.

Prepare yourself for an argumentative letter about Lords. And first I will say, what I have told Mamma before, that parents hold erroneous opinions respecting the condition of one whom fortune has placed among the Eleven. They look upon him as quite enslaved to Cricket, unable to do or to think of anything else that requires soberness and quiet, and in a totally different state from one who in a humbler sphere pursues the 'noble game.'

Now this, I beg to state, is perfectly a fallacy. Our Eleven is not made up till the last week of the quarter, and consequently the only additional burthen laid upon them, when compared with the rest of the Cricketers, is the playing at Lords. Of this I will speak presently. As it is, however, if I play Cricket, whether more or less, I must be accounted as a candidate for the Eleven, and, I may add, judging from present appearances, one of the most likely ones. Well, then, if you say that you do not wish me to play *at all*, I can understand what you mean, however unwise I might think the advice. But you do not, I believe, wish this; all that you want is that I should not over-do myself so as to injure my health, and thereby my powers of working. Now, on this point I must of course be the best judge where to draw the line, when to play and when to desist; and I think it is but fair that you should give me credit for a determination not to sacrifice health, or prizes, or scholarships to the comparatively paltry object of playing as one of the Harrow Eleven. . . .

And now as to the playing at Lords. We should play on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and probably part of Saturday. A great part of that time, viz. when our men were *in*, I should be sitting quietly in the Pavilion. In other respects I should be in just the same condition as here, having some one to run for me, &c. So much for the bodily exertion. As to the mental excitement caused by the games, I have very little doubt that if I were either a spectator or at Peterborough, I should be infinitely more excited than if actually playing myself, for the simple reason that in the former case there is nothing else to do but to be excited; in the latter you are fully occupied with your own business *as a field*, without thinking much of the common weal. If it should be necessary, it would be perfectly possible for me to play only in *one* match, as has already been done in the case of others.

Now, I do not ask you, as the result of these arguments to give me leave to be in the Eleven. It is very probable that I might fail to be chosen from natural causes. I merely ask you not at once to prejudge the question, not to think that I shall be so stupid as to wish to play if I have any fear that it will do me harm. Meanwhile I shall go on, as hitherto, playing *moderately*, making work the first object and Cricket not nearly the second. If you should consult any medical adviser, I hope you will put the case before him *fairly*, not in such a manner as to leave him no choice in his answer: not, for instance, like this:

> My dear Mr. Norwood,—I am sorry to trouble you, but that silly fellow Monty is actually wishing to play in the Harrow Eleven. Of course it would be the height of madness, considering his present delicate state of health, and I cannot conceive how he can be so foolish as even to think about it. Pray be so good as to write to him positively forbidding any such insane scheme, and believe me
>
> Yours despondingly,
> S. M. Butler.

Now, I should not call such a letter as this at all fair, and it is dreadful to think what an epistle it would bring upon my head from the good man. Dr. Paley will, I know, take a rational view

of the subject. All I ask is that you should place confidence in me, and you may depend upon it that I will not abuse it. . . .

But in 1851, when all the other competitions, except for the Gregory Scholarship, were behind him, he determined to represent the School at Lords. On the strength of his play in earlier matches the Cricket-coach and Ground-man of those days, 'Old Chadd,' was in favour of his inclusion in the Eleven. Of this 'character' Montagu Butler was fond of relating two stories. Consulted on the subject of a cricket-problem, the oracle replied, 'Well, Mr. Butler, if you ask me about this 'ere knotty point, I should say it's not only doubtful, but it's doobious.' On another occasion the ball had been hit into a horse-pond adjoining the 'Sixth-Form Ground,' and was floating out of reach. The runners ran, while the fielders appealed to Chadd, who was umpiring, to cry 'Lost ball.' 'Can you see her?' asked Chadd. 'Yes.' 'Then she baint lost.' History is silent as to the number of runs scored for that fortunate stroke.

The Captain of the Eleven of 1851, the Hon. E. Chandos Leigh, was always proud of having given Montagu Butler his 'flannels'; the recipient of that honour once alluded to it as the occasion when 'by the grace of my Captain I could call myself a flanneled fool.' The match against Eton was played on July 11 and 12, and resulted in a victory for Harrow. Montagu was as far as possible spared exertion. Kington (afterwards Blair-Oliphant) ran for him: but he scored forty-one, including some fine strokes for three and four, and runs took more getting then than now. He often related afterwards how he had two strokes of luck, for he was twice out l.b.w. The first time it was not detected by the bowler. The second time he was violently hit on the leg: the whole field ran to condole with him, and after a few minutes he was able to continue his innings; but in the excitement the Etonians forgot to appeal to the umpire. He always said to himself that his batting was not good, though he could knock up runs pretty fast when they were required. His fielding at Point, where he stood close in, was considered by his friends to be his forte.

Fifty-seven years afterwards the Master of Trinity wrote to Lord Crewe, 'George Crawley, the father of four good Harrow cricketers, George, Ernest, Eustace, and Stafford, was the best bat in Chandos Leigh's Eleven and made the winning hit.' And on June 8, 1883, he wrote to Mr. Edward North Buxton:

History repeats itself oddly in small things as in great. In 1851, the evening before the Town Match, George B. Crawley, my good friend, told one of the Town Eleven in fun that they could not play, and that he would make 100 against them the next day. And so he did, to every one's astonishment, for hundreds were far more rare then than now. Yesterday we had again the Town Match, and again over 100 were made, and this time by another Crawley, our friend Ernest. How delighted the boy must have been at thus following in his father's footsteps!

In '51 we played the Town;
George Crawley made a hundred.
The score went up, the sun went down;
We watched and cheered and wondered.

In '83 the Town again;
Ye shades of Drake and Raleigh!
Once more a hundred, all his ain,
And still your heir's a Crawley.

Long live the fame of sire and son!
Long scores, and those that get them!
A hundred years, methinks, shall run
Ere Harrow hearts forget them.

H. M. B., Harrow, 1883.

But now the close of his school-days was close at hand. Mr. E. W. Howson in his school-song 'Five Hundred Faces' voiced the poignant feelings of many, perhaps most, boys at such a severance of old and happy ties:

Yet the time may come, though you scarce know why,
When your eyes will fill
At the thought of the Hill
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

In answer to some captious criticism that this note of pathos was exaggerated, Dr. Butler once remarked that from his own experience he could vouch for the poet's truthfulness. The Head of the School has a busy time in his last days at Harrow, but Montagu managed to write a short letter to his father. It was his last letter from Harrow, as a boy:

To Dr. George Butler.

Harrow: July 27, 1851.

. . . Well! I am sure you must be very much delighted about the scholarship.[1] I was in a dreadful state just before it; during the night I heard the hours 2, 5, 6, 7, 8 strike, and I felt

[1] The Gregory Scholarship, worth £100 a year.

GAYTON CHURCH AND RECTORY.

From a Sepia Drawing by Mrs. Josephine E. Butler. About 1853.

as if I had no stomach left. I don't know whether any of the family can quite appreciate that sensation. . . .

And so ends my Harrow life, which I could almost wish to live over again. At all events, I can hardly expect that the next three years, if I live so long, will be equally happy. What a jolly place it is to be sure, and how I shall like coming here in after years, especially while Vaughan remains! I had such a kind letter of congratulation from Mrs. Vaughan, which you must see. It was brought to me on the Cricket Ground, while I was playing in the Marylebone Match, in which I got 12 runs. My success is looked upon as a capital omen for Lords. . . .

'And so ends my Harrow life.' Who could then foresee that the boy-writer's long life was to contain a quarter of a century of Head-Mastership in the School which he then supposed himself to be leaving, or that his 'Harrow life,' as an absorbing interest, would end only in its grave under the spire of Harrow Church?

The next two letters are eloquent of the affection for the departing pupil and friend felt both by Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan.

Dr. C. J. VAUGHAN to Dr. GEORGE BUTLER.

Orleans: August 7, 1851.

My letter has but one object—to rejoice with you over the well-earned honours of your dear Montagu, and over the promise of prosperity and of excellence which he now gives so abundantly. My love and esteem for him are, as I believe he has discovered, great indeed. You are happy in the possession of him, nor can I resign it without one of the severest pangs which I have ever felt in such a parting. He has been, for the last year, I may truly say, *everything* to me at Harrow. I do not know that I ever saw so happy a combination of ability and industry, firmness and courtesy, power of ruling and willingness to obey, as in him. You may imagine what it has been to me to have such qualities as these united in the Head of my House, and of the School. Where am I to look for the like again?

It is some comfort to feel assured (as I do from what you tell me) of his regard and affection—and I do not think he will suffer them to be lost in the formation of other ties hereafter at Cambridge.

He will be, I trust, our frequent, and (I can safely promise) most welcome, guest at Harrow. The thought of those meetings, on terms of yet more unrestrained and confiding intimacy, is a bright spot in the future. Will you beg him to let me hear from him on my return to England—a month hence, if all be well—and to tell me whether he got a little note from me the day we left Harrow?

Pray assure Mrs. Butler, and believe, dear Mr. Dean, yourself, how heartily I and all the Masters sympathise in the joy you are now feeling on Montagu's account; and give my very affectionate regards to him (*how* affectionate I hope I need not tell him).

Mrs. Vaughan to Montagu Butler.

Harrow: July 26, '51.

I do indeed congratulate you! though I do it with a sad heart, knowing I shall never again hear those shouts in the school yard, and be told it is for 'Mr. Butler!'

You must be very happy, not so much upon your own account, as for the great delight you are giving to your father and to all who love you.

I can only say, 'May you be hereafter all you have been here!' I really cannot say much to you, for I feel more than you would think at the prospect of losing you.

It will be long indeed before we shall cease to miss your face; and to him who has taught you for so long, it is no trifling sorrow to part with you in one sense for ever.

Well, you can carry out elsewhere the lessons he has taught you here, and I need not say to you that the greatest delight he has, next to his scholars distinguishing themselves here, is that they should distinguish themselves after they have left him.

You will, I feel sure, if health is given you, give us again and again the pleasure of renewing these same congratulations, but you will live for a better and a graver purpose than for mere honour and distinction. *This* I know—I need not say.

Come and see me once more before you go, and remember, my dear Mr. Butler, that you must count me as well as Dr. Vaughan amongst your best and truest friends—and I think I need scarcely add that this house must ever be to you a second home.

A few extracts from Montagu's letters, chiefly written to his father, during his progress of seed-time, are appended. They have an interest as showing how the father in his retirement relived his Harrow days in those of his youngest and most promising son; and how that son invited help and opened his heart on various topics of home and school life, current politics and events of the day. The child was father to the man.

To Dr. George Butler.

Harrow: February 4, 1848.

I should be very ungrateful if I were to let your three nice long letters go unanswered. First then I am very much obliged for your advice on the Peel Medal, especially since it so exactly corresponded with my own inclinations; and indeed, I had *just* begun it before I wrote to you. I do not myself think that I have *any* chance of getting it, as Hawkins is pretty sure: but I would try, even if it were only for dear Bid's[1] dream. . . .

I am very much in want just now of a book to read, having finished Schiller's '30 Years' War,' and 'Revolt of the Netherlands.' The former I like the best; from the time that Gustavus Adolphus comes on the scene, it is wonderfully stirring and spirited. But

[1] His sister Emily.

the other is also very interesting, especially since we are just now doing about that Revolt in the Mackintosh in school. . . .

I see Louis-Philippe is got into England. I am very glad, though I can't say I much like him. It never struck me, before I got your letter, that the Duc d'Aumale *might* possibly oppose the Republic. I should think he would scarcely dare, unless his soldiers are *very* much attached to him, as I suppose all the common people favour the Republic. What is the reason that makes the French want to go to war with Austria ? I have never heard it. . . .

To Dr. George Butler.

Harrow : July 28, 1849.

I wish to mention a few more particulars in connexion with the Archery dress.[1] In the 1st place it has been suggested that if the case is to stand on the window, it would be as well that it should be all glass on both sides and therefore transparent. In this case it would scarcely at all darken the room. But I suppose this would rather encourage any propensity the dress might have to fading from the effect of the sun, although the window in which the case would be placed is not very much exposed to the sun. If you do not like the idea of the window a place for it *might* be cut out in the book-case, though, as I said before, we have not over much room for books. . . .

With regard to the English Verse, you say that, if I had taken your advice and written down a skeleton or plan of the poem, I should not have suffered the same feeling of confusion which I mentioned to you. Now, though it is true that I did not write down this skeleton, still I had it very clearly in my head : that is to say, I had formed a plan of the order in which the several events were to be treated. Here I was clear enough. But the confusion I complained of was in writing upon each of these several *parts*, not in arranging the whole into parts. For when I tried to put any particular part into verse, so many ideas came upon me at once, that I got confounded among them all. And this kind of confusion I don't think any *plan* could have remedied. . . .

To Dr. George Butler.

Harrow : March 8, 1851.

. . . What a state the country[2] has been in to be sure ! One really didn't feel secure that a Queen's Messenger might not come down to my room with orders to form a Ministry. There seems to be an idea that after Lord John has carried a Bill against the Pope, he will effect a coalition with the Peelite leaders. But this strikes

[1] I think that Dr. George Butler must have been instrumental in securing for the Monitors' Library the Archery dress now in the Vaughan Library at Harrow. It was worn, about the year 1766, by Henry Read of Brookland, Kent, and descended as an heirloom to the Rev. John Read Munn, Vicar of Ashburnham and Rector of Penshurst, by whom it was presented to the School in November 1848.

[2] Lord John Russell's Ministry resigned in February 1851, but on Lord Stanley declining office, they returned to power and passed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, directed against 'Papal Aggression.' The Coalition Ministry under Lord Aberdeen was formed in 1852.

one as being rather an odd idea. It is like cutting a man because you know he is going to commit a murder, and then making friends again with him when it is all over. I liked Lord Stanley's speech extremely. There was something so frank and honest about it, when he said what measures he should have adopted if he had succeeded in making a Cabinet. I am told that the Queen quite *cut* Disraeli the other day at the Levée. . . .

To Dr. George Butler.

[A strange diffidence in one who was to become a master of elegant Latin Verse composition!]

Harrow: June 9, 1851.

. . . I have, as you know, got the two prose medals. Latin Verse is certainly not my forte. I cannot get the requisite rhythm that wins the hearts of Examiners, and rolls you creamily into favour. I shall practise hard at it at Cambridge, otherwise it will be a considerable drawback to my chances of success. . . .

To Mrs. George Butler.

[This letter does not indeed belong to Montagu's school-life: but it is inserted here as it was written so soon after his emancipation. It shows the terms of delightful *badinage* which existed between him and his mother.]

Ardencaple: September 12, 1851.

No one who has watched your conduct and general line of policy during the last few weeks will feel any difficulty in determining that you are a really great woman. If he be in any degree a keen observer and understander, and be at the same time even tolerably versed in human character, he will have no hesitation in declaring that, had your lot been cast in the days of the French Revolution, you would inevitably have become the wife of one of the principal actors in that momentous drama. He might, indeed, feel some embarrassment in deciding whether your admirable talents of combination, and your able superintendence of the commissariat department would have secured you the admiration of Napoleon, and ousted poor Josephine before her time, or whether your extraordinary genius for diplomacy and finesse would have attracted the attentions of Talleyrand, and made you consort of the Bishop of Autun. In the latter case you have the consolation of knowing that, though a Bishop does not enjoy a higher dignity than a Dean, still the moral qualities of that skilful diplomatist were somewhat inferior to those of him whom now you and your progeny alike delight to honour. This, I say, is a consolation to any feelings of disappointed ambition which you might otherwise not unreasonably have entertained.

Having thus paid but a very slight and inadequate tribute to your dazzling abilities as a woman, I now wish to transact a little business with you as a mother. Perhaps, by the bye, it never struck you before that you united in your single person these two characters of a woman and a mother. An exalted position, it is true, for any individual to attain, but still a position, my dear

Mrs. Butler, to the duties of which experience has proved you able alike and willing to respond. With such a brilliant example, like a towering lighthouse, shedding forth its beacon splendour over the dark expanse of future destiny, how can your family fail to steer their course aright? And if at some distant time the day shall come when they shall determine to seek for a still more entire sympathy and devotion than they find even with you, let each one say to his youthful wife, 'Tread in the steps of my revered mother; like her be energetic, far-seeing, ever thoughtful; and strive like her that the path of those with whom you have to do may ever be changing its thorns into roses, till at length it end in the wide and uninterrupted road of content and happiness.' . . .

CHAPTER V

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE

CAMBRIDGE had never, I think, quite the same inspiration for Montagu Butler as Harrow had. And yet he was a typical Cambridge man—typical in his scholarship and mode of thought. Alike from his father and from Dr. Vaughan, both ex-Fellows of Cambridge Colleges, he inherited a love for the learning and the institutions of that University, and the *genius loci* took hold of him at that impressionable age when a man passes from boyhood, his character develops, and he has to choose, if he has not already chosen, his definite path in life. Cambridge, too, was to become the home of his later years, with all their venerable associations, and to bring him the happy ties of his second marriage and younger family. But his letters as an undergraduate and Fellow never breathe quite that enthusiasm about his occupations which mark his earlier effusions from school. At Trinity he came under the teaching and influence of many distinguished scholars, but there was no one to challenge the supremacy of his old Head-Master ; and though he acquired many new and life-long friends, there were none quite so intimate as his old Harrow comrade, Gerald Vesey.

After a good holiday, spent partly with his sister Louisa as the guest of the Duchess of Argyle at Ardencaple, he was ready to start life at Trinity on October 15, 1851. There his brother Spencer was already an undergraduate in his third year : he proved to be a useful mentor to the novice with instructions as to what to purchase and how to arrange lectures, 'that bane of Cambridge life,' as Montagu described them to a sister. He had the use of his brother's rooms in the New Court.

In his first year he had to make two serious decisions. One of them was concerned with the division of his time between reading for Classics and Mathematics. Candidates

for Classical Honours were obliged to take the Mathematical Tripos as well, and only Wranglers and Senior Optimes were allowed to enter for the Chancellor's Medals. The following letter to his father does not imply that Montagu contemplated the choice of Mathematics (always an elementary difficulty with him) as the *chief* subject for his degree. It refers rather to the arrangement of the necessary reading for both subjects. We shall see later on that Mathematics gave him serious trouble and disappointment at the end of his undergraduate career.

To Dr. George Butler.

Trinity College : November 16, 1851.

. . . I said in my last letter that I would tell you something about my reading. I find it extremely difficult to *combine* Mathematics and Classics at the same time, from never having been accustomed to do so. I could, I think, do either separately with tolerable satisfaction to myself. I mean, I think I could read Mathematics *alone* for some time without feeling any great uneasiness or disgust. I did once consider the advisability of doing so. But I am quite sure that it would be a very mistaken policy to give up Classical reading for this term, considering that the Bell is coming on, and I want to read a great *many* books, and *quickly*. In Mathematics, you see, I am in full enjoyment of all the drudgery, the sheer book-work, as opposed to problems, those terrible formulae which make me look upon Senior Wranglers with much the same feeling that one regards Hercules. . . .

The second decision was that he must perforce abandon athletics and all chance of distinction in that line. He had fully intended to play cricket and tennis when he went up to Cambridge. But his first ambition was for academical success, and his health would hardly stand the double strain. There was also at that period some trouble with his leg which prevented cricket during his first May term, and with his eyesight, which interfered with tennis. Years afterwards he spoke of his experience in the tennis-court soon after he went to Trinity, how he tried repeatedly to hit the ball, which as often disappeared entirely from his view.

During the whole of Montagu Butler's eight years at Trinity the College was ruled by the dominant personality of Dr. Whewell, whose reputed 'omniscience' formed the subject of many witticisms.[1] He was far from popular in the

[1] For instance, on Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds* (1853):

Should man, through the stars, to far galaxies travel,
And of nebulous films the remotest unravel,
He still could but learn, having fathomed infinity,
That God's greatest work is the Master of Trinity.

Sir Francis Doyle.

University, and even in the College there was a tendency among the younger Fellows to criticise him, and to wish to curtail his then extensive powers. Butler was among those who felt the strength of the man and regarded him with no little pride and loyalty. A few years later he wrote from Rome: 'Whewell is here for a month. He looks so grand, towering above a lot of Italian priests'; and in another letter he compares the somewhat uncomfortable position of the Pope among his Cardinals to 'Whewell bullied by the younger Fellows.' On Butler's return to Cambridge from a long tour abroad, one of the resolutions recorded in his diary was 'to discourage criticism of the Master, and to take no part in ridiculing him.' And when he was himself Master it was a great pleasure to him to be able to secure for the College and the Lodge some relics—medals, declamation-cups, &c.—of Whewell, that were offered for sale.

He was entered on the side of William Hepworth Thompson, afterwards Professor of Greek and successor to Whewell in the Master's Chair. He was on friendly terms with his Tutor and was able to do him a service which is acknowledged in the preface to 'Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy,' by William Archer Butler, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin, edited by William Hepworth Thompson, D.D.:

> I ought to add that the very complete Index which will be found at the end of the second volume has been prepared by my friend Mr. H. Montagu Butler, Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge, to whom my best thanks are due.—W. H. T., Cambridge, Dec. 12, 1855.

It was not the custom in those days for Tutors to see much of their undergraduate pupils, and Thompson, though genuinely kind at heart, was not the man to put undergraduates altogether at their ease. It was only to very favoured pupils, so the saying was, that he extended more than two fingers.

To Thompson the following generous tribute was paid in a Commemoration Sermon preached on December 9, 1913, in the Chapel of the College by Henry Jackson:

> Our late Master, William Hepworth Thompson, had an unhappy gift of epigrammatic speech; and, in consequence, he has been strangely misunderstood. Those who did not know him imagined him to be cold, contemptuous, and even arrogant; and the very nobility of his presence somehow encouraged the delusion. In reality he was one of the kindest hearted of men; he was unaffectedly

modest, judging no man so severely as he judged himself: he was appreciative of merit of all kinds. It is true that anything dishonest, mean, or slovenly roused in him indignation and scorn: but he was compassionate, generous, large-minded. I have known no one to whom I would sooner have gone in time of trouble. He had a strict sense of duty: he never shrank from responsibility; he always rose to a difficult situation and faced it courageously.

Butler read with the greatest Greek scholar of that period, the Rev. Richard Shilleto, Fellow of Trinity, who, after taking his degree as Second Classic, had been for rather over a year (1844–1845) a Master at Harrow and in occupation of the Grove.

To Dr. George Butler.

Trinity College, Cambridge: October 29, 1852.

. . . I am reading with Shilleto the Meidias of Demosthenes, which he appears to know very nearly by heart. He is certainly a wonderful scholar, infinitely superior in the extent and accuracy of his knowledge to any one I had before seen. I go 3 days a week, and do every other day in the week a good long piece of composition. . . .

November 14, 1852.

. . . Shilleto and I keep very good friends. He talks tremendously. He amused me on Friday by saying 'I really believe there are two or three places where Tacitus actually uses "is (ejus)" for "hic." One wouldn't like to believe it, you know, if one could help it, would one?' I couldn't help thinking my happiness, whether as a scholar, or an Englishman, would be but slightly affected, even if I did bring myself to such a conviction. . . .

The list of Montagu Butler's University and College distinctions was a long one: indeed there were few of the prizes then open to a classical scholar which he failed to win. An account of his successful compositions will be found in Chapter XVI; his scholarships may be collected here. In his first term, the autumn of 1851, he was elected to a Minor Scholarship at Trinity; in 1852 he was First Bell (University) Scholar; and in 1853 he was elected to a Major Scholarship in the College, and was Battie (University) Scholar.

As long as his father lived, the repeated successes were announced to him in letters combining pride and depreciation: two examples out of many must suffice:

To Dr. George Butler.

Trinity College, Cambridge: February 22, 1852.

I must not allow you to suppose that Saturday, February 21, 1852, is to be held memorable solely for the news that the Whigs had resigned. Another event, though possibly it may not be thought by the world generally of equal importance,—one however

which interested me more personally—occurred upon that day. At about half past eight of the clock on the evening of the eventful day in question I was sitting in my chair, investigating the meaning of sundry passages in Aristophanes. Suddenly I heard a step outside—one moment of tremulous hesitation—then a knock. What was I to do? Acting on the impulse of a feeling that bordered upon irritation, I raised my chin upon my hand, established my elbow on the table, and with a firm voice ejaculated the memorable words, 'Come in.' My commands were obeyed—my permission was acted upon. The door opened, and with smiling visage, ruby nose, and a tail coat, appeared—a College official. He said—and mark the words of that great and distinguished man, proud of the post that he held, deservedly proud of the message he was conveying—he said, 'Sir, I have had the pleasure of putting up your name on the Screens as the successful Candidate for a Latin prize.' 'The Lyrics?' I asked, but received no answer, for the question was too much for the startled official, and he vanished. The fact then is that I have got the prize, value three guineas, for the College Lyrics on 'Pan,' for which it is not impossible that no one else competed. This is all I know. . . .

To the Same.

Trinity College, Cambridge: March 26, 1852.

All is well. Melvill and I are the Bell Scholars—I first, he second. His father was 2nd Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman; mine first in both. And thus, though it may be said of each of us, '*sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis*,' at least we make respectable representatives of ancestral honours, if it be lawful to compare great things to small. Well, it is very jolly, is it not? And we all ought to be very thankful, and I know *you* will. My Divinity Paper and translations from Classical books gave great satisfaction. Translation into Latin Prose not nearly so good, so Jeremie, one of the Examiners, kindly told me. I was not surprised; I always meant to make Latin Prose my main study in the Long Vacation. One must work for the honour of the Peel Medal. . . .

To his brother ARTHUR.

Cambridge: October 30, 1853.

. . . I have a College Declamation to write on 'Peter the Hermit and Mahomet.' Is it not a fine subject? There are surely few more interesting and instructive characters than those wonderful religious enthusiasts. The Loyolas and Xaviers are all of one family. It is curious that both Mahomet and Ignatius are said to have had their first visions and fearful mental excitement in the solitude of a *cave*. The mixture of such wild enthusiastic hallucinations with the cool calculating foresight of founders of sects and empires is, I think, one of the most marvellous phenomena that we read of. How easily, but for the grace of God, might St. Paul have become the same! And yet what a difference there is!

With regard to the Battie Scholarship an explanation is necessary. It is not true, as was stated in one of the

obituary notices of the late Master of Trinity, that there was no Craven Scholarship open to competition in 1853. They were both open, and there were two Boards of Examiners, who met however for final consultation before the award. The two best men, Burbury and Butler, were practically equal; but Burbury, who was in his third year of residence, was only eligible for the Craven, whereas Butler, in his second year, was eligible for either. The examiners therefore awarded the Craven to Burbury, and the Battie to Butler, by a sort of compromise more creditable to the kindness than to the logic of those who favoured Butler as the better candidate. It was a grave disappointment. He was told by his own Tutor, on the authority of one of the Craven examiners, before the result was published, that he had won the more coveted distinction. The Craven had always a unique position in his eyes, and one of his latest activities at Cambridge before the war was to make manful efforts to maintain its prestige in the face of proposed innovations.

The letter announcing the result was the last of Montagu's letters to his father: it is the only one I have seen which begins with 'My dear Father' instead of 'Papa' or 'Mr. Dean.'

To Dr. George Butler.

Trinity College: April 10, 1853.

I believe Spen has announced to you the state of affairs here as regards the Scholarship. If not, I beg to inform you that I was elected Battie Scholar, the Craven being given to Burbury. And now for a little gossip. First then, we are as nearly equal as possible. The Examiners had a very long discussion yesterday, some being strongly for *him*, and others strongly for *me*. Generally speaking his Composition was rather the best, and my Translations. I saw the marks of one of the Examiners—Burbury was 1454, I 1432; he being thus 22 marks ahead. This included the history paper for which he got 80, and I 40. Deducting these numbers it will appear that in pure Classics he was 1374, and I 1392, I being 18 ahead. I mention this only to give you an idea of the extreme closeness of the run. Of course they do not go merely, or principally, by the actual number of marks, but rather by the general impression formed of the candidates. If I had had the Craven, Burbury could have had nothing, not being eligible for the Battie. Thompson had entirely understood that I was first, but the fact is, as I have said, that some were strong on one side, and others strong on the other. Several attempts were made at the meeting of the Examiners to draw up some note, to be placed in the Cambridge Calendar, expressing our closeness to one another. But so far as I have been able to make out, they could not come to an understanding as to the mode of expression. . . .

. . . Meanwhile I heartily congratulate you on having two sons University Scholars[1] for 1853. Shilleto was in great spirits, and told me he had written to you. The Battie is worth £35 a year for about 7 years; and I may, if I like, sit for the Craven next year, if I first resign the Battie. Taking a financial view of the matter you will observe that you are now free of your unworthy son as far as pecuniary ties are concerned; as my Scholarships amount to about £230 a year. . . .

. . . I wish you could see my new rooms.[2] They really look most jolly; and what with the books of the owner[3] and mine, we display a most superb library. I have the full use of his furniture, pictures, &c., without paying anything except, of course, for the rent of the rooms; and that is now done by the College. I wrote to the Deanery for my old Harrow bookcase; and it is now safely installed and filled in the smaller of my two rooms. The staircase is the one nearest to the door of the College Library; and I am on the highest storey. So with your knowledge of Nevile's Court you will easily imagine my locality. . . .

In the year 1853 the Butler family suffered a great loss which necessitated a complete change in their life. The aged Dean had for some years been in failing health. In 1849 he suffered from a severe illness; and after that date he was obliged to pass the winter months at St. Leonards. For three years he was debarred from his periodical visits to Gayton, but in the summer of 1852 he felt strong enough to move to the Rectory for a few days, including the date of the village Feast. His daughter Catharine wrote of this occasion:

I shall not soon forget his drive in the pony-carriage round the village. . . . He stopped the carriage at the top of each lane of houses to speak to any of the inhabitants who liked to come out and have a sight of him again. He evidently felt that he was taking leave of his Parishioners, and first one and then another of them came to 'spake a word with the Dane.' It was a very touching sight. He was so feeble, and the people so affectionate towards him. He made enquiries about sundry of them whom he had known in the olden times, showing by his questions that he remembered all about them. He told them that he knew his time on earth could not be long, and he trusted he should meet them all some day, never more to part. . . .

The winter of 1852 was again spent at St. Leonards, and in the following spring he returned to the Deanery at Peterborough. There in April a final happiness came to him in the concurrent news that Arthur had been elected Ireland Scholar at Oxford and Montagu Battie Scholar at Cambridge.

[1] His brother Arthur had won the Ireland Scholarship at Oxford.
[2] In Nevile's Court.
[3] G. M. Gorham.

He was speaking of these successes to a lady friend at lunch in the Deanery, and ten minutes later he died quite suddenly of heart failure. He was buried, in the presence of all survivors of his family, at Gayton. A memorial by R. Westmacott, R.A., was erected in the Parish Church at Harrow.

In the course of the following summer Mrs. George Butler moved to London and took the house 18 Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park, which remained for seven years the home for herself and her daughters and a *pied-à-terre* for her sons. The family circle was, however, narrowing. George had married in 1851 and was settled at Oxford; Louisa in 1853 married Francis Galton and was frequently travelling with him abroad.

To his sister EMILY.

Union, Cambridge: May 18, 1853.

I should be sorry not to let you have a letter before you leave dear old Gayton. It seems so strange being here again. When one was quite young, one used to imagine that those phrases 'impossible to realise,' 'quite like a dream,' and others, meant really nothing. But I am quite sure that there is very much truth in them. If a month ago we had had great reason to expect Papa's sudden death, we should have imagined, I think, that the blow would, at least for some time, have almost unnerved us, and prevented us from thinking of anything else. And yet now, not three weeks from that day which we should so fearfully have dreaded, things seem outwardly to *us*, at least at College, to be going on much the same as ever. There is preparation for Examinations, speaking at the Union, Shakspeare Readings, walks with friends, Cricket, and so forth—all which seem almost out of place just now; and yet it would be quite wrong to intermit them, much more to give them up. And then occasionally, when I want to think of him more particularly, I take up at random an old letter full of tenderness, and playfulness, and something else which derives its value from being so thoroughly characteristic. . . .

. . . You will all, I know, feel very sad at leaving Gayton. I do hope we shall not be obliged to break off *all* connection with the place for ever. At all events, while we have money in the world, I am sure we ought to feel that in case of any improvements in the village being set on foot, Gayton must ever have the strongest claims upon us. . . .

Apart from the constant reading for Prizes and Tripos, there were other intellectual interests of a more social order. Of the Union he was Secretary in 1853, and President in 1855. He used to say that the best all-round debates were those on Private Business, when everyone was personally interested in the subject under discussion, such

as a new carpet for the Library, and whether it was justifiable to cut a hole in it for the stove. In a similarly depreciatory strain he wrote to his sister Louisa:

I felt odd about the legs, and once said 'Saint Paul' for 'Sir Robert Peel,' a mistake one would not like to make often, especially in print. I don't know how I came to say it: it was certainly not nervousness. If ever you want to hear the greatest possible amount of clap-trap, combined with the greatest possible amount of florid phrases, come to the Union.

But another sister, when visiting Cambridge, wrote:

There was much excitement in prospect of Monty's speaking at the Union last night on the benefits, or the reverse, of Compulsory Education. Stephen Lushington was staying up on purpose to hear him, and perhaps Vernon too. When Monty speaks, you may hear a pin drop, there is such silence.

Then there was the Shakespeare Society in Trinity, of which he wrote that it had been 'one of the most important events, indirectly, in my College life.' Of the select ten[1] who formed this body, three died within two years—Mackenzie, Pomeroy, and Edward Babington. Butler's appreciation of Babington will be found on page 67; of Pomeroy he wrote in 1857:

He was a very remarkable man, thoughtful and original, and of rare power for searching and grasping speculative truths. He had also a high and generous mind, and would have done good service in India, especially at this time.

Another social feature of his undergraduate days was the music enjoyed frequently in the rooms of an Etonian friend at King's—A. D. Coleridge, a man who was gifted with a beautiful tenor voice, and who remained one of Butler's most affectionate correspondents till his death in 1913.

He was also one of 'the Apostles,' introduced almost certainly by F. J. A. Hort. Among his contemporaries in that Society were Howard Elphinstone, Vernon Lushington, Henry Sidgwick, Vaughan Hawkins, G. V. Yool, and Oscar Browning. The dinners of the Society, held at Cambridge or in London, brought him into connection with older members, such as the founder, F. D. Maurice, Fitzjames Stephen, Tom Taylor, Monckton Milnes, James Spedding, and Richard Chenevix Trench.

[1] Other members of the Society were—Farrar, the Monro brothers, Vernon Lushington, Heeley, Litchfield and Butler.

Of Butler's Cambridge friends a long list might be compiled, but these are the names which occur most often in his correspondence. Of the resident Fellows at that period Dr. Fenton Hort, afterwards Hulsean Professor of Divinity, J. B. Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and E. W. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, were dear and lifelong friends. Among the undergraduates he maintained intimate relations with old Harrow comrades such as F. Vaughan Hawkins, F. G. Vesey, C. J. Monro and his brother C. H. Monro, and, rather later, Lord Althorp, afterwards 5th Earl Spencer. But he wisely avoided an error which has been commonly charged to Harrovians at Trinity ; he widened his circle of friends. With Charles Crompton, Charles Gray, Henry Percy Hudson (now, *mutato nomine*, Canon Pemberton of Trumpington Hall), the Lushington brothers Stephen and Vernon, F. W. Farrar, Edwin Freshfield, Horace Smith, and others whose names have been already mentioned, he formed the closest ties, which were destined to last as long as life itself.

One of his sisters after paying a visit to Cambridge in 1854 penned a letter which throws light upon the social life of her undergraduate brother and some of his friends :

From Miss GERTRUDE BUTLER to her sister EMILY.

Cambridge [no date], 1854.

. . . Monty dined with us, but had to go off to his Society, which was at Yool's that night, with a Lecture on the Currency Question, which he couldn't very thoroughly enter into after chatting with Miss Doria & so on till the last moment. However, he & Lushington sat up afterwards talking till two, & he looked so pale & delicate all next day. . . .

. . . Monty had such a cheerful tea-party, 2 Lushingtons, Gray, Monro, Pomeroy and Mr. Matthieson. Gray was at the 'Messiah' with us, you know : he is such a sweet, simple character, rather like Monty in many ways. He and Matthieson gave us very nice music out of the 'Requiem' and 'Messiah,' and we wound up with singing Luther's Hymn in Chorus. They all seemed so fond of Monty and careful of him, that he shouldn't sit in a draught, &c.

Among his papers he preserved a number of Essays, written during the years 1853–9, and evidently read to a society : but whether this was 'the Apostles,' or some other coterie for discussion, I cannot determine. The essays are full of pregnant thoughts, consistent with his more matured judgments of after years : they are couched in the lucid, scholarly, often epigrammatic, style which

forms the attraction of his later writings. To wrest at random some sentences from their context is somewhat like detaching pearls from an ordered string: but to exhibit a few unstrung pearls is preferable to leaving the chain hidden away in a box for ever.

In an essay on 'Motives in Music' he wrote:

Every man is greater than his works. The contemplation of the works does not end with *them*. It leads us naturally to think of their creators, to see them wondering at their own creative energy. Nor is there a more sublime exercise of imagination than to reflect what glorious visions of God, of mankind, and of beauty must have been vouchsafed to the philosophers, the artists, and the musicians.

From an essay on Dryden:

If a poet may be to a great extent independent of his age, assuredly the age may be in great measure independent of the poet. The science of comparative anatomy does not extend to mental dissections. From the sight of a single limb a great physiologist can construct a huge body, which his outward eye has never beheld. But a single mental development does not enable us to pourtray a mixed mass of social organisation. . . . Strange that all the realities which interest us most deeply are the most incapable of positive proof. The truths of Poetry, the truths of Religion, the idea of God, the principle of Love—these are all things which belong to the unseen world, and which we see by faith and not by sight. . . . Mr. Ruskin is a poet who writes in prose: it is quite unnecessary to specify those who clothe prose in verse. . . . Where there is no real love for external nature, we may, I think, infer the existence of a certain hardness of heart and dullness of intellect, which shows itself in all mental operations, and not least where human character is the object of delineation.

From an essay on 'Shakespeare's Delineation of Love':

How is it that we hear nothing whatever of the home life of any of his women? It is not too much to say that in England at least no description of woman's love could be complete which did not show her as a member of a family, in some degree at least busied in 'gracious household ways.' . . . There is assuredly as much poetry in wedded life as in courtship. . . It is remarkable that in all the love stimulants which Shakespeare admits, the superiority of power, and especially of intellectual power, residing in the man is scarcely ever taken into account. Indeed, intellect as such rarely holds a conspicuous place in Shakespeare's characters.

From an essay on Language:

The study of language is in truth in itself a strictly metaphysical study. Words are the media, indeed the only media, by which the finer as well as the coarser processes of the mind find

utterance. . . . How they came to be stereotyped, how they found an immediate acceptance, then a deliberate approval, and finally a lasting home, in the heart of a people, presents a fresh metaphysical study, full of interest and profit.

From a review of Macaulay's Speeches :

Is it not plain that Rhetoric is useful as a means to an end ? Men are swayed by different influences. If you have to deal with a practical man of business, give him plenty of good dry logic. If he be a man of quick feelings, lead him by his passions ; work upon his sense of justice and wrong. If he delights in metaphysical scepticism, beware of giving him a short common-sense answer, but impress upon him the duty of fully realising the absolute subjection of all our ideas of the Infinite, and you have him captive at your will. If finally his mind is disposed to conjure up images for itself, then draw him by his imagination. And what is this but Rhetoric ?

And from an essay on 'Soliloquy in the Drama' :

Fifty folios by his own orthodox hand will not make Canon Stifle-doubt a theologian.

The following letter shows how a school-friend, who had got into trouble at Oxford, turned instinctively for help to Butler, who was then in his first year at Trinity :

From an old School-friend.

Oxford : March 24, 1852.

I have done it at last, as I daresay you have heard, and got sent down from Oxford. It's no good going through the particulars of the row. You will readily believe that I made a great fool of myself, and, though I was not quite so bad as the dons thought me, I am quite ready to own that, considering how my life has been spent, their sentence was most richly deserved.

The question is, what is to be done now. I am up a tree of startling altitude, and I want your advice how to get down. My idea at present is to go up to Cambridge in October next, if I can to Trinity (having previously read to such an amount that even Shilleto will recoil !), and there to commence a 'sober, righteous, and godly life,' get a First, and become, what I hardly am now, a respectable character. *You* would help me, I know, to get into reading habits : and I think also that after an occurrence like this I should not be likely to be idle and merely go out of the frying-pan into the fire. . . .

There are two questions, however, which occur to the reflecting mind : (1) Whether the dons here will give me a '*Bene decessit*,' or a '*Liceat migrare*' ; and (2) whether the Cambridge dons would accept me if they did. The former difficulty may be over-ruled. About the latter chance I want you to tell me. Give me also your candid advice whether this would be the best plan, supposing I could enter, and supposing also that I mean reading (which I really do) heart and soul—or whether you think it better for me to

give up the Universities and take whatever chance sends, perhaps a light portership, or the place of epigram-writer to a Ladies' Magazine, or something equally honourable : beyond that I have no prospects whatever.

C. advises Cambridge and augurs a good deal from my vicinity to you, as we have always been friends, and I hope we always shall be. You would teach me the way in which I should go better than other people. Certainly at present Trinity, with *you* there, appears to me the Seventh Heaven. If you have time to spare, write soon, for I want to hear from you more than anybody. If we meet, you will find me 'a sadder and wiser man'—at least I hope so.

I have never congratulated you on the signal honours you have been working off. You won't think I forget you, but you don't know, and never will, how egotistical these *petites affaires* make one. I wish you success with all my heart, and believe you are cut out for it.

A second letter shows that Butler must have taken immediate interest in the matter. How far he was able to facilitate the entrance of his friend is not recorded ; but that friend appeared, *mutato nomine*, next October at Cambridge, though not at Trinity. He gained numerous University and College prizes, took a very distinguished place in the Classical Tripos, and gained for himself afterwards a name known like a household word in the field of lighter English literature. The episode is creditable to the two friends : it shows a remarkable recovery on the one side, and on the other a warm-hearted sympathy with a comrade in distress.

In the vacations, apart from reading-parties or other tours which will occupy us presently, there were visits to the home in London and to his brother George at Oxford. In London the Opera and the Oratorios were frequent attractions, and he formed early predilections in sacred and secular music which were never changed. Politics, too, were an absorbing interest. To hear a full-dress debate, even to stand outside the doors and see the great figures of the political stage enter to play their parts ; or, again, to tread the floor of the Abbey where the ashes of the older protagonists rest—these were experiences to be recorded as inspirations at the time and treasured as memories in his latest years. For instance, when on November 19, 1914, he attended, as the venerable Master of Trinity, the funeral of Lord Roberts in St. Paul's, his thoughts flew back to the same month sixty-two years previously, when with his friend Vesey he was present at the Great Duke's funeral under the same hallowed roof.

To Dr. George Butler.

Trinity College, Cambridge: March 14, 1852.

. . . We stood for some time at the entrance to the House of Lords watching the hereditary legislators walk in. Before we had been there a minute, we saw Lords Lyndhurst and Truro. What a fine man the former is! His hat prevented me seeing much of his face, but still I saw something. He spoke that night on Law Reform. At last I said to Hawkins, 'Suppose we walk down the street for the chance of seeing the Iron Juke.' Scarcely had I uttered the words, when I saw a man riding slowly towards the House; and I felt certain from the pictures that it must be the man himself. My suspicions were immediately confirmed by seeing a considerable number of people running along the pavement looking at him. He did not appear to stoop at all, but on the contrary looked strong and broad-shouldered. He got off his horse without any assistance, and walked alone, though rather feebly, into the House, all the people taking off their hats to him. No one even held his horse while he alighted. As he rode along, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but maintained a stern, calm, thoughtful appearance. Does it not seem strange that nearly 40 years after his victory the hero of it should be so strong an object of public curiosity that people should run along the streets to look at him when he is quietly riding to the House of Lords? I am very glad I have seen him and Lord Lyndhurst. The latter walked into the House very feebly, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. . . .

To the Same.

Trinity College, Cambridge: November 22, 1852.

. . . It was very jolly finding oneself in that dark corner in the north Transept where Pitt, Fox, Canning, Grattan, Wilberforce, Castlereagh and others rest, and then hear Macaulay, 'High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham; and, from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still with eagle face and outstretched arm to bid England be of good cheer, and hurl defiance at her foes.' It certainly is a fine statue; but Canning's, which stands just opposite, is in my opinion finer. That of Wilberforce is very bad indeed; it seems taken from Richmond's picture, but the features are most painfully distorted, quite caricatured. There is a very graceful statue of Sir Fowell Buxton, towards which many liberated Africans contributed. . . .

. . . I was delighted to find myself in the House of Lords. . . . At last came Lord Derby's beautiful Speech about the Duke's funeral procession. I can give you no idea of the extreme beauty of his delivery. He has a musical tenor voice, perfect fluency, articulates each syllable clearly and slowly; and then you see his eye beaming, whether with the light of the lamps or enthusiasm I don't know, and out rolls a series of natural spirited periods without effort and with extreme grace. He was heard with the utmost attention. He spoke, sometimes with his hands joined behind his back with papers in them, sometimes moving forward and pressing them on the table. The great thing is the entire

self-possession and ease. Then there was much dignity and pathos in what he said, and he spoke throughout gravely, solemnly, and with great feeling. Have you had the Speech read to you? The last sentence came so well, when he said—'You will concur with me that, in order to be peaceful, England must be powerful; but that she ought to be so only that she may preserve the blessings of peace.' It produced a great effect in the House. I was delighted. I never heard real eloquence before, except in written sermons; and certainly he is a great orator. I wish you could have heard him. Certainly no honour has been left unpaid to the old Duke, and this School they are going to build in his honour will be a worthy way of founding a lasting monument of his name. The more one thinks of him, the more grand his character seems. His perfect truthfulness, entire self-forgetfulness, not merely self-denial, and his noble simplicity make one like to think of the old fellow. . . .

To his sister CATHARINE.

Trinity College, Cambridge: December 20, 1852.

. . . Well, inconsistency is inconsistency, no rare plant, whether in the plantations of politics or of nomenclatures. Consistency will have to go rather to the dogs, one would think, with the new Ministers,[1] headed though they are with the sobriety and anti-volatility of the Harrovian Lord Aberdeen. Fancy Gladstone and Bright discussing Church Reform in one corner of the Cabinet, while Lord Palmerston chaffs Cobden on the Peace Society in the other! It will be most interesting to watch how such discordant materials hold together. If they do, it will be a grand tribute to the natural law of cohesion, and the self-denial or place-hunting of public men. . . .

The next two letters were written after visits to his brother at Oxford; the third was elicited by the news of the birth of his first nephew.

To Dr. GEORGE BUTLER.

Harrow: June 16, 1852.

. . . Oxford I enjoyed very much, although we had very bad weather, which prevented all excursions except one boating down the river, when four ladies, Josie, Emily, Emmy, and Zoe,[2] were propelled in a good-natured barge by six gentlemen, Walrond, Müller, Göschen, and your three sons. George pulled stroke, and I bow. 'Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm.' I cannot attempt, or pretend to be able, to give a detailed description of what I thought of Oxford, and you know everything about it very much better than I do. But certainly it did strike me as a most magnificent and imposing city—more so than any I had ever seen, not excepting Edinburgh. We went to the top of the Radcliffe, and had a splendid view of everything. The Colleges and public

[1] The Coalition Ministry of Liberals and Peelites under the Earl of Aberdeen.

[2] Mrs. Josephine Butler, Miss Emily Butler, Miss Emily Grey, and Miss Zoe Skene, afterwards wife of Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York.

buildings, most of them very fine in themselves, are much set off by their position, each one telling upon its neighbour. Of course I could not help being seduced into comparisons; and surely there can be no doubt that in point of outward grandeur and beauty the breadth of the streets, the venerable *old* look of the Colleges, the river, the gardens—Cambridge is immeasurably surpassed by Oxford. If we assert any superiority on our side, we must look for it internally.

To his sister CATHARINE.

Cambridge, February 5, 1854.

. . . I consider Oxford and Edinburgh—perfectly different of course—by far the finest and most interesting cities in Great Britain. I sympathize thoroughly with the feeling which leads so many people to idolize Oxford as the ideal seat of Toryism, and of the old 'Church and King' feeling. Of course there is a great deal of bigotry mixed up with this; but I believe those who are without the instinctive reverence which such a place and such ideas naturally give rise to are without some of the very noblest elements that go to make up a perfect character. My ideal statesman should be thoroughly penetrated with veneration for the past, look with tender indulgence on the scruples of those to whom all abrupt change is a painful shock, be able to see the good as well as the evil of their prejudices, and at the same time boldly and resolutely—and if with pain to himself I would trust him so much the more—carry out the reforms which public opinion and his own wisdom taught him to be necessary. No very original theory, you will say. Still it is a character which you very rarely find, so far as my short experience goes. . . .

To his sister EMILY.

Cambridge: May 18, 1854.

. . . I do hope when we come to be 50, if indeed we do live so long, we shall not be looked upon by our nephews and nieces as *very* old fogies. When this young gentleman[1] is 12, we shall be 36 and 32 respectively, *you* as old as Byron and Pascal, and *I* as old as Alexander the Great. And perhaps then *he* will be getting prizes at School and gladdening George's heart and possibly drawing from Josie a nod or pat of approval, or just learning to settle a robin in two shots, or to fall out of a poplar, as I did; while *we* are in the full tide of aching ambition, or worldly anxiety, or—something, I trust, better than either of these. Well, there's no knowing. I only wish I had rather a clearer remembrance of my childish days, when one used to fancy everybody perfect except Cromwell and Napoleon and two or three people we were used to laugh at, never thinking that any living creature, least of all ourselves, could be tainted with any spot of wickedness. . . .

. . . And so, to ramble on, of course you have all seen Ruskin's Lectures. I have read them with the very greatest pleasure, specially the last two, and special*lest*, the third on Turner. How beautiful the anecdotes about him are! Anything good of any

[1] George Grey Butler, of Ewart Park, Wooler.

man is delightful: but above all when it is told of a great man whose life was much misrepresented. Ruskin is, I think, decidedly unfair on our times. He does not see their good side: but in all his strictures it seems to me that there is a great deal of truth, only it is distorted and exaggerated, leaving to the reader the duty of discriminating. There is a great deal of truth in old Julius Hare's remark, at which we used to laugh, 'None but a fool is always right.' At all events we may safely say, a very good and truth-seeing man is very often wrong; and somehow this does not lessen one's respect for him, although it shows that he must not be a Pope. . . .

In January 1854 Butler paid a visit to a friend in Whitechapel, a brother Apostle, the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, known, among many other reasons, as translator (in conjunction with David Vaughan) of Plato's 'Republic.' On the death of Mr. Llewelyn Davies the Master of Trinity wrote to the *Spectator* of May 27, 1916, the following obituary notice:

The death of Mr. Llewelyn Davies in his ninety-first year deprives the Church of England of a foremost figure among her clergy. As a classical scholar, theologian, a parish priest, and a thoughtful leader on grave social questions, he had a place and an authority of his own.

In 1850 he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity, and in 1853 he accepted the pastoral charge of St. Mark's, Whitechapel. There he eagerly devoted himself to ministrations to the working classes, till in 1856 he was transferred to the Rectory of Christ Church, Marylebone.

When the Working Men's College was founded by F. D. Maurice, Mr. Davies, who had become a zealous disciple of Maurice, was closely associated with him in this work; and probably no man for the next thirty years did more to interpret and recommend the theological and social views of that great teacher. In 1889, after thirty-six years of very hard work in London, Mr. Davies was presented by his College to the important vicarage of Kirkby Lonsdale, near Kendal. He had by this time become widely known as a preacher of thoughtful sermons, a wise and far-sighted counsellor on public questions, especially ecclesiastical and educational, and one of the most profound and devout representatives of the Broad Church school of religious thought. In 1908 he resigned his living, and for the rest of his life resided quietly with his daughter at Hampstead.

Llewelyn Davies was a man for whom his friends would confidently claim not a few elements of greatness as well as of goodness—depth of thought, courage, independence in judgment, single-minded love of truth, magnanimity, dignity in demeanour and in action. He was eminently faithful to friends. He had a tender heart for sorrows, especially among the poor. The Working Men's College and the Working Women's College, both founded by his revered friend and master, Maurice, appealed to what was not often mani-

fested, and never paraded, the emotional side of his fine character. By those who knew him he will be long and reverently remembered as a man who discharged hard duties, cherished and inspired high ideals, and bore great sorrows with rare Christian devotion.

The following letter describes to his mother Butler's impressions of his first visit to a 'Slum-Parish.' There, doubtless, he imbibed something of that desire to forward the social welfare of the 'working classes,' which led to the foundation of the Working Men's College at Cambridge, and still later to the Harrow School Mission in West London.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge: January 22, 1854.

. . . I enjoyed my time with Davies very greatly. His lecture on Nineveh was very good—simple, easy, with enough and not too much of an admixture of moral reflexion. It was very much cheered, and the people, I thought, seemed quite proud of him. Before going to bed we had a very interesting conversation, and next morning he took me out among some of the worst parts of his district. The faces of the people looked more healthy than I should have expected; but there was a sad want of cleanness and decent houses. He speaks of the great difficulty of getting at the *working men*; their wives and children, as well as both sexes of the *higher* mechanics, are more easily accessible, and always ready and willing to receive a visit, but the others are working almost all day, and either drinking or at the low theatres during the evening. . . .

In 1856 and 1857, when Butler was resident in London, he volunteered to take an evening class for adult mechanics in Mr. Llewelyn Davies' parish, Christ Church, Marylebone.

At Cambridge Butler taught regularly in a Sunday school in Jesus Lane, and seldom missed attendance at Great St. Mary's for the University Sermon. When the preacher was a noted one, or the address more than usually striking, he would make it the subject of his next letter to the home-circle. Bishop Selwyn is the subject of the following:

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge: November 21, 1854.

. . . Currer's friend and fellow-Fellow of Merton, Patteson, head of the Eton Eleven when *he* was head of the Harrow, is going out with the Bishop of New Zealand. He is, according to Currer, a first-rate man—very like the Bishop himself, very accomplished, immensely fond of all athletic pursuits, and full of courage and vigour. He will be a grand accession of strength. The Bishop's sermon on Sunday was an extraordinarily fine one—as it was directed to *his own* ground—the Church in the Colonies. . . .

. . . He makes frequent allusions to the war in the Crimea—and the way in which the soldiers, with their contempt for hardship and

noble devotion, put the clergy to shame, and he compared the duty of combating heathenism at home at the same moment that Christianity must be extended abroad, to the difficulty of attacking the enemy's citadel with one part of your forces while the other is engaged with a fresh army in the field. And yet *both* are duties; and neither must be allowed to interfere with the other. It struck me as very forcible, and a most true principle. There can be no doubt that life in the Colonies, whether for clergy or men of business, is becoming a much less formidable thing than people used to think it: and it is quite possible to exaggerate the self-devotion of missionaries or of Miss Nightingale, as if they were putting their heads into lions' mouths. No doubt their heroism is very noble: but it is not different in kind from, or even necessarily superior to, many a self-denying life that is never heard of in England. . . .

The Christmas of 1854 was spent solitarily at Cambridge. The early months of the new year would bring the fateful dates of the two Triposes, and much hard reading was still required. With regard to the next two letters, one hardly knows which is the more striking—the tenderness of childish recollections written to his mother, or the failure to foresee his own unrivalled supremacy as a veteran anecdotist in the letter to his sister.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge: December 24, 1854.

You have not been used to receive Christmas greetings by letter from any of your sons, and never yet certainly from your youngest. He hopes it will not be so again till he has a wife and house of his own. It is difficult to bring back the old Gayton Christmases to one's mind, when the holly close to the pantry window was put in full requisition in spite of torn hands and bloody pinafores. I forget what we used to do in the evenings; but I remember well the mysterious feeling of going down in solemn pairs to a real six o'clock dinner with several courses, and food which on all other occasions was cursed as indigestible. . . . But the great event of the dinner, I think, not inferior even to the first raising of the turkey's cover, was the function which always fell to George of burning the brandy for the plum pudding in a large soup ladle over the lamp, when it required all the sage experience of the older members to convince us that the silver would not be hurt, and that we might ourselves swallow the flame with impunity —a feat by the bye which *I* have never yet accomplished. Then too we remember when the little glasses were brought in, and the wine and water (*negus* was a name unknown) were mixed together for older and younger; the younger regarding it as unequalled nectar, the older sometimes prosily muttering that wine by itself was better. And then too the toasts, always the same—hallowed toasts, given so heartily by the giver that they never grew too old—'Granny and the dear Wembley party'—now so broken and scattered—and, a few years later in the dining-room at the

Deanery, 'Gayton, and all the people,' 'Harrow and Dr. Vaughan,' 'Maggie's good health,' 'Annie's good health,' and other old friends' good health, till the nectar was nearly exhausted, and our remaining good feeling found vent in that labyrinth of benevolence, which few but myself and Gertrude ever got right—

'Here's a health to all those that we love,
Here's a health to all those that love us:
Here's a health to all those that love them, that love those
That love those that love them that love us.'[1]

I believe I have got it out without a mistake: And I hope you may all drink it to-morrow.

And then, besides and of course far above these outward symbols, eloquent and true though they were, there was that complete and glorious sense of entire family union, which at the time we felt and enjoyed without philosophising upon it: and now, perhaps, come to look upon it in something of a national point of view, as one of the surest pledges of the soundness of England's heart. The recollection of such times will carry strength into the hearts of thousands at Balaklava, n Canada, in Australia, all over the globe—wherever Englishmen remember their country, and feel the power and holiness of the old family tie. . .

To his sister EMILY.

Cambridge: December 31, 1854.

Just a short letter (though you deserve a long one) before we have slipped out of 54 into 55. Many truly happy new years to you and all your hosts and hostesses—not excluding Toby. Fancy if we are alive on the last day of 1899—and, sitting round the fire in the evening, tell our children of the impression made by the first news of the battle of Alma—how Gladstone and Disraeli fought together—and how the first Working Men's College was established under the presidency of the suspected Maurice, with Ruskin as a drawing-master. I wonder if in old age one would be talkative about past times. I do not think it is common in old people, from what I have seen of them. At least they tell little but mere personal anecdote, without mention of the great interests and questions which agitated thoughtful men of their day, and which would be most instructive to their children, who are apt foolishly to fancy that they are the first people who ever thought about principles. . . . Good night!

In January 1855 came a season of anxiety over the Mathematical Tripos. A letter to his father, quoted earlier, expressed the difficulty he had felt from the first in *combining* Classics and Mathematics, as was then required for the degree at Cambridge. He decided to concentrate on Classics, but apparently made a too exclusive choice. The problems of the most exact of sciences were at all

[1] This old family toast was faithfully honoured, in the same words, year by year at the Lodge up to Christmas 1917.

times a difficulty to him, and feverish coaching at the end only increased his bewilderment. As the examination approached, he thought it advisable to warn the home-folk of a just possible disaster.

To his brother SPENCER P. BUTLER.

Cambridge: January 5, 1854.

. . . I shall be about the middle of the Junior Ops. I expect. Pray thank heartily all kind friends who ask after my welfare, as Bid[1] says was the case at the Barclays' ball. I am very sorry to disappoint them, and especially the Harrow people. It is a sadly different thing from the examination 61 years[2] ago: and my Classics furnish less excuse than you would all kindly think. However I will say no more. I have made up my mind: and it only remains to do better for the future. Since a 'pluck' is barely possible, though I think most improbable, you may perhaps as well tell them what the consequences would be. I should *ipso facto* lose my Scholarship and therefore of course all chance of a Fellowship: and have *at once* to turn my back on dear Trinity. That certainly wld. be a bitter drop. . . .

The disaster indeed was averted, but the margin was small. He was placed low down in the Junior Optimes, having only sixteen men below him. For himself he put the real disappointment, and the subject which had caused it, away with a cheerful good-bye. In after years it was a favourite joke with children and grandchildren that 123 villains had conspired to prevent him from being Senior Wrangler.

To his sister CATHARINE.

Cambridge: January 28, 1855.

. . . The best sympathy I have received has been a good scolding from Hort. He is quite right. I had the duty of getting a Senior Opt. clear before me more than three years ago. There was plenty of time both to get that and to do my best in Classics. At the same time it was much harder for me to be a Senior Opt. than to be First in the Class[1]. Tripos—and therefore more honourable in reality. I however chose the easier and more glittering path, and I have my reward—a much lighter one however (so far) than I deserve. Henceforth I shall say no more about it. There is a time for old Blucher's 'Forwards' as well as for retrospect. . . .

In the short interval between the two Tripos examinations a sorrow fell unexpectedly to his lot. The loss of Edward Babington was not indeed the first break in the charmed circle of his youthful friendships, as Hyde D'Arcy had already fallen out in 1852, and the earliest of such

[1] His sister Emily. [2] His father's experience, see p. 7.

experiences has a poignancy of its own. But the second loss was keenly felt.

To his sister EMILY.

Cambridge: February 11, 1855.

The last two days I have spent in a way which you could not have been thinking about. On Thursday I received from Vernon Lushington the very sad news of the sudden death of our dear friend Edward Babington, our companion, you know, at the Harrow Speeches last year. He was ordained by Bp. Lonsdale only a few days before Christmas, and took the little Curacy of Needwood about 12 miles from Lichfield, and close to Yoxall, the seat of the Gisbornes, with whom his family was closely connected. He had long been extremely delicate, as we all knew: . . .

. . . None were in the lone house but an old man and a young maidservant. He died suddenly last Monday, with not a soul with him in the room, about 10 minutes after he had consented to send the man for a doctor. Had he been sent for earlier, it is thought that his life might have been saved: and this it is which of course grieves his father so sadly. His mother died many years ago.

On Friday night I started to attend his funeral: slept at Leicester, and walked over from Burton-on-Trent to Needwood: where Lushington arrived just at the same time with Babington's only brother. We followed his body to the grave where he was laid by the side of one of his Gisborne ancestors: and very shortly afterwards we both returned home. . . .

. . . I am very glad that I went, both on my own account, and because it gave pleasure to his brother and Lushington. To poor Vernon it is almost the saddest loss that could have happened. He and Babington, thoroughly different, the one living in the active and fiery future, the other a truly noble specimen of the old chivalrous Tory (not Conservative), were everything to one another. Babington's influence brought out in him his love for Wordsworth and Ruskin, and for outward nature, and indeed many of the gentler parts of his character. It was beautiful to see them together. . . .

He was the main founder of our Shakespeare Society, which has been one of the most important events indirectly in my College life.

February brought with it the Classical Tripos. The strain of the previous months had told upon him, and he was threatened by the old enemy of his boyhood, 'brow-ague.' Strong remedies, however, banished the symptoms just in time. He weighs his chances in this letter to his mother:

To Mrs. GEORGE BUTLER.

Cambridge: February 18, 1855.

To-morrow our hard work begins. I am not so well prepared as I ought to have been after 3½ years; but I shall go in cheerfully to do my best. I need hardly say that I *ought* to be first; and

indeed that I expect it. Nevertheless, if it should be otherwise, I shall not be *astonished*: and I hope you will not allow yourself to be too certain. It is most probable, in fact almost certain, that other men (especially Monro) have made greater progress than I *relatively*: not because they have worked harder (though *this* is quite possible) but because, when you have reached a certain point in Classical Examination proficiency, you do not advance beyond it very visibly; and I reached this earlier than most men of my standing. Spencer will certify you that this is not a fanciful notion. The best way to make such a contest as that of this week assume its proper proportions is to think of the infinite littleness even of the first place, when compared either with the real knowledge which ought to be, or has been, acquired, or with the important work which ought yet to be done. . . .

To his friends the result was never in doubt, and their confidence was justified. He was Senior Classic for his year, with Green of King's and Hancock of John's bracketed second to him. Curiously, the only person whose satisfaction in this great achievement is recorded was his bed-maker, Mrs. Pleasance! All other letters to or from relations and friends on the occasion have perished: but we can picture to ourselves the pride and delight with which the news was received at Trinity and in Devonshire Terrace.

Nor was it long before the last success came, to crown their joy and round off his academical prizes—a Trinity Fellowship. This *cordon bleu* was the more remarkable and creditable since it was won, as is not often the case, in the first year that he was eligible. The other successful candidates for the Fellowships were Edward Ashley Scott, Henry Ware, afterwards Canon of Carlisle, Lawrence Craven, Michael Marlow Umfreville Wilkinson, afterwards Hon. Canon and Diocesan Inspector of Norwich, James Clark-Maxwell, an importation from Edinburgh University and destined to be first Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, and Henry Richard Droop. So, with all the *éclat* of Senior Classic and Junior Fellow of his College, Butler took the degree of B.A. and started on the higher storey of graduate life.

I am taking [he wrote in May to Frank Galton] a few pupils[1] in Classics. I feel very much confirmed in the belief that the abolition of private tuition would be disastrous. Not an impartial judge on such a point, you will think. And I am reading Molière.

[1] The 'few pupils' included Messrs. Lord and Pratt, elected to Trinity Fellowships in 1857.

CHAPTER VI

POST-GRADUATE LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE AND IN LONDON

One of the most striking incidents of 1855 at Cambridge was the starting of the Working Men's College. F. D. Maurice, with the assistance of Charles Kingsley, Ruskin, Llewelyn Davies, and other kindred spirits, had recently set the example of such an institution in Red Lion Square, London. The idea of establishing a similar College (though there were objections at first to the use of the word 'College' at Cambridge) in a University town occurred first to G. F. Vesey and Alexander Macmillan, probably in October 1854. The firm of the Macmillan brothers, Alexander and David, was then located at Cambridge; they were publishing in rapid succession the writings of Maurice and Kingsley, which naturally fired the imagination of the more liberal-minded undergraduates. Montagu Butler and Percy Hudson were consulted and eagerly concurred. They decided to lay the project before Harvey Goodwin, Fellow of Gonville and Caius, and Fenton J. Hort, Fellow of Trinity, and to invite the former to become Principal of the proposed 'College.' The two elders counselled delay on the grounds (1) that reading Undergraduates had no time for such a distraction, (2) that time should be allowed till the London experiment had been more fully tried. But Fenton Hort paid a visit, with Vesey and Butler, to Red Lion Square, to consult Maurice and to see something of the work of his institution during its opening term.

On April 10, 1855, shortly after this visit to London, Hort wrote to the Rev. Gerald Blunt:

> You ask about Butler, as if you ought to have known him. But the fact is that he has only just taken his Degree, being Senior Classic. . . . He is a very noble fellow: indeed I do not think I love anyone now at Cambridge so well.

The idea of education for working men was not allowed

to sleep. The projectors approached Harvey Goodwin again. As they had now taken their degrees, and were remaining up to read, the first objection no longer held. Goodwin consented to act as Principal, and Hort gave cordial support. After discussion the fundamental principles were settled and a Council was formed consisting exclusively of teachers and such as should be ready to teach if called upon.

To his brother-in-law, Francis Galton.

Cambridge: May 13, 1855.

. . . I enclose you a copy of our Prospectus of a Working Men's place of Education. I must not yet say 'College.' It was only issued yesterday, after about three months' incubation. I fear you may look suspiciously on the second[1] row of our Subjects. They were not selected without very careful consideration. In London it is found that the Classes most attended are those in the Bible, Drawing, French, and Mathematics. It is very difficult to judge beforehand what course will answer best. We must humbly learn from experience, and alter if she bids us. Our great desire is to avoid doing anything superficially. A system of 'Lectures' in the popular sense is clearly not an *Educational machine*, though useful in many ways as a pioneer.

Classes began in October 1855, held in a room situated in a yard leading out of the Market Place to Fenner's Gymnasium. The list of the Council contained the names, among others, of F. J. A. Hort, A. Jessopp, J. B. Lightfoot, G. D. Liveing, J. B. Mayor, H. J. Roby, C. B. Scott, and J. Wolstonholme. Vesey and Alexander Macmillan acted as General Secretaries. Harvey Goodwin, as Principal, took one class for Bible Instruction on Sunday evenings. Butler chose English Literature as his subject. These, and other classes in Latin, Shakespeare, Drawing, &c., attracted about a hundred students. Ruskin and Maurice came down to lecture, and for four years, with some oscillations of success, the College fully justified its existence. For want of a succession of teachers it had to be abandoned in 1859, the year which removed Butler from Cambridge to Harrow.

At the close of the year 1855 Montagu Butler received an offer, flattering in itself, which might have changed the whole tenor of his life. Politics, as we know, had always a fascination for him, and here was the offer of a first step on the ladder which leads to official life. His mind was not yet definitely made up on the subject of

[1] The 'second row' includes Botany, Geology, Latin, French, German, Vocal Music, Drawing.

his career. Should he devote himself to educational work at Cambridge, taking Orders, as was then required of resident tutors? Or should he follow the other inclination, which would lead him to London and Parliament? For the sake of the experience, at all events, he chose the latter alternative: but, as we shall see, only to abandon it after a year. Official life in London did not satisfy him, nor did he care greatly for what he saw of social life in political circles.

In an essay of this period we find him writing:

The man who, from his earliest youth, is hurried into politics and engrossed with the machinery of official details, has scarcely time to meditate much upon general principles. He must continually be thinking of what is next to be done rather than what has been, or what in the nature of things ought to be. He gives too much to business and too little to History and Philosophy. The present monopolises his thoughts to the neglect of the past and the immutable. In fact, the practical part of his nature domineers over the contemplative.

To the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: May 13, 1909.

. . . During my boyhood at Harrow and my life here till the end of 1855, when I got my Fellowship, my dream was the House of Commons, though I was always keenly interested in Theological and Clerical study and work. When I accepted the Private Secretaryship to Mr. William Cowper, I still nourished this dream. By the time I left him, June 1857, I had almost given it up, and went abroad for eleven months. It was during the long journeyings in the Desert of Sinai and in Palestine that I formed the resolution of taking Holy Orders, and without any thought of school educational work. It may seem strange, in the light of what followed, that I should never have thought of Harrow, but such is the fact. Dr. Vaughan's retirement in 1859 startled us. We all took quietly for granted that he would stay on for years. I was ordained on my Fellowship and for St. Mary's, and I should have worked on as a Lecturer in the College. . . .

Had the political attraction prevailed, had his means sufficed for a Parliamentary career, the loss to education would have been great, but the gain to public life and to the eloquence of the House of Commons might well have been greater still.

From the Hon. R. Monckton Milnes
(afterwards Lord Houghton).

16 Upper Brook Street: November 30, 1855.

I do not know whether it might be agreeable to you to become Private Secy. to the President[1] of the Board of Health.

[1] Mr. William Cowper, afterwards Cowper-Temple, raised to the Peerage as Lord Mount Temple.

The emolument would not be considerable, nor would the engagement be permanent, but, if you wish for an introduction to the ways of political administration, I do not think you could find one more agreeable. You would find your chief a most excellent and considerate man ; and our co-Apostle, Tom Taylor,[1] is the Permanent Sec. Let me know whether you think the application worth entertaining.

To the Hon. R. Monckton Milnes.

Trinity College, Cambridge : December 2, 1855.

I thank you very heartily for your kind letter and the offer contained in it. I have thought over the matter anxiously since yesterday morning, and my present inclination is gratefully to accept the office. Before, however, coming to a final decision on what may prove to me a critical question, I should much wish to take the advice of my friends at home.

It is just possible that some difficulty might arise from my present College engagements, which bind me to lecture here during the next Term ; still I imagine that, if it were really desirable that my new duties in London should begin before the end of that Term, the Master would scarcely insist upon my remaining here. Perhaps you could kindly let me know whether it would be necessary for me to set to work immediately.

I hope to be in London for two or three days on Saturday the 15th of this month. If you thought that any good would arise from my coming earlier, I could leave Cambridge for the day on any day during the next fortnight except Thursday.

We were very near having an addition to our meeting last night in the person of Mr. Maurice, who has been staying here since Friday. To-day he has preached two sermons, one of them in Great St. Mary's in the evening. It must, I should think, be a great delight to him to find himself speaking from a Cambridge pulpit.

Once more let me thank you for your kindness, which may, perhaps, give the turn to my future life.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge : December 2, 1855.

I have to-night to consult you on what may prove a matter of great importance to me. Yesterday morning I received a very kind letter from Mr. Monckton Milnes asking me whether I would accept the office of Private Secretary to the President of the Board of Health.

The 'chief,' I believe, is Mr. Cowper, a relation of Lady Palmerston's, and a friend of Davies and Vernon Lushington. Spen. would probably know about this. The non-permanence of the post must refer of course to the chances which may at any moment eject a Ministry, along with the smaller fry attaching.

Now I have thought over this matter very seriously, and have taken counsel of two (and only two) of my wisest friends, who, I knew, would regard the matter from different points of view. They both concur in thinking I ought to accept the post. I am myself strongly inclined to this opinion, believing that the training which I should thus get in mastering the details of so very important a

[1] Fellow of Trinity, Professor of English Literature at London University, Playwriter, and Editor of *Punch*.

department is the very thing which I want, and would be most useful to me for whatever work I am destined finally to take up. Still there is no use disguising the strong probability that this office may be the means of making my life a political one, and in this light I think you should regard the matter. If I were sitting by you, I could say a good deal as to my reasons for coming to this conclusion. Meantime I only ask your judgment as soon as you can conveniently send it.

I have written to Mr. Milnes by this same post telling him that 'my present inclination is gratefully to accept the office,' but that before finally deciding I must take counsel at home. I have also asked him how soon my duties would commence. It is just possible (though I think not likely) that Whewell may insist on my staying up next term to lecture in College. At present I am actually engaged to do so, but I hardly think he would wish to force me.

You will, I know, think over this matter lovingly and with prayer that we may be guided rightly. It would be strange if I were to succeed to Spen.'s little room in Devonshire Terrace.

From Mr. W. Cowper.

General Board of Health,[1] Whitehall: December 11, 1855.

I should consider it a great advantage to have your services in this Department, and the only difficulty I have is that it does not appear to me that the duties you would have to discharge would be commensurate with your abilities and qualifications, or even sufficiently occupy your time. At the present moment there is very little for a Private Secretary to do, but possibly there may be more when Parliament meets, particularly if I pass the Public Health Bill I have in contemplation. I should be glad to speak to you about this matter whenever you are in town, and I am not likely to leave London at present. If you come, let me know beforehand, that I may not miss you.

When Mr. Milnes mentioned your name, I was not aware that you had lately been elected Fellow, and I now feel a scruple lest I should be drawing you from a useful career to an occupation of an uncertain character.

Dr. Whewell waived all objections to Butler's departure from Cambridge, and arrangements were made with Fenton Hort to take his lectures during absence. Butler was anxious to find a book suitable as a token of gratitude for this kindly service. Various authors and editions were selected in vain, for Hort seemed to possess all the classics. Ultimately a Pindar was ordered from the Macmillan firm. At all times Butler was scrupulous about the details of handsome binding for his many gift-volumes.

To David Macmillan.

Board of Health: May 1, 1856.

Thank you for your prompt discovery of Hort's only weak point. It is clear that I must lose no time, or I shall have to travel to some Eastern Monastery to find a MS. he has not got.

[1] Subsequently merged in the Local Government Board.

The Pindar will do beautifully, and I doubt not he will like it all the better for having belonged to Archdeacon Hare.

Bind it as handsomely as you can, and leave the margin as far as possible unscathed.

To his mother he expressed his divided sentiments on leaving Cambridge, and his anticipations of the untried path opening before him.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge: March 16, 1856.

I send you a few lines, probably my last from Cambridge, which I suppose will reach you a few hours before I come myself.

It is not pleasant coming away from this place and so many dear friends, even though the fall is broken by the emigrations which have already thinned our old ranks, and by the rope which I still cling to in not actually giving up my rooms. Still I cannot conceal from myself the strong probability that I shall never be a resident here again.

I have passed four very happy years—not by any means wholly lost, for then they could not have been happy—but still far more idly and unprofitably spent than most of my friends imagine, and, it may be, that I at present know myself.

As to the future, it is dark and most uncertain, but neither dreary nor formidable. Indeed, after the numberless proofs that I have had how difficulties end in blessings, and how, amid much surrounding darkness, there is always enough light to make further progress possible and even simple, I should be indeed most ungrateful and cowardly, if at the outset of what may be called public life I were to fear that God would leave me, and take from me all means of usefulness. I can say to you in all truth that I do earnestly desire to serve Him and the wants of our Country before I die; but I do not need books to tell me that action is a much more difficult thing than resolution.

I shall hope to be with you to-morrow evening. May God ever bless you all.

His work in London lasted rather more than a year. For part of that time Mr. Cowper acted as Vice-President of the Committee of Council for Education.

I have had some peculiar opportunities (wrote Mr. Tom Taylor) of seeing and forming an opinion of Mr. Montagu Butler's qualities as a young man in the discharge of grave and unfamiliar duties . . . including some in connection with education quite beyond the range of the functions of a private secretary. I saw abundantly exemplified Mr. Butler's patience no less than his quickness, his assiduity as well as his aptitude for business. I saw him dealing with officials, and those who are brought to officials on public business, with admiration for his tact, courtesy, sweetness of temper, and application to the matter in hand.

To the task of private secretary to Mr. Cowper was added another secretaryship, viz., to a Royal Commission

appointed (1) to consider whether the national collections of paintings and sculpture should be divided, (2) to recommend a site for a building to contain the paintings. After much consideration the North side of Trafalgar Square was selected, and the National Gallery erected there. He valued his time and experiences on the Commission because they brought him into touch with several eminent and delightful men of science, including Faraday and Roscoe. During his journeys from home to office, or from one sphere of work to another, generally effected on the top of an omnibus, he occupied his time in learning Italian.

It was during these months in London that he was introduced by the Trevelyans to Lord Macaulay; on more than one occasion he was invited to the celebrated breakfasts. Sir George Trevelyan has already dealt with this subject in his introductory chapter. Macaulay's high opinion of his young guest found utterance in the testimonial he wrote when Butler was a candidate for the Head-Mastership of Harrow.[1]

Another charming intimacy, between the Butlers and the Crompton family, dates from this period. Lady Crompton was the widow of Mr. Justice Crompton, and lived with her four sons, Charles, Henry, Albert, and Edward, and her three daughters, in Hyde Park Square, not far from Devonshire Terrace. The intimacy was cemented, especially for Montagu, by the marriage of Miss Mary Crompton to his friend Llewelyn Davies. On the subject of this engagement he wrote to F. G. Vesey, quoting Horace with a novel interpretation: 'What delightful wives our friends are securing — old Hort and now Davies! *Recepto Dulce mihi furere est amico*, which means "Foolery is a pleasure when your friend is accepted."' It was one of the happiest days in Butler's Mastership of Trinity when he welcomed the happy parents to the Lodge, to celebrate the double success of their sons, Crompton and Theodore, in the Fellowship Examination of 1894. Later again, and fifty years after the marriage, he wrote to Davies:

> It seems long since the days of William Cowper and his beautiful wife, since the days of those delightful meetings at 22 Hyde Park Square, since the meetings with Maurice, Ruskin, Kingsley, and Lowes Dickinson at the Working Men's Club.

[1] See p. 124.

The following letter refers to a wedding present for the bridgroom-elect :

To the Rev. Llewelyn Davies.

Grange, Borrowdale : July 5, 1859.

I have directed Mr. Ross, the optician, to send you a little portable opera glass, which is intended to reveal to you, before you reach them, the most terrible crevasses in the Alps ; or, if you find it too heavy (which you will not), to enable Miss Crompton to distinguish every disposition of your features when at last you stand on the top of the Matterhorn.

The glass will be a fac-simile of one that went with me all through my long tour, and which was stolen in St. Peter's at Rome last Christmas from a friend to whom I had lent it. I have since got another, which is a daily delight to me in watching the mountains here. . . .

One more point—the glasses ought, of course, to be achromatic, not that I ever quite knew what that meant, only if anyone dared to whisper that mine were tinted with chromatism, I should cut him. Well, if you come to the conclusion, after trial on a bright day against some white glittering object, that yours are thus tainted, do take the trouble to go all the way to Ross, and make him capitulate. I write to you thus early that you may be able to make προπείρας on the more humble mountains of South Wales,

Here I am perfectly alone in perhaps the loveliest spot in Borrowdale. For indoors work I have the Greek Testament, Dante, Mansel, Maurice and Jowett, the life of Wesley, and some novels. I am reading ' Vanity Fair ' for the first time. Really it is sadder than any tragedy. I suppose the pictures are true, but what a death in life to choose for dissection ! I could not read many such books. Six months ago I should have thought Becky Sharp impossible ; but I have since seen one female who might do for her, and, thank God ! she was an aristocrat. Thackeray and Adam Bede look at life from precisely opposite points of view. Do you know Miss Proctor's lines, which evidently apply to the first ?

In March 1857 Lord Althorp stood in the Liberal interest for the representation of Northamptonshire in Parliament ; and Montagu Butler was able to give his friend some help in the canvass. The friendship between them had begun either at Harrow, or, more probably, earlier in the county, and had ripened at Cambridge. The Butler name was still fresh and potent in the village of Gayton.

To Lord Althorp.

17 Great Queen Street, Westminster : March 20, 1857.

On Wednesday I ran up to Gayton on a canvassing trip and, though I found that Mr. Beasley had been there before me and had doubtless given you the results of his operations, you may

perhaps not be unwilling to hear a little more from a later witness.

The little village, which used to give 23 out of 24 votes to the Tories, is now in a state of disruption and will, I expect, give you 8 or 9 votes. The Payne dynasty, which is at the head of the farmers and is ruled in Elizabethan style by the Dowager Mrs. Payne, all vote for you and Colonel Vyse. You would be intensely amused by an interview with this old lady, who is the most loyal lover and the most devoted hater that my short life has ever brought before me. I cannot say I think that her own motives, or those she assigns to friends or enemies, are always very lofty, but she knows what she means and is certainly not deficient in heartiness. Her three sons, two of whom live with her, give one vote for you, violating all their traditions, I will not say principles.

If you ride over to Gayton some day, fail not, I beseech you, to call on dear old Dan*ul* Hart, sometime a first-rate shoemaker and cobbler, and now a retired basker in the sun. He and his old wife, who cannot move for rheumatism, are jogging down the hill together in the sunniest of humours. She is your best friend, having received some kindness from some of your family. She blows up 'the Master,' as she calls her lord, for not giving you a plumper. He grins convulsively and owns with a touch of shame that the Knightley agents were too much for him. You will certainly have one of his votes, and it is quite possible that a chat with him might re-establish harmony between him and his lady and bring you a plumper of peace. . . .

We now come to a celebrated village character, Haines the blacksmith, whom I remember as the best football player of the place. How he sustained the honour of Gayton against the multitude of Blinkworths! How the ball rose from his ironshod toe, as his enemies fell before him like shoeparings! I fear he will be against you, but I think you might possibly fix his wavering soul. . . .

How I have gone on prosing, partly in sheer garrulity which comes over me when I think of Gayton village, partly from thinking it just possible that it may be useful to you to know something of the personality of even a small fraction of your huge constituency.

Lord Althorp was triumphantly returned, but only held the seat for a short year, as the death of his father, the 4th Earl Spencer, early in 1858, called him to the Upper Chamber. Montagu heard in Egypt of the change in his friend's fortune, and wrote his regrets to F. G. Vesey, as he had previously written his congratulations to Althorp.

To Lord Althorp.

17 Great Queen Street, Westminster: April 4, 1857.

You stand indeed in a proud position, and most heartily do I wish you joy of it, and hope you may make a solidly good use of it. May God bless you in public life as He has done hitherto in

private, and make you as much beloved in the House of Commons as you have been at Harrow and Trinity. . . .

I had hardly dared to hope you would head the Poll. I think I must get a Northampton Tory paper and find out some of the villainous side of your character. Till that discovery, Believe me, etc.

To F. G. Vesey.

Cairo, March 5, 1858.

Lord Spencer's death was very sad, and the loss of a House of Commons training is a great loss to Althorp. I know none, however, of whom one could say more confidently, 'He will not be spoiled by coming suddenly and very young into a position of great influence and dignity.' An active, earnest man may find plenty to do in the House of Lords, and in some respects he is less hampered there.

A whole year, from the summer of 1857 to that of 1858, was spent abroad, and the tour will be dealt with in the next chapter. At Athens, in December, Montagu heard of the engagement and approaching marriage of his sister Catharine to the Rt. Rev. John Bowen, LL.D., 2nd Bishop of Sierra Leone. If the prospect of the West African climate for his beloved sister filled him with misgiving, there was no doubt in his mind about the nobleness of her choice and of the life that it entailed. The Bishop was quite unknown to him, but in Palestine next year he was gratified by the accounts he received of his new brother-in-law. For the Bishop had, in 1851, at his own request, been sent out as delegate for the C.M.S. to visit their missionary stations at Syra, Smyrna, and Cairo. His duties were performed with such success that he was asked to repeat the tour of inspection. This time he remained, chiefly in Palestine, for two years, 1854–1856, became a fluent Arabic scholar, and won golden opinions from both Christians and Mohammedans. He was consecrated in 1857, married on November 26, and two days later sailed with his bride for Sierra Leone. Butler never saw his sister again: she died after childbirth at Freetown on August 4, 1858, and her husband did not survive her many months.

To his sister Catharine.

Rome: December 20, 1857.

. . . Adopting *your* view of the matter, which I half suspect is the correct one, the lines have fallen to you in a fair ground. You have before you precisely the work which you have most at heart, and for which you are thoroughly qualified. All your life, indeed, has been one admirable preparation for it: and to enter

upon it with such a husband to guide and cheer you is indeed a blessing such as you can hardly have dared to hope for. As to the climate, I suppose it is impossible not to make up one's mind to the fact that with all possible precautions it does involve very considerable danger. It so happens that when I was a Teacher in a Sunday school at Cambridge I used to hear a good deal about Bishop Vidal and about a Mr. and Mrs. Paley who went out there and died very shortly. It was therefore as a matter of fact the one climate in the world of which I felt a real horror. In India it is pretty evident that if you are able from time to time to run away to the hills, and if you have a constitution fairly suited to hot weather, you may hope to keep in very good case. There is nothing however in the thought of danger to cause fear to any but foolish or faithless people. You have gone with your eyes open and will neither be nervous nor careless. To have had a sister or a daughter massacred at Cawnpore would be a lifelong agony ; but I have always thought that the loss of a soldier brother or son dying at the clear post of his duty would be a blow with regard to which grief would be almost swallowed up in pride and thankfulness. And your post is essentially that of the soldier, and not only of the Church of Christ, but even of the great English nation which has stood so long, and must continue to stand and to spread over the dark places of the earth by the help of God blessing acts of devotion and sacrifice. If we never meet again here, it will be very sad : but I at least shall know that you are where you ought to be. I wish I could hope that my own course would be equally clear and equally well run. . . .

. . . I regard Frank's[1] liking for the Bishop as no small guarantee for the worth and sterling qualities of our new brother. Mother writes most happily, and that too is one of the best signs, for somehow I never knew her take to any one that did not deserve it, except perhaps myself and that little dog that ' Don ' bit at Peterborough. . . .

To Mrs. George Butler.

Damascus : May 13, 1858.

. . . I went one evening to a party at the Bishop's.[2] You and Catharine should certainly have been there : everyone was full of affectionate praises of your new son. Several missionaries were there who knew him well. They had all hoped that he would return to Syria and become a fixture among them. They say he has a singularly happy power of winning the trust and love of the Syrian people. He was chiefly stationed at Nablûs, the very focus of Mahometan bigotry. . . .

. . . I was told that if we were attacked near Nablûs—a very probable possibility—the mention of Father Bowen's name would be an instant talisman of defence. . . .

In July 1858 Butler took his M.A. Degree, and in the October term recommenced duty as resident Fellow and Lecturer. It was not, however, his intention to make a

[1] Francis Galton.

[2] *i.e.* of Jerusalem.

life-work of his College duties. In a private diary he writes under date of October 17, 1858, 'I am come to attend Divinity Lectures and to prepare for Orders. It is very unlikely that I should stay beyond a year at furthest.' He was not wholly satisfied with the society and general atmosphere of the University.

> Here at Cambridge [he writes eight months later in the same diary] we lack greatness: we are overlaid with accomplishments, with literary criticism. We have few investigators and few fiery natures. I declare I have scarcely seen an eye light up with emotion since I went to the High Table. We have good men, generous men, able men, kind-hearted men, but neither philosophers, nor poets, nor statesmen. A kingly spirit among us would find rich fuel, and would set us all in a blaze that would light England.

Once ordained, he probably meant to take clerical work *away* from the University. Next year, when the offer of a clerical post *at* Cambridge was offered, his plans were again altered—but again Fate interfered and gave him his great opportunity at Harrow.

Among the undergraduates in 1858 were Edward Ernest Bowen, shortly to be Vaughan's latest selection for a mastership, and Charles Alfred Elliott, an Harrovian friend, destined to a distinguished career in India, which included the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal. When Butler came into residence, the two students felt that with his help they could dispense with the services of a private coach. The admiration which he excited in both of them by his finished scholarship is described by Elliott: 'I well remember our delight in his lectures and the enthusiasm he awakened in us when, after setting us some passage in English prose or poetry to translate, he gave us his own divinely felicitous version.' Under such tuition Bowen, after winning the Bell Scholarship and sundry University and College Prizes, was finally placed fourth in the Classical Tripos. Butler had another pupil of greater eminence still.

From Professor Richard C. Jebb.

Glasgow University: December 23, 1886.

> Do you remember the rooms which you had for a time in the Neville's Court? It seems to me a much shorter time than it actually is since I was attending your composition lectures and sometimes going to those rooms. There are few things in my Cambridge life that I remember with more pleasure, or more real

gratitude. I recollect so well, too, the arrival at Trinity of a certain telegram in 1860 [1]—it came to Trevelyan, I think—and the spot in the Old Court where the news was first heard by a small knot of Harrovians and others that you had been elected Head-Master.

Dean Merivale said of Butler's return to Trinity: 'He brought a new element of sympathetic tenderness into the somewhat austere atmosphere of Cambridge.' It was the beginning of the end of that academic aloofness which Tennyson had felt to be a defect in the College system of his day.[2] Oscar Browning in his 'Memories of Sixty Years' wrote:

> But behind these present celebrities there towered the great name of Montagu Butler, who had left behind him a reputation, not only for eloquence, but for every other remarkable quality, which threw all our existing experience into the shade. We heard that he was abroad; Trevelyan brought us news of him, and at last we heard that he was coming back. We were all anxious to see him, but how were we to recognise him, or to know him, if we met him? Sir George Young brought us the first information, and described him to us as a man with happiness running out of every corner of his face.

The spirit, or one side of the spirit, of his teaching to pupils at Cambridge is indicated by the following letter, applicable indeed to all periods of his educational life, but inserted here as it was written nearly at the close of the University life.

To his sister EMILY.

Cambridge: November 6, 1859.

. . . Will you suffer a few hints from a pedantic rusty scholar on a language of which he knows nothing? In reading Dante with others, *do* all agree to be most conscientiously exact in ascertaining the full meaning of every word and phrase. This is all honest labour, and gives a freshness as well as a firmness to all knowledge. Do not be in too great a hurry to luxuriate in the thought or the music. If there is a divinity in them, it will come out by patient plodding at the language, and not otherwise. Never pass a word, the full force of which you have not penetrated or tried 'painfully' to penetrate. This is what I try by every art and cajolery in my power to din into my lecturees here: and I know that all who follow the prosy advice come at last to believe in it. *Genius* by all means if you have it. There is nothing like or second to it. But whether you have it or not, *accuracy*, and by all means accuracy. If any man ever deserved this closest anatomy, it is Dante. Anyone who knows the language of Dante

[1] Really 1859. [2] See *Tennyson and his Friends*, pp. 212–13.

well must, I am satisfied, have almost all Italian at command. A little idolatry paid to grammar and dictionary leads to a nobler worship hereafter. . . .

The recommendations of a Royal Commission, which had been appointed in 1850 by an Act of Parliament introduced by Lord John Russell, were at this time distracting Cambridge. Some of the vexed questions were these :— Should Boards for the selection of Professors be started on a popular footing? Should the powers of Masters of Colleges be restricted? Should Fellowships be terminable, allowing them, however, to be retained if certain tests were satisfied, and, if so, what tests? Should Fellowships be tenable by married men, and by laymen, and open for competition to members of other Colleges? The Fellows of Trinity, as of other Colleges, were divided into two camps—the Conservatives and the Reformers—and feeling ran high. Neither party, however, was wholly satisfied with the measures proposed by the Commissioners; a large indignation meeting at Cambridge rejected them, and a counter-scheme was drafted by a Committee of the Council of Trinity.

Such was the state of affairs when Butler returned. During his absence in the East he had been consulted by J. B. Lightfoot, and had returned a written statement of his views, which was read by Lightfoot to the Committee. The tenor of this statement may be gathered from the following entry in his diary written at Florence in the summer of 1858:

> The Commission may have made some mistakes, but the men who compose it are thoughtful men, men of the world, by no means shallow theorists, and, above all, almost all of them Trinity men. He who is basely singled out for calumny[1] is a passionate, almost bigoted, lover of his old College. I trust the waters of Cambridge may be clearer, if ever I look upon them again. Pride and calumny would dirty the sources of the Jordan.

Now on his return he was called upon to take a more active part in the discussions. He was keenly in favour of College Reform, but his task was the difficult one of finding a *via media*, to keep the contest free from personalities and bitterness, to secure the support of a considerable number of Fellows, resident and non-resident, for new proposals which might satisfy the Commissioners without too violent

[1] Dr. Vaughan.

interference with time-honoured institutions, and to discourage all disparagement of the Master. The policy of conciliation was successful. Very honourably for so junior a Fellow, Butler was selected to serve on a small and distinguished deputation to London. The Commissioners were satisfied, and the amended scheme was accepted by the Council of the College.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge: November 7, 1858.

. . . Now almost every spare hour is given to the details of College Reform. Two days ago we sent in to the Commissioners an encouraging Address, meant mainly as a set off against the blow they received at the great meeting, and telling them in what direction they might look for support. We got 28 names attached, 14 here, 14 in London. Hawkins managed the latter and worked famously. We exchanged letters every day, sometimes twice a day. We are now engaged in drawing up a more detailed scheme, believing that under present circumstances almost anything proposed by a large body of the Fellows will be sanctioned by the Commissioners. There is to be a Conference with them in about a week or so, at which Whewell, Martin, Lightfoot (the Tutor) and I are to appear: so that I shall hope to see you very shortly. When the day is fixed, you shall know. . . .

To the Same.

Cambridge: March 2, 1859.

. . . The Commissioners have sent us down their revised Draft, with a most conciliatory letter. They have adopted almost entirely the suggestions of us conspirators. The Master has summoned a meeting for to-morrow to consider them, but little opposition is likely to be raised. All bitterness was, I think, buried last Term. . . .

A less important, and less successful, effort was the attempt to present a bust of Alfred Tennyson to the Library at Trinity. The idea originated in the mind of Vernon Lushington, but was warmly supported by Butler. Subscriptions were raised; a bust was acquired from the famous sculptor Thomas Woolner and offered in a graceful letter from Lord Monteagle to the Council of the College. But the autocratic Dr. Whewell refused it on the ground that no portraits of living celebrities could be placed in the Library; and, in spite of Butler's persuasive advocacy, he remained obdurate. The bust was, however, accorded the lesser honour of a place in the vestibule, where it remained until Whewell's death. Then it was admitted to the inner sanctum. From Tom Taylor's lines, published in *Punch* of November 12, 1859, I quote the closing stanzas:

THE LAUREATE'S BUST AT TRINITY

(A fragment of an idyll.)

Whereat full shrilly sang the excluded bard:
'Soon, soon, so soon! Whewell looks stern and chill:
Soon, soon, so soon! But I can enter still.'
'Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now.'

'I am not dead: of that I do repent;
But to my living prayer oh now relent!'
'Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now.'
. . . . . .
'Honour that comes in life is rare as sweet;
I cannot taste it long, for life is fleet.'
'No, no, too soon! You cannot enter now.'

So sang the Laureate, while all stonily,
Their chins upon their hands, as men that had
No entrails to be moved, sat the stern Dons.

The spring and summer terms of 1859 passed with their lectures and tuition. He was invited to be one of the examiners for the next Classical Tripos, examined for Scholarships at Harrow, Westminster, and Leeds Schools, and refused similar invitations for Marlborough and Norwich. About the same time he accepted, though still a layman, the offer of the living of Great St. Mary's, a small parish containing the great church famed for the delivery of the University Sermons. The decision to take Orders had of course been arrived at previously, but arrangements for *early* ordination were now imperative. He entered for the 'Voluntary' examination[1] in Theology:

To the Rev. F. G. VESEY.

Cambridge: May 4, 1859.

We have the last paper of the Voluntary to-morrow. As far as I can judge, I shall not be plucked: but I have certainly not done well enough for a Bishopric.

It has been suggested, as a means for exciting emulation, that the first two thirds (say) shall be docketed off as Churchmen, and that those following shall be apportioned among different classes of Dissenters.

For the Bishop's ordination no examination was required, as his Fellowship gave him a 'legal title.' As time pressed, and there was to be no autumn ordination at

[1] A theological examination for graduates desirous of taking Orders; it came to an end in 1874, when the Theological Tripos was instituted.

Ely, it was necessary to obtain from Dr. Turton of that diocese 'Letters Dimissory' enabling him to be ordained elsewhere, and he applied to his father's old friend, Bishop John Londsdale of Lichfield, for permission to be ordained there. The request was readily granted, and Deacon's Orders were conferred upon him in Lichfield Cathedral on September 25.

From Dr. LONSDALE, Bishop of Lichfield.

63 Wimpole Street, London, W.: July 12, 1859.

. . . I shall be very glad to receive you as a Candidate for Holy Orders, upon the Title of your Fellowship, in September next; if you will be so good as first to obtain the consent of the Bishop of Ely thereto, I mean merely a private letter to you, or to me.

I have done this in one or two cases, with no such strong recommendation to me as yours, on every account, has.

Not long ago, I was expressing to Mrs. Butler my earnest desire that you should not leave Cambridge, being quite sure that such persons as you are much wanted there: and that you will be of great service to the University, if resident therein. It gives me, therefore, special pleasure to learn that a post of usefulness will be open to you which will combine parochial[1] with academical work, and that, too, without the loss of your Fellowship; unless you are about to enter into a happier kind of *consortium*. . . .

To Vesey he described the ordination as 'very quiet and happy.' 'The Bishop is a dear old man, essentially a revered Father in God.' Montagu was the Bishop's guest at Eccleshall for the occasion.

To the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

May 13, 1909.

. . . My ordination for Priest's orders in December 1859 was, as you supposed, hastened after my election to Harrow. The adventure with the little boy and the 'Tom Brown' incident were during my journey to Eccleshall for the second ordination. The poor boy was just too late somewhere (? Stafford) for his train to Manchester, and I thought the fight in 'Tom Brown' would revive him.

An Oxford tailor used to advertise in his window, 'Our clerical outfits are elegant and inexpensive and proclaim at a glance the views of their wearers.' If there had existed such a sartorial artist in Cambridge, it would not have been necessary for the new Deacon to consult his friend Vesey, now Rector of All Saints', Huntingdon, on the subject. The answer indicates that Montagu, though a member of a clerical family of three generations, was not versed in the nomenclature of vestments.

[1] At Great St. Mary's.

From the Rev. F. G. Vesey.

Huntingdon: September 14, 1859.

. . . The scarf, as you call it, ecclesiastically known as a *Stole*, consists of a band of black silk, fringed at the two ends, which is worn only by priests over both shoulders, by deacons over one. . . .

. . . Also, if you wish to be very particular, you may get your sister to embroider a cross in gold on the back; but if you do, I shall complain to the Bp. of Ely of your Romanizing tendencies, neither will my private friendship be permitted to interfere with what I shall conceive to be my public duty. . . .

. . . In other matters I refer you to the 74th Canon, where it is set forth that in your journeys you shall usually wear a cloak without sleeves, commonly called a Priest's Cloak, without guards, welts, long buttons, or cuts, and that you shall not wear any coif or wrought night-cap, but only a plain night-cap of black silk, satin, or velvet. In my dining-room or your private study you may use any comely and scholar-like apparel, provided that it be not cut or pinkt; but in public (on the King's Parade, or at the Crystal Palace, for instance) you must not go in your doublet and hose without a coat or cassock, neither may you appear in any light coloured stockings. When at Huntingdon or at Cambridge (if you take St. Mary's) as a Curate or poor beneficed man, and not being able to provide yourself with a long gown, you may go in a short gown of the fashion aforesaid.

If you want any more directions apply afterwards personally to

Yr. very affect. friend,
F. Gerald Vesey.

We shall not forget you, you may be sure, on the 25th.

I want you to preach your first Sermon here on the 2nd of Octbr.

The first sermon was duly preached in Vesey's church at Huntingdon on October 2, the 15th Sunday after Trinity. The text was taken from Gal. vi. 14, 'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' To his mother he wrote of it:

The Sermon yesterday went off fairly. Its minor faults were length and too great monotony of tone. It was about half an hour. Twenty minutes would have been better, but it is hard to calculate at first.

But by this time his mind was fully occupied by a more momentous subject. The Head-Mastership of Harrow would soon be vacant, and he had been urged to stand.

CHAPTER VII

HOLIDAYS AND TOURS

Dr. George Butler encouraged his sons to see the world outside their own home. The summer holidays generally included some excursion to the mountains of Lakeland, Wales, or Scotland. 'Globe-trotting' was not in their early years so easy and expeditious a pastime as it has since become; and, later on, the scholastic duties of three of the brothers curtailed the leisure necessary for distant journeys. But their own love of beautiful scenery and of places with historic associations or artistic treasures drew them, as opportunity occurred, to travel abroad. Montagu Butler felt strongly the educational value of such experience.

> I cannot place before my mind a picture of a place or a mode of life which I have not seen. Therefore I travel as much as I can, mentally as well as bodily. I try to see everything new. I like to see the working of all sides of life—College, School, political, parochial, legal, commercial. The great thing is to get strong food for genuine feeling.

His expeditions, and all that happened on them, are recorded in short diaries and longer letters to his parents and sisters. The letters make excellent reading, not only for the descriptions of the places visited, but still more for the ideas suggested, the estimate of works of art and literature, the historical memories recalled, and for the digressions into politics and events of the day. Indeed, for a modern reader perhaps these parts of the letters are the most interesting. I do not propose to give more than a few extracts, avoiding what can be acquired from guide books, and selecting rather some of his more uncommon experiences and the passages which illustrate his thoughts. Thus we may catch, as in a mirror, some reflections of the maturing process of his mind and character.

The summer of 1850 (the first to be recorded) was spent with his brother Arthur in the Trossachs.

August 28, 1850.

I took a row on Loch Katrine to-day, and wonder how some people can manage to express themselves disappointed in their expectations of its scenery. To me it appears to come nearer perfection than any place that I have seen. I took a 'Lady of the Lake' with me, and read it on the island where the Ladye dwelt; which was quite correct. Yesterday, as soon as we arrived here, we started to go to the top of Benvenue, in spite of the very heavy rain which had fallen throughout the day. As you may guess, the wading up to our thighs in dripping heather, with no change of trousers or coat, was far from pleasant. We all rather clumsily managed to separate, and I entirely lost my way on the mountains, without the faintest idea which direction to take. Moreover, it was getting late, and after many a weary wander through the heather and rushes I began to think I was doomed to sleep out that night. At last I found myself on the shore of a lake, which I afterwards found to be Loch Katrine, and was then really, though perfectly ignorant of the fact, close to the road. As I was scrambling away at the top of the hills, a steamer came up the Lake, and immediately a tremendous holloaing ensued from it, the men calling out to me, some to go further up, and others to come lower down. They sent me a guide, and I was soon at the bottom in safety. They told me afterwards that I was in a most awful position, within a few steps of the brink of a precipitous rock, which was completely concealed by the long heather extending two or three feet over the edge. It was a most providential escape, for indeed 'I was almost gone, my footing had well nigh slipt.'

The summer of 1852 was again spent with Arthur, this time in Wales at Talyllyn, Dolgelly. Here he made his first ascent of a mountain, Cader Idris, and the love of such scenery was strongly and for ever imprinted in his soul. 'Mountains and lakes,' he wrote in later years, 'and especially mountains and lakes combined, have ever been my ideal of Nature at her best and grandest.' Climbing became a real passion: to be near a mountain was to determine to reach its top. When he was a candidate for admission to the Alpine Club, the three mountains he selected for his test-paper were Monte Rosa, Parnassus, and the Jebel-Musa in Sinai.

In 1853 he was in Scotland, part of the time reading alone, but for some weeks accompanied by his friend F. D. Longe. This year Ben Lomond and Ben Cruachan were his ascents: Fingal's Cave in Staffa reminded him of his father's feat of swimming in and out of the cave in 'a moderate sea.' The waiting-maid in his lodgings at

Bunaw in Argyllshire amused him, and a Scotch wedding was a novel experience.

Keney Craig Cottage, Bunaw: August 19, 1853.

Our waiting-maid is a treasure by herself. Let Ann look to her popularity. She is thoroughly Scotch, but has travelled abroad with an English family, so she understands the niceties of cooking capitally, and quotes the saying of an English female epicure that 'she would like to have breakfast in Scotland, dinner in England, and supper in France.' Margaret is intensely humorous and thoroughly natural. When she was at Strasburgh, she found she could not understand the Frenchmen's gabble; so she retaliated upon them with Gaelic. Is it not a delightful idea?

September 11, 1853.

The wedding party arrived in boats from Oban. At 12 o'clock we went and were shown into a little room with upwards of 20 people in it, all sitting along the wall. We took our places and held our peace. The bridegroom looked passive, perfectly resigned, and ready to meet matrimony or any other fate with well-disciplined indifference. His heart was too full, or his brain too empty, to allow him to give much utterance to his feelings. A young clergyman made some bad jokes, but in general silence reigned. In about half an hour the bride appeared, and a singularly jolly old clergyman soon married them, using, I thought, some very nice prayers. As soon as the kissing was over, we went to breakfast. The squash was appalling, but everyone was in good humour, and the old clergyman was great fun, continually proposing to take a glass of wine with someone in a very melancholy tone. We all got favours, and many a merry-thought was broken in omen of early marriage. The general impression appeared to be that the bridegroom was a spoon, and the bride's acceptance of him could be only attributed to infatuation. This probably tended to damp enthusiasm.

In 1856 he paid the first of many visits to Switzerland with his old Harrow friend Henry Cunningham. After making the tour of Mont Blanc, they passed by Aosta and the Theodule Pass to Zermatt, and from there they ascended Monte Rosa, their first experience of serious mountaineering. In the autumn he was joined at Dresden by the Hon. George C. Brodrick, and together they made a prolonged stay, learning the language and revelling in pictures, the opera, and the scenery of Saxon Switzerland. The incident of a ball, which the English residents at his Pension combined to give to the German household and visitors, illustrates the lighter, fun-loving, side of his character.

October 27, 1856.

. . . And now must I not tell you about our German Ball in this house, which came off so brilliantly on Saturday night? The morning was spent in composing a magnificent German poem to the

Frau Professorin comprising two songs and almost all the metres of which this expansive language is capable. Libels against the Herr Professor and attempts to stir up conjugal jealousy were the staple of the remainder. All German literature was ruthlessly parodied, and a translation of the celebrated English Polka song, 'Don't you dance the Polka?' etc., pressed into the service. This feat being accomplished, and Poem anonymously delivered, I went out for a recruiting walk with friend Rutson, discussed probable contingencies of Ball, and the necessary manœuvres. Would the German young ladies be shy? Would it be fair or dignified to throw ourselves on their mercy and petition for a German lesson? This led to the more general question—ought a man to think of his own happiness or of his partner's at a Ball? If the young ladies could speak English, ought they to be encouraged? Or was not that tantamount to suicide? and was the motive of humanity and courtesy sufficient to justify the immolation? . . . .

Shortly after 7 the Ball commenced. The authorship of the Poem had unluckily been discovered. The Professor was furious, and declared he would smoke to spite me, although I had expressly forbidden it in the most melodious numbers. . . . I soon came upon the happy discovery that the jungen Deutschen Damen were hard studiers of English authors, novels especially: that they greatly preferred them to the French, thought them more solid and true, and that one fair speaker in particular was at that moment engaged with James' 'Stepmother' and 'Jane Eyre.' This gave me an opportunity of depreciating James, which was received by the poor maiden with a look of blank despair, in token of conscious loss of time and wasted effort: so I hastened to comfort and stimulate her by a eulogy on *Shirley* which would have satisfied even Gertrude, and finally ended by a vehement recommendation of 'Der Erbe von Redclyffe' and 'Heartsease,' which may I hope produce fruit for the future, and perhaps eradicate any folly or morbid Jacobite sentimentality that may have taken root in that tender heart. And, finally, as my truest reward, came the frank avowal that the wish of her life was to visit England. Oddly enough *all* my partners seemed penetrated with this desire. Whether this is the natural yearning of the German soul, or whether obvious motives had then for the first time inspired the hope, is matter for controversy which my philosophy and vanity have not yet settled between them.

To conclude my narrative of the Ball—about 1 o'clock, after a long and very amusing Cotillon, in which the more elderly people occasionally figured, our solitary piano received orders to strike up 'God save the Queen,' which is luckily also the National Anthem of Saxony and Bavaria. However, the Professor was not to be baulked of an opportunity of showing his patriotism, and in a loud voice he began the first verse and bade us follow. We obeyed loyally, and the young Russian, too, followed suit, though the 'Send her victorious' must have stuck rather in his throat. His courtesy was rewarded by the forbearance of the Professor, who pulled up suddenly at the end of the verse, and so we were spared the embarrassment of confounding the poor Russian's politicks and frustrating his knavish tricks.

And so ended the Ball, which I think all enjoyed, and not least

our kind-hearted host and hostess. I need not say that I have availed myself of a few stray confidential hints to keep up a running fire at proper intervals on one of the young Americans, all tending to urge him on to an acquisition of German by the most effective, the tenderest, and, I hope, in his case, the most promising of means.

One of the 'young Americans' delighted Montagu Butler's heart by the question, 'Do you know, stranger, why we Americans prōnounce English so much better than you do? It is because we are brought up upon Webster's prōnouncing dictionāry.'

In 1857, after his work as Secretary to the Royal Commission was over, he started on a more prolonged and distant tour, which was to keep him abroad for little short of a full year. At Munich he studied the art of Rubens and heard of the Chinese 'Arrow War.'

August 7, 1857.

I bought a copy of *The Times*. It was that most interesting one which contained the account of the Indian Mutinies, and the excellent letter describing our naval attack on the Chinese. It reads, and doubtless was considered by Keppel & the sailors, just like a schoolboy frolic. You fancy the men laughing at every volley of grape. The football match in 'Tom Brown' really would appear very much the more serious thing. Such is the stuff by which England founds her empire and holds her own. The nation must act earnestly, while its instruments do its stern work laughingly. . . .

. . . Rubens is certainly wonderfully great here, in the full splendour and swing of his genius. Nothing comes amiss to him. High or low, sacred or profane, a single figure in repose or 100 falling forms in every possible posture under every conceivable modification of light, he dashes joyously into all, and never fails to leave the mark of his vigour and his abandon of colour & attitudes. Still—as I expected—I liked him much the best at Antwerp; for, strange to say, I do believe that this ever genial, almost rollicking, man of the world shows his greatness most when he braces his soul to conceive the Crucifixion.

Sir George Trevelyan, in his introductory chapter, has referred to the walking-tour in the Tyrol which occupied the two companions during part of the months of August and September. Their stay in the house of the parish priest at Pregarten, in Virgen Thal, is thus described by Butler:

August 16, 1857.

Here we are in a truly strange place, probably one of the most out of the way, though certainly not the ugliest, spots on the earth, where few foreigners come, but where all may find a kind welcome. We are in the house of the priest of this little village, which, however,

contains twice as many people as Gayton, and I must say that those we have seen would vie with any English villagers in form, face, dress, and courtesy. As we came in yesterday evening, they were just leaving the Church, decked out in their very best clothes in honour of the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin.

The Priest (*der Geistlicher*) himself has treated us most kindly and considerately. He is a mild, gentlemanly man who has scarcely ever moved out of his valley. He knows Latin well, and greatly enjoys Horace & Virgil. He has forgotten almost all the Greek that he learned at School. He speaks no modern language but his own : but his accent in *that* was very pleasant after the frightful brogues that we had been martyred to.

The Curate had a German Shakspeare, and they asked us eagerly what were the favourite plays in England. We talked about Shakspeare's lines having become proverbial, and to my surprise they recognized the specimen which I gave, ' There's something rotten in the state of Denmark.' They asked what German books were most read in England, and I said Goethe & Schiller the most, Schiller being an especial favourite with ladies. They seemed to hate Goethe, said he was made a god of (*vergöttert*) in Germany, and that the literary men were quite made fools of (*benarrt*) by him. Yesterday evening, along with some capital white bread which they had got for us from a distance, they produced some German translations of Wiseman's (Vesermann's) and Newman's Works, and asked us about them, about the feeling of Englishmen towards the Irish, and about our trouble in India. Poor Lord Palmerston was set down as an acknowledged ' Firebrand,' and though we said he came from the same school and university as ourselves, they would not admit the defence. My projected journey to Rome, Greece, & Palestine caused the greatest interest & astonishment : and when the *un*clerical brother heard that I should be actually nearly 40 days in the Desert (*die Wüste*) on the back of a camel, he fairly groaned with amazement. . . .

On Saturday night we had come in extremely wearied from a walk which I will afterwards describe : we went to bed early, and a waterfall outside lulled us to rest for 12 hours. This gave occasion to the following little Latin address which I gave to the priest knowing it would please him, and which I insert here partly as a recollection to myself hereafter, partly as a tribute to my first Latin teacher, and partly because George may be interested by it when joined to the kind & characteristic reply which it called forth. You can miss it all, if you like.

Votum

' Somne, veni ! ' fessus prima sub nocte precabar :
' Ut deus, his oculis, Somne benigne, veni ! '
Respondit Somnus, juxtaque admurmurat auri
Lene sonans strepitus desilientis aquae,
' Vir bonus hospitium praestat tibi ; carpe quietem ;
' Dormi age ; virtutis limina Somnus amat.'

The good man, on receiving the lines last night, thanked me warmly, and put them in his favourite copy of Virgil, and then he added significantly, as if he meant to give me something in exchange,

Mea vena poetica est *jam* sicca.' This morning accordingly, as I came down to breakfast, he gave me the following lines as a keepsake.

Votum

Qua tu cunque via statuisti ponere gressus,
O Tibi si semper de coelis angelus adsit,
Ille Tobiae dux Raphael, salvumque reducat
Matris ad amplexus dulces te aedesque paternas!

The last line alludes to you, as he had lent me some ink to write to you, saying, as he gave it, ' Saluta me ad tuam Matrem.' If he looks a little farther still, and carries on his thoughts to ' Mother Church ' as well, we will pardon the good man for his well meant & delicately pointed aspiration. But I really do not think he had any such intention.

The mysterious reference in the above letter to ' Mother Church ' may indicate that Montagu Butler was at the time revolving in his mind the question of taking Orders ; or it may contain a pious wish of the priest that his guest might be led into the embraces of the Roman Catholic Church.

At Fuegen they were inspired to more poetic efforts, and after strenuous walking enjoyed a well-earned rest. Devotees of the open road will appreciate the praises of a day off.

. . . We walked on about 4 miles to Fügen, which they all pronounce Feegen, where there are two Tyrolese innkeepers & their wives who were over in England about 20 years ago. We were received with open arms. A fair young Kellnerin, with her purse of office at her waist, stepped in front of her admiring relations, and did the hostess. Then my pencil case was examined with awe and much smiling, and our ages were guessed. The little Kellnerin made Trevelyan the oldest, but the old 'uns knew better. This caused great laughter, as you may suppose. Presently one of the English-talking old ladies was sent for from the other inn (the two are in close alliance) and she began to tell us of her adventures at noble houses in England & Scotland in language which I told her was as good as the Queen's. She had been one of a party of Tyrolese singers who it appears had gone about to great houses to perform. All the German members of the household listened to our conversation with a mixture of deference & pride in their English representative. We made great friends, and started off in about ½ an hour on our drive to Zell amid handshakings & good wishes of all the party. During the drive we thought we could not occupy ourselves better than by doing honour to the fair Kellnerin. The following is my contribution, which was taken duly to her that evening by our driver, written on one of these beautiful pieces of paper. You must get a learned daughter to translate it to you.

An die Kellnerin von Fügen.

Man kommt, man geht, man hört, man spricht,
Man eilt noch fort zu fliegen:
Doch, glaube mir, vergisst man nicht
Die Kellnerin von Fügen.

Ermüdet, fremd in fremdem Land,
Hier darf man Ruhe finden,
Mit leiser Stimme, sanfter Hand,
Und Augen ach! gelinden.

Ach! wollte wollte sie allein,
Wie Deutsch, auch English sprechen,
So würde sie vollkommen sein,
Und alle Herzen brechen!

Trevelyan accompanied with six English lines which, as I told him, would necessarily be considered as addressed to the *old* lady who alone understands English. It is well that he should be prudent. We do not know what effect was produced by our odes: but there was a fat man at the Inn who seemed on very fair terms with the Kellnerin, and we could not help thinking that he looked rather jealously upon us. . . .

. . . There is no rivalry between the travelling and the resting days: no one who has not walked hard knows the deep & thankful delight of going to bed with the thought that you will not be called at 4 to-morrow, that you will have a leisurely breakfast, that you need only wear one pair of socks & even those unsoaped, that your boots even may enjoy a transient attempt at a shine unpolluted by lard, and that your wearied spirit—wearied but not exhausted—may choose out the fairest spot, make a frame of living larch trees for the picture of the mountain tower between, and then gaze, and meditate, and read perhaps, and sleep perhaps, and then with lazily adjusted opera-glass gaze and gaze again. These are the luxuries of the walking traveller: and then for the credit of the animal in him, he feels his strength & his audacity return: and, with every nerve restrung, he watches exultingly the cold peaks as they grow sullenly clear in the late evening, and determines on a visit & a victory to-morrow. . . .

The twin lakes of St. Wolfgangs satisfied all Butler's ideals of that combination which he loved.

St. Gilgen: August 22, 1857.

This place is on the whole my darling of all I have gone through. Immediately on getting to it at 4 P.M., I darted off to the Forder See, the nearest of the two lakes which lie in the arms of the rough old Dachstein. An hour & 20 minutes very rapid walking through a pleasant fertile valley, where all, young & old, were haymaking & laughing at my appearance, which is now certainly somewhat singular, I emerged from a pine wood upon the peaceful lake. I had met on the way gentlemen and ladies carried in litters like wounded

soldiers, poor things ; but when I came to the brink, not a soul was there but two fishermen bringing home their net-laden boat. The sun was within a ½ hour of his death, the waters were still, and in front on my right hand the bare, stern, dolomite rocks, which are pretty much of the colour of the stone of Peterborough Cathedral, were deeply gilded with the sinking rays. They were also all reflected from top to bottom in the water, which was just sufficiently ruffled to give a slight motion to their shining heads, so that I gazed upon a liquid moving sea of rock and gold. One uses the words ' magical ' and ' fairyland ' rather vaguely ; but I assure you all the old stories of palaces beneath the sea came back upon one's mind and eyes, and the old prosaic fisherman before me seemed a possible genie in disguise. . . .

We pulled slowly home, spoiling the fair face of the lake and the beauty of the shadows by our motion ; and then I sat down on some rugged rocks and watched the end—watched the gold turn into red, and the red grow almost momently fainter, till at last you could not say whether there was any colour at all : and then immediately afterwards set in that cold, dead paleness which is always so solemn on mountains. . . .

. . . Anyone who has seen the Hinter See from the top of the Zwiselberg must indeed have a craven heart or some sad bodily ailing, if he can restrain himself from paying a visit. There it lies, very much *higher* than its more forward, but more lowly, sister, and nestling yet more closely to the bosom of its giant father. And the colour ! Why, it looks, and is, a *bright* emerald green, not like any of the greens that I have seen before and since on sea or lake, but quite light, like the Russian malachites—and this not merely when the sun is gleaming on it & might produce an illusion, but when the water is perfectly still. We went at double quick time to it. The ascent is very steep and rough. But at last, a little before 6, we came upon this wonder. Not a soul there. Only a new boat tied to a rock. No time to fear trespassing. In we got into the boat, & made the strange paddles waddle us into the middle of this green mere. It is somewhat smaller than the Forder See, and is so exactly under the Dachstein that you do not get the effect of the sun upon him quite so fully as at a little distance. But the green ! It is just the sort of Lake which, if one had a fever, would haunt one in delirium. Dante, I am certain, would have felt most solemnly over it. It is a spot that, if one stumbled upon it unexpectedly, as I did years ago upon Loch Katrine, would quite startle one and make one doubt one's eyes. There is no great beauty of form ; the trees round about are firs : but the still, green pool at the very foot of the great wall of pale grey stone & with wild precipices on both sides round——I will say no more. I cannot forget the spot. Why on earth it should be thus green I have no notion.

Parting with George Trevelyan, he made his way, alone and by unbeaten paths, through the dolomite country and by the Lago di Garda into Italy. A visit to Milan was made with the object of studying more carefully Leonardo da Vinci's great picture.

September 22, 1857.

Before going farther I must say a little about the Last Supper. It is, I do believe, one of the most solemn and affecting sights in the world: whether you consider the awful solemnity and the worthy treatment of the subject, the wonderful intellect of its author whose genius is only here seen in its full divinity, or in the sad, crumbling decay into which the wonder of so many years has been allowed to fall. I stayed before it upwards of two hours, and made them place an engraving by Raphael Morghen on two chairs close before me. I examined every face & figure closely, comparing them with the original: and I am sure it is no pedantry to say that in almost every single face the painter says one thing and the engraver another. They are most noble, both of them. Take the engraving by itself, and you will be at no loss for matter of delight & reverence: but it is not Leonardo—some persons might prefer it perhaps, but at all events it is quite different.

The Head of Christ Himself is confessedly not given in the engraving. Wordsworth the Poet felt this, and I think few can fail to feel it. The divine majesty of the original struck me last year: it strikes me more this. The head is less bent to the side than in the engraving: and the expression, while betokening ineffable sorrow, shows also that the sorrow is felt for others and not for self, and that He who feels it is superior to it and must triumph over it. Speaking generally, the defect of the engraving is that it *exaggerates*. Unable completely to catch the tranquil, simple rendering of an almost unequalled genius, Raphael Morghen has tried to make every expression forcible and telling: and this striving for increase of effect—the common fault of vigorous minds when not of the very highest order—has made him miss reality and majesty as well. I may just add one little point. The engraving, as is well known, represents Judas upsetting the salt cellar. I cannot detect this in the faded original, and a copy—an atrocious one certainly, which was going on in the room—had omitted it.

If I have taken up too much of your time with this long dissertation, you must think that there are not many things in the world of first-rate excellence—not many for which we instinctively thank God that He 'has given such power unto men.' For myself I feel that I have learned something, and that the thoughts & reading of some months have here been richly rewarded: so that I humbly venture to say, as Dante said to Virgil, and most assuredly 'con vergognosa fronte.'

> O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
> Vagliami 'l lungo studio e 'l grande amore
> Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

At Venice he was joined by his brother Arthur, and many days were spent in the study of pictures. The knowledge he acquired here and at other European galleries of the various schools of Art was deep and lasting. He stored in his tenacious memory the characteristics of the great masters and the places where their masterpieces could be studied. He was conservative of early predilections once

formed. He had no great love for modern art in any of its branches.

September 24, 1857.

India is all absorbing. It takes away the interest of one's own travels. Where shall we find a parallel to Havelock's avenging march, to the desperate valour of the little handful at Arrah? An extract from the *Herald* says that on one occasion 150 of the rebels at Delhi got into an enclosure with one entrance. This they fastened, and began to fire upon us. *Twenty* of our men rushed furiously at the door, burst it open, fastened it again inside, and never opened it again till they had bayoneted every man of the 150. I should like to show that passage to a foreigner who fancied that English dominion was doomed. . . . I am glad to see that they are talking seriously of enrolling volunteers to serve for this special need. It is the only way of enabling our middle classes to fight for us. They will not enlist as privates, and they have not the interest or the money to get commissions. The Government hold back, I suspect, fearful of introducing a new principle which will ultimately revolutionise the Army. And so it will. The Army cannot always consist of gentlemen on the one hand, and the very poorest class on the other. Everything tends to show that it must become more and more national, representing the whole nation and not merely its two extremities. There is, I believe, no fear that in a country like ours this change will take place too rapidly. But we need a terrible lesson to convince us of its necessity.

But you would rather hear about Venice than have my speculations on the Army. I return to it therefore, though with a divided heart. Your first few hours of Venice are the truest hours that you spend there. They are given to *her* alone—to the idea of her in her life, or, if you will, in her death, and not to her details, to her treasures and wonders. You remember your early marvels 20 years ago at hearing that there was a strange city in the sea somewhere, standing—you didn't know how—upon some 70 islands: a city whose streets were sea and whose carriages were black boats, the drivers of which sang old Italian songs as you floated about under the evening moon. Then there was a strange affinity with England. Venice had been at some time, of which you knew very little, the Queen of the Sea and the arbiter of Commerce. The Rialto had been the Manchester Exchange, and you peopled it with turbaned Turks as well as with hook-nosed Shylocks. All these recollections, and many others which Shakspeare, Byron, Rogers, & Ruskin have stirred up, flash vividly across you as you first step into a gondola, first hear the gondolier's mysterious cry, first notice that the noise of streets is vanished, stand for the first time before the mosaics & the famous horses that glitter almost dazzlingly in the front of St. Mark's, or look out from the beautifully carved Gothic columns of the Doge's Palace on the Grand Canal, which Turner and Canaletto have made so familiar. The first few hours in Venice have an interest and a magic which almost startle you. Then the glory of *the whole* begins to die away, and you gradually sink into the sight seer: you take your map, you divide it into parts, you arrange your churches, you ask about the proper fare for your gondoliers. And then, day after day, you *do*

pictures, till you are apt to think of Venice as the city where the Venetian School can best be studied rather than the great mother city which her great painters were proud to adorn. Yes, Venice is, after all—or, at all events, *was*—greater than Titian, or Tintoret, or Paul Veronese: and one great pleasure of looking at their works is that you feel that they were not isolated conceptions of genius, but they were really a part of the national life of Venice, that they were inspired by it, & were its natural offspring & ornament.

The great 'Crucifixion' of Tintoret and the 'Peter Martyr' of Titian are the two pictures which live with me most. The latter is a subject of not quite the first order, but perfectly treated—form, expression, colour, light, time of day, all harmonising as if they had just signed a treaty of *Entente Cordiale*. But the great, the amazing, work is the 'Crucifixion,' much less great as a painting, far greater as a poem, as a creation of a mind which first sees high things piercingly, and then records them undazzled.

In October the brothers started for an autumn tour in Greece. From Venice they passed by Trieste to Vienna, and thence steamed down the Danube and by the Black Sea to Constantinople. The memories of the Crimean War were still fresh.

There can be few spots more touching to an Englishman than the little burial ground at Scutari. It lies just at the foot of the hospital where the lady nurses lived, and on the very verge of that lovely sea which separates it from the glittering city. The sun beats hot and full upon it: there are no trees yet to give the shade which the cypresses give to the Turkish burial ground hard by. There are many stones with simple—very simple—inscriptions. There are many more broad parched mounds with no stone to distinguish their inhabitants. But what does it matter? They were Englishmen who died in the first great war since Waterloo, and our reverence is paid to them less as individuals than as countrymen who were not unworthy of their country.

The first impressions made by Athens on the minds of two devout classical pilgrims cannot fail in interest.

October 18, 1857.

At Athens one does not feel abroad. It is a true home. Where else do you meet such old friends, such well-known friends, such great friends—friends, too, who have been loved and honoured so universally for so many centuries? Every name of a street, almost of a shop, carries you back to something which you once thought of with dim awe, as of an heroic time far removed from modern littleness. I do not say that early impression was true, but it was very forcible & very permanent.

. . . And so you feel at home. All your favourite books and pet passages which you spouted to yourself unheard at Trinity are now evoked and paraded on their own ground. You see how close Demosthenes was standing to the magnificent public buildings

of the Acropolis when he pointed with his right hand to them, and praised them as the fit records of great deeds achieved by the State. You follow the turbulent, rollicking populace from their shops and their chat in the Agora—the market place where loungers lounged—to the great place of assembly a few yards up the hill. There their orators harangued them from a high, broad stone which looks over all the actual city, has the Acropolis a little to the right, and all but allows the speaker to see the sea behind him. If he could jump 5 or 6 feet, he would be in full view of it. Quite close to the same busy Agora—you mount it by a flight of old stone steps—is the rock of the Areopagus. It is not very high. It looks black. It exactly fronts—the interval is not above 10 yards—the magnificent Propylæa, that is, the great porch with marble stairs, side porches, & columns, which was the entrance to the Parthenon and all the other buildings of the Acropolis. . . .

. . . Athens lived for a short—a very short—term, perhaps the most noble as well as most brilliant life ever granted to a State. Soon she became frivolous & corrupt. But that short term of life produced absolutely first-rate merit in almost every department of human powers. Whether you care for men or for men's works, for politics & patriotism, or for poetry, or for philosophy, or for art, you feel in Athens that you are at the fountain head. The only other ancient country, as it seems to me, where the local associations can at all vie in interest with those of Greece is Palestine. Yet these latter are chiefly sacred for the part which they bear in the earthly life & in the death of Christ. We think comparatively little of the Jewish people.

They stayed at Athens only long enough for a first impression : time, however, was found for a walk to the top of Pentelicus. Such energy astounded the (possible) descendants of Pheidippides, their Greek guides, to whom the idea of *walking* up a mountain seemed sheer madness. They engaged as dragoman one Dimitrius Pomoni, and hired horses for a prolonged ride. Montagu's steed, ' a large pony of the blackest brown,' was ' Little Fool,' an unkindly nickname, as he carried his rider of many weeks without a stumble over difficult ground. But the unkindness of the nickname is attributable to the modern Greeks, whose words for a pony are *μικρὸν ἄλογον*, or ' little lack-reason,' though why a horse, much more a pony, should be so dubbed amiss, it remains for the descendants of Nestor to explain.

So equipped they started for Corinth, Argos, Mycenae, Sparta, and across the Peloponnese to Bassae and Olympia. At Patras they heard of the fall of Delhi :

One can scarcely doubt that the tide of desolation is stemmed, and that a new era for British dominion has begun. I do not feel

disposed to blame anyone in particular, but the whole people, our own selves. Those of us who are careless and faithless and only half in earnest about our daily duties cannot be surprised, and have no right to complain, if a similar apathy in higher quarters imperils our Empire. There has been no apathy in Havelock.

They embarked the horses with some difficulty in a large open boat and crossed the Gulf of Corinth, sighting Ithaca in the distance and passing, Thucydides in hand, over the scene of Phormio's famous sea-fight. They landed where the pilgrims of old had landed, at Crissa, the port for Delphi.

November 9, 1857.

. . . We did but very scant justice to Delphi, staying there but 2 hours, part of which was dedicated to that vulgar disenchanter —luncheon on cold chicken & Zante wine. I was sorry not to stay longer. There was nothing more actually to be seen, but I am a devout believer in the power of the *genius loci*, whether it be in the cloisters of Trinity, in the old house at Stratford on Avon, or in the walks at Beaconsfield : nor do the graves of Pitt and Fox and Wilberforce in Westminster Abbey derive their solemnity from the miserable statues that stand, sit, or lie near, to dishonour them. It is enough to stand in the Southern aisle and read on the simple stone—only one among many—' William Pitt, born 1749, died Jany. 1806.' It is true that this fact may be read of elsewhere, before or afterwards. But the eye is the most eloquent of suggesters. Unfortunately however he is a self-willed capricious suggester, and cannot be depended upon to act at a moment's notice, especially if the day be cold & gloomy. The result, or rather the practical illustration, of all these principles is this, that I did not find 2 hours nearly enough for Delphi—that I could not feel that it ought to be enough, and that I left one of the most interesting spots on the earth thoroughly uninspired, yet conscious that I had been standing on holy ground, consecrated not merely by the profound faith which enquirers from Greece brought to its Oracle, but also by the fact that they came from *all* Greece, thus confessing a common bond of belief amid all their unceasing jarrings and jealousies. The Oracle however was dumb to me, and doubtless it was my own fault that it was so.

The ascent of Parnassus in deep snow gave Montagu the second of his three titles for admission to the Alpine Club : again the Greek guides were out-distanced and out-breathed by the young Englishman. It was a disappointment when they were debarred from crossing Helicon, but that lovely range was at the time a fastness of the brigands, and Dimitri declined to risk his horses—and his nose.

You will like to hear some more of our wanderings: by the time this reaches you they will for a time be over, unless the brigands catch us before we get back to Athens. Last Friday there was a fight between them and the gensdarmes at Lebadea, not far from Thebes, in which one of the rascals was killed and others wounded. Woe to the gensdarmes if they fall into their clutches. First they are mutilated & then cut to pieces. Our guide up Parnassus had had to part with his nose and two ears some years back. They were gracious enough to give him back the nose, and a little thread bound it securely to its old position; but, poor man, he reminded one of many winged inmates of the Zoological Gardens.

By way of Thermopylæ they passed to Eubœa, to which they had looked forward as the pick of scenery in Greece; but ten miserably wet days gave Arthur a touch of fever and Montagu some anxiety on his behalf. Dimitri proved himself on this occasion a better friend to man than dog.

November 25, 1857.

Some amusing incidents as you may suppose came in to cheer us. First of all Dimitri, who is a capital nurse as well as cook, and would in short, if he were not married and a bankrupt, be worth Anne's enquiries, is a constant fountain of amusement with his racy thoughts & his broken English. He always says 'mightily' for 'possibly': and if he is asked whether anything can be done or cooked or made, is sure to answer with an 'of course' in an accent that we shall never forget. Arty had a mustard plaster one night. There is a savage big dog in the house who terrified us till we bribed him into kindly feelings. The morning after the plaster Dimitri came in to lay breakfast and seeing the dog expectant observed, 'I did give him the first cataplasm: when I give him the second, he don't want to take it.' This was a refinement on the pillules of bread & pepper & mustard with which we used to abuse the confidence of flapping Mons. Jocko at Boulogne. During our delay I read Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii.' One evening I was telling Dimitri about the destruction of the city. He said briskly, 'Never I don't go to that place: if he can fall once, mightily he can fall again—of course.' D. uses his *hes* with a grand impartiality. It suits all genders equally well. Here I suppose it refers to *lava* understood.

Through the Bœotian towns of Thebes and Chæroneia and across Cithæron they returned to Athens for final impressions and purchases. It was here that they heard the news of their sister Catharine's engagement to Bishop John Bowen.

. . . I reached Chæroneia just at the same time the next day. Here the drama of Greek heroism ends, not but what there are individual flashes of greatness afterwards, but the life of Greece is

gone : her chief men have been bribed, there is no possibility of a general union : two states, Athens & Thebes, have forgotten their long hatred & jealousy & make a final struggle for Greek Freedom. But it is too late. The Sacred Band, like the Three Hundred of Thermopylæ, fall fighting to a man, and the triumph of Macedon is secured. Henceforward we hear but little of great things wrough by the devotion of the small states. The flood of Macedonian conquest in Asia sweeps away all minor struggles. It was a custom in Greece to bury the fallen under a mound, as at Waterloo. So it was at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Leuctra. At Chæroneia the mound was raised, and on it was placed a colossal lion, but there was no inscription. It was placed over the Theban dead, and was intended to symbolize their character & their feelings. Till within a few years ago the lion was supposed to have vanished, but it seems that the soil of the plain is soft, and the lion had at last become completely embedded in the mound. It was discovered accidentally by a brute of a fellow, who, finding it sound hollow when struck, thought it must contain money, and blew it up with gunpowder There are now about 12 large fragments : the head is quite entire. It lies on its back among miserable weeds & low shrubs, and looks up at the sky. When I was there, the setting sun was playing upon the mouth. The lips were just open at the sides, the teeth are clenched fast, the nostrils are dilated. The expression seems to have struck all persons alike, from Pausanias, in the time of Hadrian, to Col. Mure, who was, I believe, the first Englishman to describe it. Rage and pain—the one suppressed, the other felt but submitted to—are firmly stamped on the head, and speak eloquently and touchingly. The lordly lion is indeed laid low by the alien wolf : he is sick & weak, his claws are cut, and his stoutest limbs are paralysed. Still, knowing his helplessness & remembering the days of his strength, he will not refuse the combat. It can have but one end. He falls more in shame and anger than in sorrow. . . .

Towards the close of their time in Greece Arthur wrote to his mother :

Do not think that I shall never return home. Monty's presence prevents home-sickness, but doubt not it will come. He is an excellent companion. Perhaps if we were less like one another in tastes and sympathies, and I more like him in habits of neatness, precision, and order, we should get on even better than we do—but, as it is, we agree and enjoy each other excellently. . . . He is extremely well and less devoted to ruins than he was, and therefore a pleasanter companion to me than at first, though we have always got on capitally. Greece is too lifelike, too beautiful, its resurrection, as from the dead, too striking, to be always poring over the past. For me, I will own, that if there were an old temple at my feet, and an eagle soaring in the air above my head, I could not look at the ruin.

Where there was so deep a sympathy and affection as between these brothers, there was no danger of soreness

or discord. But Arthur's words show something of divergence in their tastes. *He* felt the call of the future, the reality of the present; Montagu was more immersed in the interest of the past. On nature and scenery they looked with different eyes. Montagu had the passion for mountains and lakes on the grand scale, but had no care for detail: Arthur loved the more subtle effects of a cloud-shadow sweeping over the folds of a mountain, or the ripple of wind across a corn-field. Arthur never took a country walk without frequently calling attention to the flowers and birds that caught his appreciative eye: Montagu's letters from that perfect wild garden, the Tyrol, never mention a flower. In Greece, however, he was struck by the arbutus and in Palestine by the oleanders, surmising that they may have been the lilies of the Sermon on the Mount! He certainly loved trees more than flowers.

They reached Rome in time for Christmas. The buildings of the Eternal City and the services of St. Peter's disappointed Montagu, but on the other hand he was delighted with excursions in the environs, and the art of Michael Angelo and Raphael made an impression only second to that produced by Leonardo at Milan.

December 20, 1857.

This great city is staggering after Athens. *There* all the ruins can be seen in three hours, though you might spend as many months or years without being satisfied that you had drunk in all their beauty. *Here* everything is vast, except indeed the Seven Hills and the Forum; but there is but little beauty or indication either of intellect or fine feeling, nothing to compare for a moment with any one of the buildings on the Acropolis. There is indeed beauty to be found at Rome, but it is in the blue sky, in the pink and purple and rosy tints of the mountains round, every one of which has some classical association, and in the paintings and the sculptures. The buildings are astonishing and almost awful, some of them from their enormous size, but not beautiful, at least so far as I have yet seen. Perhaps the two most astounding of all are the Colosseum & the Baths of Caracalla. They seem made to last for ever. Their size, their thickness, their height—all is colossal. And not one noble thought can by any possibility be associated with either of them. What were they built for? Why was all this prodigious cost of toil and money? In order to provide a degraded sensual people with gladiatorial butcheries, and luxurious warm baths 3 or 4 times a day. Fancy Windsor Castle or the Houses of Parliament all converted into aristocratic baths, decorated with mosaic pavements and rich porticoes, and the finest statues! I am afraid it is true that our Pall Mall Club Houses are about the most splendid that we now build. Probably, however, there is no fear that they will

tell the tale of our luxury to many generations. Walls of 3 or 4 bricks in breadth are not immortal, even in countries which do not enjoy earthquakes. The Romans certainly had the merit of acting for posterity even when they built for their pleasures: and there is a grandeur in this thoroughness which almost makes you forget the objects to which it is applied.

. . . Very little of *old* Rome now remains. The great *Cloaca*, in which I ought to take a professional interest, is almost the only very important relic of the Kingly times, and the Republic has scarcely anything to show. Almost all the great remains date from between Augustus & Constantine, mainly indeed between Augustus & the Antonines. Now all this period—not a very long one—is of course full of great interest, but it is not an interest of the heart. It is a time of splendid corruption, in which physical power and unbounded wealth have taken the place of genius, and simplicity, and patriotism. At Athens it is just the reverse. All the great buildings there are not only exquisitely beautiful in themselves, but they speak of the palmy days of Athens. They are really and truly the offspring of a free and high-souled people, who had not yet lost their faith or their noble pride in their country's glory. At Rome you can hardly bring back before you the days of the Punic Wars or even of Cicero. One thing indeed you have unchanged. You have the 7 hills which, as Stanley quotes of Jerusalem, 'may not be removed, but stand fast for ever.' There are not indeed many points from which their forms can be very well distinguished, because they are so much built over with modern houses. Still gradually they lodge themselves in your mind, & Rome slowly rises above them. The old Forum, and even the very spot from which Cicero spoke, and where his head and hands were afterwards fixed, can be made out very clearly, though there is scarcely a column out of the many which remain about whose identity the doctors are agreed. This does not trouble me much. It is the Forum, the centre of Roman life when Rome was free. Rome is the place for statesmen rather than for antiquaries. Its overwhelming interest consists, of course, in the fact of its continuous life. Athens lived for some 300 years. But Rome has had a *series* of lives, each distinguished from all the others, and each we may say world-wide. I am sadly ignorant of her inward history, and feel the want of books greatly. . . .

. . . Raphael's 'Transfiguration' is finer than I was prepared for; that is, the upper part of it, including the three Apostles who are lying on the ground. The engravings have certainly not caught the *divine* expression on the Saviour's face, or what Lanzi happily & truly calls the 'spiritual lightness' of his glorified body. The fact is that there are very few pictures in which we say to ourselves, 'There is a divinity here, there is a true inspiration.' *All* the Crucifixions that I know fail in this, and of the many 'Ecce Homos,' as they are called, I really think that the one in our drawing-room, deficient as it is in colour, approaches more than any to the adumbration of a *divine* sorrow. The two pictures on which inspiration is written legibly are the 'Madonna di San Sisto'—that kingly Child, that mysterious Mother—and even more, the 'Last Supper' of Leonardo. Now in the 'Transfiguration' there is also something of this. The whole conception of the picture, with its three parts

blending in profound unity, seems to me sublime. It is the bringing near, so to say, of earth and heaven. How could human intellect represent more vividly and deeply the being of the Incarnate Saviour—of the God-Man—than by showing Him above the earth & yet present to it, receiving the homage of Moses & Elias in the spirit world, while human suffering and demoniacal agony cry to him and claim him below? The conception alone would stamp the work with an immortal life. And here it is embodied in the grace and sweetness of Raphael's most matured intellect. I feared to find something theatrical in the attitudes of Moses & Elias, but it does not seem to me that there is any such blemish. They seem upborne in the air by their own inherent lightness. The face of St. John on the ground, shading his eyes with his hand, is exquisite.

Christmas Day, 1857, 8 P.M.

I suppose you are now just restored to the drawing room after the turkey dinner. You have drunk the health of the absent, and half regretted that you were not in their place. And yet the party could ill bear any further weeding just now. *Here* we have had an ideal Christmas day in point of weather, though of course the very opposite of it in all other respects. We went off to the High Mass at St. Peter's at 9 to see the Pope borne in under his canopy flanked by the ostrich feathers. There is always something sublime in the sight of a mass of people in a grand building. I stood under the dome—the wonderful dome fringed with those great mosaic letters, 'Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram aedificabo Ecclesiam meam: et tibi dabo claves regni Coelorum.' The effect of the chanting close to the West Door just as the procession began, the triple Crown gleaming in the distance, was certainly fine, and the whole ceremony beyond all comparison grander than that of the previous evening at the Sistine. Still, I cannot say that it touched me in the least, nor do I think that it contains real elements of grandeur, considered either as a religious service, as a musical display, or as a spectacle. . . .

. . . You who have travelled much would doubtless be able to add some valuable chapters to any History of Enthusiasm. You know how capriciously it comes and goes, gets excited by trifles and turns restive just when it is wanted for some high object. Madame de Staël puts it well in 'Corinne.' Poor gloomy Oswald has been very much like myself, unimpressed with the Roman Holy Week, and therefore of course rather bored and disgusted: and she observes, '*Rien n'est plus triste que de n'être pas ému par ce qui devait nous émouvoir: on se croit l'âme desséchée: on craint d'avoir perdu cette puissance d'enthousiasme, sans laquelle la faculté de penser ne servirait plus qu'à dégoûter de la vie.*' I don't yet consider myself in quite such a hopeless case, nor do I admit that the Sistine Service was one which *ought* to have moved any sensible Englishman. Still I recognise the feeling that she describes, and it is not a particularly satisfactory one.

When Arthur had returned to England in January, Montagu took rooms in the house of a cultivated Italian colonel, to pass in the study of Dante with his host the

time until spring should bring the season for further wandering.

January 19, 1858.

How different all this is from England! To read *The Times* at 5, and at half past 6 dine with people who never heard the name of Sir Robert Peel, shows one that the world has a good many sides. I always greatly distrust generalizations on the character of foreign peoples, and even on their governments. Habit and association are such strong moulders of thought and feeling, and these again are such important factors in public happiness and even in public virtue, that it is impossible to judge rightly of a people's present, unless you know a good deal of the complicated past life which has paved the way for it. *Here* however there is so much that seems to go counter to the best parts of human nature that I at all events feel no misgivings in heartily abominating the whole political system. The enormous number of priests and friars of all orders who meet you at every corner—all of them slaves to Hildebrand's godless rule of celibacy—strikes one as an insult to humanity itself. It is the worship of ecclesiasticism: the sacrifice of freedom to system—a system none the less hateful because its professed object is lofty. All our dissents in England appear a comparative blessing. A few days ago we went to Tivoli. Our *vetturino* was a man of some brain and very communicative. He says that all was going on well under the Triumvirs[1] before the French forced themselves in. The Church discipline was to be retained, only the temporal power was to be taken from the Pope and Cardinals. He spoke with respect of Saffi, but with enthusiasm of the soldier Garibaldi, who was always to be found during the siege where the fire was hottest. Speaking of the comparative merits of certain of the leaders, he said, 'There is a great difference between those who say *Andate fuori* and those who say *Andiamo fuori*.' Pithy, is it not? He added, 'I know at this moment two Italians at Paris who are sworn to take the life of the Emperor.' Twelve hours later the news reached Rome that the attempt had actually been made. And a very horrible one it is most certainly, aimed not at one man's life merely, but recklessly tearing his guards to pieces, perhaps even his wife. I detest such attempts, but Louis Napoleon can hardly be surprised at them. He has sinned so deeply against Italian freedom. It is impossible to tell how the matter is viewed by the people here. Of course there was a *Te Deum* at the French Church, and doubtless the Pope telegraphed his sympathy to his 'eldest son.' The French troops here are hated in spite of their good behaviour, and the courtesy of their General. Many of them wear our Queen's medal, but I would rather see it anywhere than in the streets of Rome. . . .

For the approaching Eastern tour he was fortunate in finding a travelling companion in Mr. C. Hunter Brown, an Englishman settled in New Zealand, but then visiting

[1] The Roman Republic was proclaimed in 1848, and suppressed the next year by French troops.

Rome. The friendship then begun was continued by correspondence for many years. Mr. Brown was interested in the fortunes of the Church in New Zealand and frequently wrote to consult the Head-Master of Harrow on ecclesiastical and literary topics. Wisely enough they decided to test their mutual compatibility by a short experimental tour to Naples and its surroundings. The Farnese Hercules in the Royal Gallery at Naples, by a strange connection of thought, evoked memories of the Board of Health in London.

February 16, 1858.

I think you taught us to regard dear old Hercules as something too much of a *giant*, instead of a 'putter down of abuses' as we poor moderns style it. His 'abuses' took rather a material form, it is true: Nemean lions, Lernaean hydras, sows and bulls and curling snakes, in fact a whole Wombwell of beasts. His religion was decidedly of the 'muscular school': but as you look at him leaning thoughtfully on his club which has done so much, and holding in one hand behind him the three apples which announce the end of his toils, you place him instinctively in the noble army of self-sacrificing workers, independently of their time, their country, and even their religion, and you fancy he might be Wilberforce abolishing negro drivers, or Mr. Denison[1] (some day) in Parliament exterminating 'shams.' It is a very noble statue. Hercules had his fight with the great Hydra who gave him so much trouble. Doubtless this gentleman was the sanitary question of the Hercules Century, each of his ever-springing heads being nothing but a new Local Interest constantly popping up when General Boards fancied all opposition lulled. Hercules and Theseus are said to have spent their lives in 'cleaning the earth' of all the evils which defiled it—rascally robbers, Augean Stables, &c. In fact they were just the sort of men that Carlyle wants, perhaps England and India want, at the present day.

Together they ascended Vesuvius and visited Capri, Amalfi, and Paestum. By March they were in Egypt. They saw the usual sights of Cairo, and engaged as dragoman Ghizoweh, on the recommendation of F. G. Vesey, who had made the Sinai-Syrian tour in the preceding year.

March 7, 1858.

I was more struck by the Sphynx (who by the bye is a gentleman and not a lady, as I had imagined always before). 'Eothen,' I am sure, thought he was a lady, though his words do not necessarily imply it. I know not whether Whewell's massive visage has forced itself on my brain with a crushing power as a constant 'presence not to be put by,' but certain it is that it often rises

[1] Afterwards Lord Grimthorpe, an old family friend.

before me. I saw him again in the mutilated Sphynx. The nose and eyes are gone, but the thick lips remain, and so does the perfectly straight forehead, and neither of these are characteristic of Whewell. But when you stand directly in front, the general contour of the head and face, its massiveness, its great breadth, the size of the ears, nay even the wings which look just like a wig covering the head, and which would so well suit Whewell if raised either to the episcopal or judicial bench—all seemed to bring me into the presence of 'my august Master,' as the diplomatists say. . . .

I daresay it is gross ignorance, but I cannot help hating the old Egyptians. Their bullying of the poor Israelites, their disgusting superstitions unredeemed by that beauty of thought which was always found in Greece, their juggling tricks in later days—all make them hateful: nor does the view of modern Cairo, with its fusty narrow streets and the horrible dirt of the people, make you at all enamoured of this phase of Eastern life. The number of men who have lost an eye is horrible. Doubtless ophthalmia does a good deal, but I believe the desire to escape from military service is the great eye-extractor. The women are much less disfigured in this way. The constant braying of asses is one of the strange sounds of Cairo, as their braying attitude, in which tail and throat conspire, is certainly one of the oddest sights. Your ass, with all his faults, is a very sociable animal, and when he sees a party of friends coming down the street, he is very fond of having a bit of chat, as much as to say, 'I should be very glad to stop a minute, old fellow, but you see I'm hardly my own master just now.' It is a most ludicrous sight to see a grave old Arab, with turban and flowing beard, advancing down the street on a small ass, every muscle of whose body is rigid with the braying convulsion.

Butler's dislike for the 'peevish, snarling' camel, which comes in for repeated malediction in his letters from the East, is a great contrast to his friendly respect for the ass, evinced in the last extract. Nor was this partiality evanescent.

To the Secretary of the Camberwell
Costers' Benevolent Association.

Cambridge: May 23, 1916.

I always take off my hat to a
Donkey
in the street or on the road, and I now send him a little offering.

On the approach to the 'Mountain of the Law' he had a narrow escape from serious bodily damage.

March 24, 1858.

We had to take the route which leads you by the Wady-Humr and near the Surâbit-el-Khadim, or 'Sir Robert' as we always called him. This is a strange spot, and certainly I am glad that

I saw it, though it was utterly unintelligible to me. An hour's tough climbing up a steep sandstone mountain brings you to a point from which you look southwards on a wild mass of quarries. Quarries is what they appear to be, and for all I know the appearance may tell the truth. The top of the hill above them is crowned with a number of upright slabs just like our tomb-stones. They are all covered with hieroglyphics: comfortable heads of Isis and the winged globe, so common up the Nile, are at the head of most of the stones. The few savants who have examined this spot declare they can discover the special 'cartouche' or device of Pharaoh, Joseph's friend. Of course there has been much controversy as to the meaning of these stones in such a place. It seems most probable that the Egyptian kings used to make pilgrimages here, and set up a stone to commemorate their visit. Why they should have assigned any sanctity to this particular spot, no one, I believe, pretends to know: but there seems very little doubt that the spot *was* held sacred before the Exodus of Israel. The position of these monuments is what makes them interesting to an ignorant passer-by: it does seem so queer that cosy despots, such as one imagines a Pharaoh to have been, should travel some ten days into the Desert and then have themselves hauled up this very rough ascent. It is often a climb on hands and knees. . . .

. . . Coming down from 'Sir Robert' I had a little adventure which might easily have sent me home to you rather earlier than I hoped. We were rather late, and took a short cut over a steep pass to join our camp. It was a lovely night, the moon directly over our heads. Suddenly, as we toiled rather painfully up some very rough stones, I found myself getting farther and farther from my camel's head. The saddle had got detached from its beloved hump and was slipping backward. I called to the Sheykh just in front. He saw the danger, took hold of the halter, and, like a noosle, proceeded to lead the camel two or three steps higher, meaning, as he afterwards explained, to make the beast kneel down when he came to level ground. Gravity was too quick for him. Down came the saddle over the camel's hind quarters and I with it, loaded revolvers and all. I remember thinking, 'I wonder whether it will be worse than the upset of the Hansom in London': and I remember also, on feeling the sharp rocks rush into my back and sides, that I owned to myself, 'It is a very great deal worse.' The fact is, in falling from a camel you fall from a great height. Had the pointed rock struck me on the spine instead of just half inch to the left I should probably have had to be sent back to Cairo. As it was, I am thankful to say it was only a severe shake, and in about a week the bruises were gone. It is a great mistake to ride a camel up a steep ascent: it is dangerous and it is also uncomfortable, because the beast labours very much going up hill, just the reverse of a hare, whose forelegs are so short.

A short illness prevented Butler from ascending the Râs-Sufsafeh peak of the Sinai Range—a great disappointment: but he was able after recovery to scale the Jebel-Musa, his third claim for admission to the Alpine Club.

March 28, 1858.

. . . The view from Jebel-Musa, the traditional Sinai, is, you know, not very extensive: still you see parts of *both* gulfs of the Red Sea, that which washes Suez and that which washes Akaba. The *wildness*, however, of the view is its main feature, and in this respect I have certainly never seen its equal; everything around you is ragged rock on a large scale: Jebel-ed-Deir in particular, the hill on the opposite side of the convent, is one great cluster of broken columns. Perhaps you have nowhere a more striking example of those stern peculiarities by which the mountains of Sinai differ from all others. An hour's descent and climb brings you to the brow of Râs-Sufsafeh. You look over the Wâdy-er-Rahah, the avenue of which you passed the day before. The fitness of the place for a great spectacle thrills upon everyone, and—not to rush into the great controversy—the impression left with me and, I think, with all of us was briefly this—Râs-Sufsafeh is probably the peak which would live in the minds of the wanderers as the Mount of the Law. Its dark mass would stand up abrupt before them if they, or any large portion of them, were encamped or for the time assembled in the Wâdy-er-Rahah. But there is nothing in this to prevent the supposition that Moses, who was hidden from them in the cloud, may have received the Two Tables on *any* part of the range of which Jebel-Musa is the highest, and Râs-Sufsafeh the lowest, peak. The question is not, 'Where did Moses meet with God?'—which must be as secret as his grave on Pisgah—but, 'Where were the people when Moses came down to them with the Tables in his hands?' And this spot, I think, is probably the Wâdy-er-Rahah, where even tradition places the golden calf of Aaron. This Wâdy, large as it is—equal to about a mile square, according to the accurate Robinson—would still not suffice for the *encampment* of 2½ millions of people, *i.e.* about the population of London. Doubtless all the Wâdys which immediately surround the Sinaitic group, including the W. es-Sheykh and the very long W. Sebaich, were filled with the tents of this vast multitude. Perhaps, however, the W. er-Rahah would have contained all the *men*, some 600,000, when merely *assembled* for a special occasion. And this may be all that the account in the Bible implies. Certainly no other space that we saw in the neighbourhood of Sinai appeared to us so well fitted for such a purpose.

From Sinai the caravan moved on to Akaba, hoping there to obtain permission to visit Petra, the old rock fortress of the Edomites. For this purpose they interviewed the Commandant of Akaba. The ceremonial of Eastern hospitality included the offer of tobacco, which might not be refused without offence. It is the only recorded occasion on which Montagu Butler smoked! The Commandant returned their call and made a matrimonial offer, which was duly forwarded to his mother at home.

April 5, 1858.

. . . The Castle of Akaba is entered by a broad gateway: this opens into a porch, and this again into a court-yard. Here seated

on the ground, under the moon and stars, forming one side of a square. the other sides of which were occupied by his loyal subjects who had come so early to congratulate their protector, we found the Colonel Commanding-in-Chief. He made us squat down on a carpet beside him. Little cups of coffee were brought, and I descended to the hypocrisy of puffing at a tchibouque. This last degradation had been foreseen. Strange to say 4 out of our 5 are non-smokers : yet now we *all* squatted and smoked as if we had been toads and Pashas for the last 20 years. . . .

And now let Emily and Gertrude prepare to be jealous. Whether it was the paleness of my face—that paleness which, as Arty remembers, roused the curiosity of Spartan maidens—or whether it was my questions about Mehemet Ali which recalled him to the grand days of his youth—what it was, I know not : but certain it is, though I say it as shouldn't, the gallant Colonel was pleased to take a decided fancy to *me*. This he expressed mainly by staring, whereat of course I blushed charmingly. He mused, and then his genius suggested the natural argument—if the brother be all this, what must the sister be ? At length he broke silence and formally proposed. He hoped to come to England ere long to see me. If I would give him a sister to wife, he would give me—a white camel. I hesitated a little and did not answer. He was far too generous either to hurry me, or to put an English construction upon silence. Still I did not answer. The English are a nation of shopkeepers. He would increase his bid. He would throw in a pretty greyhound that was eating bones outside our tent. Up to this day I have given no answer. It may have been cruel to all parties interested, but I never was mixed up before in such matters : the thing took me all of a sudden, and the notion of a second brother in Africa was not exhilarating, though according to Anne's views of geography it would be just the thing for Catharine to be able to run over for an hour's chat with a sister at Akaba. The negotiation is therefore at present unconcluded. *You* have your daughters, and *I* have *not* my white camel. The barbarian left us soon after dinner, and we were heartily glad to be rid of him.

A local dispute about Petra was rife at the time between three rival sheikhs, and their tribes were embroiled in warfare. Consequently no safe conduct could be obtained : it was the second disappointment of an otherwise perfect tour. A further desert-ride brought them to Palestine, but not without an incident of some danger. Turkish mis-rule allowed a good deal of brigandage to flourish, and the avaricious Pachas are rightly blamed for such disorder.

April 20, 1858.

One evening we arrived in the territory of a fresh tribe. Next morning at sunrise a small body of the enemy were down upon us, holloaing like madmen. They occupied an Ebal and Gerizim on each side of our tent, and blessed us from neither. They demanded

blackmail, and raised their demands with each concession. Some of us were for refusal and taking our chance of a scuffle, but we were outvoted. While the negotiation was going on, amid a palaver that would have maddened Carlyle, I walked away a few yards from the tent. Instantly 3 or 4 pieces were levelled at me from Ebal, and I was ordered home, a most unpalatable position for an Englishman. At last we settled the terms, and departed with no admiration for these bellowing Rob Roys. We stole a night march upon Gaza, just the reverse of Sampson : or rather we took a few hours' rest before midnight, travelled all through the night by way of getting through an enemy's country, and reached Gaza about 4 the next afternoon. During the night we had one delicious sensation—accuse me not of inconsistency—we smelt *dew* again for the first time. We left the desert in the evening : when the morning sun broke over the hills of Palestine, we were in the midst of wide plains of green corn.

. . . When you speak well of a Pasha, you never mean that he condescends to be incorruptible. Even the great civilised Redschid, the friend of Lord Stratford, the Ambassador at London and at Paris, never dreamed of this : how then should the smaller fry presume ? A man hungers for a Syrian Pashalic. He has no ' family influence.' He cannot distinguish himself in a ' competitive examination.' His course is simple. He bribes the Prime Minister, well knowing that a year in office will well repay him. He comes to his post a very poor man, with two servants, hardly any baggage. When he leaves, at the expiration of his term, ' a steamer cannot carry away his goods.' So said to me a very able Englishman who has been several years in Palestine in an official post. The oppression exercised over the poor and weak is said to be disgraceful.

As a reverse to this picture he gives an instance to show what could be made of the country under settled conditions and proper cultivation.

May 13, 1858.

About an hour north of Bethlehem is the *Wâdy Urtâs*. This is just now a very interesting spot. First there is every reason to believe that it is the site of Solomon's Gardens. The old name Etham still survives hard by. Then it is only about a half hour from Solomon's three great Pools, and remains have been discovered of a small aqueduct or canal leading from them. It has been suggested that it may have been the personal property of David, whose father's house was so near : and that he may have left it when he died to his son. Now it is a green valley some 60 to 80 yards broad running E. and W. between two low ranges of hills. The principal cultivator is a certain Mr. Meshullam, a Hebrew Christian, born in England. He is really a remarkable man. He has travelled, he tells me, in every country except China, and speaks nearly all the languages that ever I heard of. He was one of Lord Byron's servants when he went from Ancona to Missolonghi. He joined him mainly because his father and uncle had been murdered by the Greeks in their rise for independence,

and he hoped that by the influence of an English Lord he might be able to get redress. He soon found, however, that Byron was not likely to give him much sympathy or much assistance against Greeks: and he was disgusted with his violent temper. 'He was always cursing and swearing, and so restless that he never could sleep.' The upshot was that he left him at Missolonghi. After many ups and downs and heres and theres Meshullam was seized on by the Missionaries and employed to assist them at Jerusalem. This proved very irksome to his independent travelled spirit, and as he was riding out one day by the Wâdy Urtâs he noticed the brook of pure water which descends into it, I believe, from Solomon's pools, and with the true eye of an Alexander he saw that it was a place to plant and build. He thought that he could do no better service to his countrymen than by showing them that their own land could again be turned into a garden. So he 'bought a parcel of ground' from the Bedouins, laid in a supply of seeds of foreign fruits and vegetables, and now the lower slopes of the barren-looking limestone are green with the youth of spring. Olives, figs, vines, pomegranates, apricots, &c. line both sides of the valley. He has been at work ten years, and has now 1900 peach trees. The peach was, I believe, formerly, that is lately, unknown in Palestine. He says the soil is extraordinarily fertile. I asked him what return the land made. He said, 'You won't believe me: I always say to people "Don't believe me, but come and try yourselves." But the fact is I reckon the returns at 400 per cent.; each acre will yield me £50 yearly, and that is more, I suspect, than you could get in England.' Very few Jews, however, have as yet come to follow his example. 'They like begging better than work.' . . .

. . . But while dreams last, he fancies that the time may come when, Europe being tired out with Turkish stagnation, the struggle of 1854 may be renewed, and a division of spoils be greedily swallowed by some, and forced upon others: and then to whom should Syria fall but to the strongest naval power, and to whom should Egypt fall but to the power that grasps the sword and would fain possess the keys of India? And then—what will the Jews do? And can landed-proprietors grow out of money-changers, and can they build up a political life? And supposing that prophecies have a temporal and not merely a spiritual meaning, are they to fulfil themselves by the mediation of commerce? And so runs on the vehement tide of dream till it tumbles suddenly full souse into the Dead Sea of the 'Ten Tribes.' And so I basely desert it.

We can only briefly follow the travellers to Jerusalem (where they heard of the fall of Lucknow), Bethlehem, the Jordan Valley, and the Dead Sea. A southerly digression took them to Hebron, and then they struck the north road to Carmel, Nazareth, the Galilean Lake, Lebanon, Baalbec, and Damascus. Much of the country traversed has become familiar to the comrades in arms of Lord Allenby, and a detailed account of all that befell our friends in 1858

would fill many chapters. A very few more extracts must suffice.

May 13, 1858.

On the evening that we came to Jericho there was a most brilliant colouring of purple over the range of Moab that necessarily reminded me of the 'Scape Goat.' The colours, equally glowing, were certainly very much less glaring than those of Hunt, because there was so much more to relieve them. 'Accuracy is not always truth.' Hunt made a present of the material scape goat to Mr. Crawford, the minister of the English Church. At first the beast behaved well, but at last he took to butting at the children and was banished to Bethlehem. . . .

. . . Generally speaking, I care very little about the 'exact spots' of great events, unless they really illustrate them and give them some of their meaning. For instance, there is a keen interest in standing on the Areopagus and imagining the exact position of St. Paul, because the sight which he would have had from here of the grand buildings and statues of the Acropolis a few yards to his left must have been the spur to his thoughts and arguments. But when you are shown the exact spot near Damascus where he 'fell to the earth,' or the 'house of Ananias' to which he was taken, or the corner of the wall from which 'he was let down in a basket,' you feel, 'what does it matter? It might just as well have been in a hundred different places.' When the spot chosen by tradition is a pleasant one and not manifestly absurd, it seems churlish as well as useless to question. But of all 'exact spots' and 'holy places' may be said what the angels said to the women at the tomb, even when the Holy Sepulchre was a place not of controversy, but most certain—'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' The pilgrim must bring the spirit with him to the 'holy place' or most certainly he will not find it there. . . .

. . . Baalbec I enjoyed *much* more than I expected. I looked for wonderful ruins, gigantic stones. But besides all this the idea of the whole place is kindly. In the noble valley between the two ranges of Lebanon some one must have thought he saw a fitting spot for a temple. It seems probable that the foundations—huge stones of 60 feet long, as much as the distance between wickets—were laid by Solomon. The Greeks, however. built upon these two noble temples to the Sun, with two broad courts attached—whether as a palace or a priestly college, I can't say. I had no books on the subject, and perhaps not the least pleasure was to roam among the grand marbles and slowly but surely feel for the central idea. One side of the larger temple must have risen right from the edge of a basement itself 40 feet high. People walking along the side gallery—the peristylium, as it is called—would have looked right out through the Corinthian pillars on the snow-topped wall of Lebanon. Certainly I never saw beauty on so *large* a scale. In this respect the ruins beat anything at Rome hollow. The Athenian Acropolis has many points of superiority—sea, perfection of architecture, magic names around, and below—but the scale is smaller. It does not excite your *wonder* in the same degree. And what was all this splendour for, this untold cost, this concentration

of massive beauty? I believe the historians are pretty nearly as ignorant as I. . . .

Towards the end of May they sailed from Beyrut to Smyrna, to be entertained there by the English Consul with kindly hospitality and reminiscences of Lord Byron. Italy was reached in June. Florence was the one important city of Italy that Butler had not yet visited: that gap in his experience was delightfully filled. At Turin he was able to satisfy his perennial desire to see and hear any great statesman who was playing a large part on the stage of European politics.

June 25, 1858.

I was eager to see Count Cavour. He is a little stout man, with a very big head and spectacles, thoroughly at his ease, and exceedingly badly dressed. I hope he had on a better coat at the Paris Congress, or he would have contrasted badly with our elaborate Earl. He appeared to me to have a quick temper, and the very few words he uttered went to pooh-pooh rather too contemptuously a member who was evidently thought a bore. He speaks very quickly, but clearly—in Italian generally, in French when he has to answer the Members for Savoy. Fancy if poor Dizzy had to get up Gaelic or Welsh! He has a pleasant smile, and a familiar good-natured way of patting on the shoulder people he is chatting with. They seemed pleased when he spoke to them—judging from his Speeches and Despatches he seems to me well-nigh the first of European Statesmen. I hope he will demand compensation from Naples. Surely he had at least as much right as we had.

And so ended the *Wanderjahr* of 1857–8.

There was one small but valuable piece of advice which Butler was fond of impressing upon a novice at walking, and that was to take off his coat and strap it lightly to the back of the arm above the elbow. He called this dodge his 'only contribution to applied science,' and was proud when it was adopted by so great an explorer as his brother Francis Galton and inserted in his 'Art of Travel.'

The ties of Head-Mastership, especially when the Head-Master has the 'encumbrance' of a young family, are prohibitive to distant travel; but the love for mountain scenery and for historic sites was too deeply ingrained to allow him to be satisfied with holidays in England. At the Easter of 1860 he was again in Italy with William Johnson (Cory). The seat of Italian government had recently been transferred from Turin to Florence, and there they saw the opening of Parliament by King Victor Emanuel I, and joined the crowd in cheering Garibaldi and Cavour.

Conversation with excited patriots in the Piazza caused him to write in his diary, ' So far as I can discover, an Italian will never hesitate to give you a positive answer of some sort, even when he is conscious that he knows nothing whatever about the matter.' They were present also in the gallery of the Chamber when Garibaldi made his indignant *interpellanza* about the cession of Nice to France : ' You have sold my birthplace,' he thundered at Cavour.

From these early visits must be dated his eager enthusiasm for the cause of *Italia Irredenta*. For many years at Harrow he regularly studied an Italian newspaper to keep himself *au courant* with the ideals of Italian patriots, and the steps by which those ideals were realised. The interest never failed : he read the three ' Garibaldi ' volumes of George Macaulay Trevelyan with delight, and on the walls of his small dressing-room at the Lodge the most conspicuous pictures were those of four Italian statesmen and generals.

The holidays from Harrow were often spent abroad, among the cathedral cities of France, or in Switzerland. Sometimes he and Mrs. Butler were joined by colleagues. Mürren was a favourite spot, to which he took his children year by year ; and there he worked hard with the Chaplain, Mr. Edgar, Head-Master of Temple Grove School, in raising money for the site and building of an English church.

To the Rev. R. T. Davidson
(then Private Chaplain to Archbishop Tait).

Harrow : June 6, 1877.

May I add a word on another subject well known to the Archbishop ? On Friday, June 15th, the S.P.G. will have before them the definite offer of the site for a Church at Mürren. Nearly three years ago their Continental Chaplaincies Committee assured me in a written letter now in my possession that they would gladly accept the site on the conditions originally named—*i.e.*, that the Mürren Villagers should be allowed the use of the building for their services at times not inconvenient to us. On the strength of this assurance we have, by very great exertions, raised £1300. Last October the signal of opposition was raised by some of the more advanced members of the High Church party. They dislike the thought of letting the Church be used by the Mürrenites, and they are likely to muster in some force to oppose the acceptance of the site. Does the Archbishop think he can help us in any way ? He will remember how powerfully he himself advocated our cause at Mürren in 1875.

The question in dispute was settled by allowing the Mürrenites to use the church for their services on the Sunday

afternoons; many of them came from distant mountain châlets. When the church was opened, Butler had the happy idea of inviting John Farmer to come and play the music. Farmer, with his knowledge of Swiss patois, was in his element: he organised an evening of national songs and dances for the maids of the newly-built hotel, and they honoured the occasion by wearing their picturesque native costumes and ornaments.

His last visit to Switzerland from Harrow was paid in 1884, when he took his family, recently bereaved of their mother, to Pontresina. There he found himself surrounded by many Harrow friends, including Percy M. Thornton, then engaged in compiling his history of the School, Captain Dawson, one of the earliest of licensed lay readers, and Arthur Macnama, a brilliant scholar and keen mountaineer, whose early promise was cut short by an Alpine accident in 1890. There too he made the acquaintance of Sir George Wellesley, son of a Canon of Durham and nephew to the Great Duke. 'In 1832,' Sir George told him, 'the Duke was to lay the foundation stone of a Church at Chelsea for his brother; but the engagement was cancelled, for the Duke would have been stoned by the mob.' In the intervals between excursions (he was the first of his party to reach the top of the Diavolezza Pass—'Tortoises *v.* Hares') his appetite for reading was voracious. Much of Burke and Carlyle, de Tocqueville, Mme. de Remusat, Bishop Magee's 'Origin of the Christian Life,' and E. Scherer's 'Journal Intime' were devoured and commented upon in his journal, which also records his interest in the mountain climbing and lawn tennis of his son Ted.

From Cambridge too he revisited old haunts in France, Switzerland, and the Italian Lakes. In 1892 he had the delight of introducing Mrs. Butler to Greece. But as years went on, and the second family arrived, shorter journeys were preferred, to the Lakes, or more often to Scotland for visits to Mrs. Butler's home at Bamff, or to lodgings at Fort William, Kinloch Rannoch, Aviemore, Arran or other centres which might combine lovely scenery with an opportunity for his younger sons to indulge their inherited taste for climbing.

To Archdeacon VESEY.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: September 22, 1903.

Just back, via sleeping car, from 7 weeks in Scotland, the last 6 spent on sofa from badly sprained ankle on Aug. 12th. Look

for me in the Junior Judge's Room for some time. The Radicals have not yet abolished Ground Floors.

At the Station to-day I was put on a Chair, and the Chair on a Trolley, and the Porter wheeled me to my Triumphal Car. I carried my crutches in my hand. Fancy Whewell or Thompson on a Trolley!

And so, young or old, hale or ailing, far or near, the spirit of travel never ceased to call him, and he wrote, 'Therefore I travel, as often as I can, mentally and bodily.'

CHAPTER VIII

ELECTION TO THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF HARROW

When Dr. Vaughan in 1885 congratulated Mr. Welldon on his appointment as Head-Master, he added the words, 'Don't stay too long; fifteen years will be quite enough.' He only preached what he had practised himself, for his own reign at Harrow lasted exactly that period, and the fifteen years would expire in December of 1859. Accordingly he gave a term's notice of his intention to retire, and issued on September 16 the following circular to the parents of the boys:

Harrow: September 1859.

The end of this term will bring with it the completion of the 15th year of my Head-Mastership. I have resolved, after much deliberation, to take that opportunity of relieving myself from the long pressure of those heavy duties and anxious responsibilities which are inseparable from such an office, even under the most favourable circumstances. With how much reluctance I form and announce such a resolution, it is needless for me to say. I have no doubt that the Governors of the School will elect as my successor in this important charge some one in whose administration, aided by the exertions of my present able coadjutors, you will have reason to feel entire confidence. I earnestly hope that you will find yourself able to allow the education of your son to be completed where it has been begun. I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of the confidence which you have reposed in me, and a lively interest in the continued welfare and prosperity of this beloved and honoured school.

A similar notice, *mutatis mutandis*, was delivered to the Governors, and an advertisement was published by them inviting candidates to send in their testimonials by October 25.

The news of Dr. Vaughan's resignation reached Montagu Butler at Grange on Derwentwater, where he was preparing himself for his approaching ordination.

To Mrs. George Butler.

July 10, 1859.

I have come to the happy conviction that Grange has the best position in Borrowdale. I can lie on the grass outside my lodging, just over the deepest pool of the still river, and watch the sun set over the crags I have been scrutinising closely a few hours before. . . . My great beauty here is Castle Crag, of whom I told you. She stands in the foreground, fully reflected in the river; on each side of her her shoulders sink down, giving a view of Glaramara and Scawfell Pike in the distance. It is essentially a picture.

In the year 1909 the Master of Trinity, when staying with his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall at their lovely home on Derwentwater, asked his hosts to drive him to the Manor Farm at Grange. There he found his way to a spot in the garden where the reflection of Scawfell Pike can be seen 'standing upside down' in a still pool of the river. 'Here,' he said, 'I was standing in September 1859, when a letter was brought to me which decided my fate in life by the conclusion that I must stand for the Head-Mastership of Harrow.'

That letter must, I think, have been the following one:

From Dr. Vaughan.

Harrow: September 24, 1859.

That you will have to *stand* for Harrow, I cannot for a moment doubt.

It is indispensable, however, that there should be a free and general competition, and no pledges given till all names are before the Governors.

In a minor degree, it is necessary that *I* too should espouse no candidate beforehand. Any usefulness which I may have in the matter will depend upon this.

Need I say that no happiness could equal that with which I should see you in my vacant place, *if* the choice should fall upon you?

But others, not I, must move for you. And there are many indeed to do so.

How vague and cold this sounds; but indeed I must risk your thinking so.

But even earlier than the date of that letter Frederick Farrar, then a master at Harrow, had written to him discussing the merits—or demerits—of other possible candidates, assuring him of the support he would receive from the staff at Harrow, and adding:

Every qualification seems to me to be united in you, and, should you succeed, I need not say how gladly I should work under you as chief. Should you not succeed, I shall be very anxious. Pray

let me, when the time comes, write you a testimonial. I could at least speak of your work for me at Marlborough [1] and Cotton's impression of you.

Butler's inclination (hardly yet a decision) must have been communicated at once to Vaughan, who replied :

From Dr. VAUGHAN.

Harrow : September 26, 1859.

My own impression is that it would be wise to delay any formal announcement of yourself for a little time longer, and to let it come rather as an act of compliance with the expressed desire of others, than of personal choice. There will be difficulties here of course, on the ground of the age and standing of other masters, which would be aggravated by haste or the appearance of haste.

It is an anxious time. I am sure that it is quite necessary to let opinions be expressed, and objections freely canvassed, before you come forward ostensibly.

Your warm friends here—Farrar more particularly—would do well to hold back rather than to press forward. They may run a risk of provoking hostility.

Testimonials—few and strong—cannot perhaps be too soon asked for and put together. Some men refuse to give a second testimonial, and therefore it is desirable to be first in asking.

How I can feel with you ! Exactly at your age I stood for Rugby, and to that unsuccessful candidateship I owed Harrow two years later. So little do we know what is desirable for us.

Besides Vaughan's counsel for reserve, there was another consideration which weighed against anything like haste. His brother George might contemplate standing, and Montagu's delicacy would never allow his own claims to be weighed against those of his father's eldest son. That George Butler did entertain some hope, but quite unselfish hope, is shown by the following letter :

From the Rev. GEORGE BUTLER.

Cheltenham, September 22, 1859.

You may like to see a letter from Vaughan which I received this morning. He enters more fully into the question of my standing, or your doing so, than I expected. You must have so much to occupy you, and it is so desirable that your thoughts should be concentrated on your work, that I will add nothing on this subject, except to say that I think one of us *ought* to stand, and that, so far as my private feelings are concerned, I should be better pleased if it were you.

I know pretty well what my qualifications are. If any one

[1] In 1854 Butler relieved Farrar by taking the Sixth Form at Marlborough while Farrar was absent at Cambridge for an examination. The Rev. G. E. L. Cotton was then Head-Master, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

can be found with higher, I shall rejoice for the sake of Harrow; if the individual happens to be one of my own family, I shall be doubly rejoiced.

But on October 4 George Butler wrote: 'I have definitely abandoned all idea of entering the lists for Harrow, and you have my cordial and undivided wishes for your success.' This family obstacle once removed from his path, the final decision was taken.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Huntingdon: October 5, 1859.

. . . I do not wish to keep up any mystery about Harrow, nor on the other hand to proclaim it unnecessarily. Vaughan himself, after I left Eccleshall, particularly advised me not to make a premature public announcement. You can easily understand, though he does not actually say as much, that some among the older Harrow Masters like to look about them before they have my claims definitely & formally put before them. I did not know that the testimonials were to be sent in by Octr. 25th. Is this certain? How do you know it? Please let me hear at Trinity. I do not think that there is now much secret about my standing. It is known certainly at Rugby and by Barry, and this evening it will be known at Trinity. Probably it is already. I shall apply for testimonials there and elsewhere at once. I have telegraphed to Calcutta & Madras[1]: possibly the answers may still arrive, before the decision is made. Pray thank the good Bishop[2] once more for all his great kindness towards me. I shall probably write to him in a few days. Barry *does* stand. I wrote to ask him point-blank. His answer was most kind and generous. I know of no one else for certain. Wm. Johnson told Arthur Coleridge he hoped I should stand. Old Hort approved right heartily.

The weeks from October 4 to 25 were busied with the task of obtaining testimonials, and indeed the time was short. But the thirty-one letters were printed by the prescribed date and were prefaced by his own application to the Governors:

Trinity College, Cambridge: October 21, 1859.

My Lords and Gentlemen—In laying before you the accompanying Testimonials, I may be permitted to express my unfeigned sorrow that there should be any opportunity for me to do so.

I have been so accustomed, now for thirteen years, to associate the dignity and prosperity of Harrow with the government and character of Dr. Vaughan, that I cannot but regard his retirement as a most serious public loss. Time, I am quite sure, will confirm what all who know Harrow now deeply feel, that, in losing Dr. Vaughan, the School loses a teacher, an administrator, a spiritual

[1] *I.e.* to the Bishops, Doctors G. E. L. Cotton and T. Dealtry, for testimonials. [2] Of Lichfield.

guide, and a most generous benefactor, whose varied powers of mind and heart it will be hard indeed to find again.

If I have dared to hope that I am in any degree qualified to fill the office which he resigns, it is certainly not from unconsciousness of my own many and obvious deficiencies, or from ignorance of the grave and manifold difficulties inseparable from so high a trust.

I know by tradition how heavily they pressed upon him who during the first quarter of this century was charged with the government of the School. For the last thirteen years I have myself seen them surmounted with unwearied devotion and admirable judgment. May I say without presumption that, however unequal I might be found to so weighty a burden, I should at least not be found wholly unprepared ?

My Lords and Gentlemen, it is, I trust, unnecessary that I should make any profession of attachment to Harrow, or of my loyal appreciation of that peculiar character which has so long stamped her. No man owes her more. Few can plead a longer hereditary claim, if not to serve, at least to love and to honour her. I am deeply convinced, from what I have seen and thought no less than from natural feeling, that, if the School is to continue to justify its great name as a place of training for manly Christian gentlemen, it must be by adhering to those wise and generous principles on which the education of its scholars, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, has so long been based.

And I may further say, that, often as I have thoughtfully called to mind the many and lasting benefits which as one of Dr. Vaughan's pupils I owe to our old master, I have found no spot in Harrow to which I could look back with deeper gratitude than to the Pulpit of the School Chapel, no part of his teaching which has stamped itself more deeply on my memory than that which was there delivered week by week.

If it should be your pleasure to entrust to me the grave responsibility of speaking from that place, I may assure you in all sincerity and humility, that I should count it as the most solemn, the most anxious, among the many solemn and anxious duties that would then devolve upon me.

I have the honour to be,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
H. Montagu Butler.

The first testimonial was signed by the Master and twenty-five Fellows or ex-Fellows of Trinity : a note was added to it by the Master :

In addition to what is stated in the College Testimonial to Mr. H. Montagu Butler, I beg leave to say that I appointed him one of the Assistant Tutors of this College in the conviction that he would impart to our Students not only good scholarship, but good moral and religious principles and feelings ; and that, this opinion being unaltered, I should much regret the College being deprived of his services.

W. Whewell.

Official testimonials were obtained from the Rev. W. H Thompson, Regius Professor of Greek; the Rev. J. A. Jeremie, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity; the Rev. J. Grote, B.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy; the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity. The Bishop of Peterborough, who had known him from boyhood, the Bishop of Lichfield, who had just ordained him, and the Ven. Archdeacon Allen, who had examined him for Orders, bore special witness to his theological attainments. The Very Rev. Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely, wrote of his successful teaching and management at the Working Men's College at Cambridge, and the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies of his similar work in London. Lord Macaulay wrote:

> What I have heard from young men, who looked up to Mr. Butler at school. who have since looked up to him at College, and on whose characters his example and authority have had a most beneficial influence, has convinced me that he possesses in a rare degree the qualities which conciliate the affection and command the respect of youth.

The Very Rev. R. C. Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster, the Rev. C. B. Scott, Head-Master of Westminster, and William Johnson, Master at Eton, 'the school which most resembles Harrow,' spoke of his ability and high scholarship shown in the conduct of school examinations. Tom Taylor, Secretary to the General Board of Health, had been eye-witness of Butler's work in connection with Government Offices in London. The Rev. F. W. Farrar and E. A. Scott wrote of his success, both in discipline and instruction, as temporary Master of the Sixth Form at Marlborough. The Hon. G. C. Brodrick from Oxford, and from Cambridge H. J. Roby and the Rev. J. B. Mayor, Fellows of St. John's, dwelt on a diversity of gifts, such as love of the right, conscientiousness, wide literary interest, calmness of temper in debate, ready fluency and clearness of expression, cheerfulness, and skill in manly recreations. Vernon Lushington, the Rev. Fenton J. A. Hort, the Rev. E. W. Benson, Head-Master of Wellington, C. S. Currer, F. Vaughan Hawkins, and W. H. Stone voiced the high estimate of friends who had known him at College, or at School, or at both. The Rev. J. N. Simpkinson wrote as a Master who had taught him at Harrow; the Rev. R. Shilleto, his coach at Cambridge, added his unrivalled testimony to 'the surpassing scholarship and high excellence'

of his friend; 'during my very long career of private tuition I cannot call to mind a pupil who was more exact and faultless.' The Rev. W. M. Gunston gave the impression produced upon his mind by Butler's papers for the Battie and other University Scholarships. And finally five of his schoolfellows at Harrow—A. Blomfield, R. C. Green, G. Miller, Lord Spencer, and G. O. Trevelyan—told of their recollection of his career at school, which had led them even then to regard him as one day destined to be Head-Master, and their conviction that he 'would assay the continuation of Dr. Vaughan's great work amid hopes and with a favour that no one else could enjoy.'

Some of the friends to whom he applied had felt scruples on the ground of his youth and lack of practical experience in the conduct of boys at a Public School. But precedents were not wanting of youthful appointments justified by success: indeed it was the tradition at Harrow, for Dr. George Butler was thirty-one, Dr. Longley thirty-five, Dr. Wordsworth thirty, Dr. Vaughan twenty-eight, when they were called to the great responsibility; and now Montagu Butler was twenty-six.

From the Rev. Fenton J. A. Hort.

Malvern: September 28, 1859.

When we saw in the *Guardian* Vaughan's proposed resignation, our first thought was a wonder whether it would not greatly disconcert your plans, or whether you would stand, and, if so, whether you would succeed. You will gather from this that I *did* think you young for the post. This however has two meanings, young in the estimation of those most concerned, and young in reference to actual fitness. Your letter goes a great way towards removing my fears as regards the first meaning of the word. I think Cambridge and probably the world at large may wonder; but undoubtedly, if I were you, I should care very little for what they might think, if the Governors, Vaughan, and Harrovians generally do not consider your youth a disqualification. In regard to actual fitness of age, you would begin the responsibility with much better hopes of success, if you were 5 or 6 years older; but, if I were a Governor, I should consider that merely as one drawback, and not a very serious one. I quite agree therefore that you do right in standing.

From the Rev. E. W. Benson.

Wellington College: October 5, 1859.

I am in no way surprised to hear of your standing, but think that it is exactly what you ought to do and were sure to do. . . . You won't be surprised that I, like a miserable old hack, think that those have prior claims who have done work and won experience in the same line.

Against that, I can allow that a Harrow man has *his* corresponding claim, but this seems to me a matter for Harrow men and Harrow electors to settle, if they care enough about it, which I doubt not they do.

Dr. Vaughan was naturally precluded from giving any testimonial; but doubtless he was consulted by some at least of the Governors. There was only one qualification about which he could not speak from experience in Butler's favour, and that was the gift of preaching. It was probably to reassure himself and others on this point that he asked his friend to send him a sermon.

From Dr. C. J. VAUGHAN.

October 26, 1859.

Have you a copy of your Testimonials which you could spare for me? I should greatly like to see them if they are printed.

It is an anxious time, for me, my dear Butler, as well as for you. Can I not fully sympathise with you? If you could gratify me by the sight of one of your sermons, it would be very welcome. You know that you can trust me with it.

One thing will never be forgotten—that all your candidateship has been marked by a most singular delicacy and generosity. I can assure you that it is felt.

The 25th with its decisive act of sending in testimonials, seemed to make me feel how real and how solemn a deed I had myself done in resigning this great work. May God ever bless you, my dearly loved and remembered Pupil and Friend.

I am unable to enumerate the ten candidates who were in the field, nor does it greatly matter. Only two were seriously considered, Butler and Barry, and between them the running was very close. The Rev. Alfred Barry (1826–1911) was the second son of Sir Charles Barry, the architect, *inter alia*, of the Houses of Parliament. He was educated at King's College, London, was Scholar and Fellow of Trinity, 4th Wrangler, and first class in the Classical Tripos, and second Smith's Prizeman. In 1849 he had been appointed Vice-Principal of Trinity College, Glenalmond, the seminary of the Scottish Episcopalian Church; and in 1854 had been promoted to the Head-Mastership of Leeds Grammar School. In University attainments therefore he was nearly an equal of Butler, and in age and scholastic experience he had, in the eyes of many, a distinct advantage; on the other hand, the tradition of Harrow was Evangelical, and Barry was known to be a High Churchman—an equally distinct *dis*advantage in the eyes of some of the Governors.

That Body consisted in 1859 of six members; in the

order of seniority they were :—Rev. J. W. Cunningham; George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen; James, first Duke of Abercorn; George, first Baron Wolverton; Rt. Hon. T. H. S. Sotheron-Estcourt; and George, third Baron Northwick. At the first meeting for the election they are said to have been equally divided in their votes for the two selected candidates. Farrar[1] called in the evening upon Mr. Cunningham, impressed upon him the strong and practically unanimous feeling of the staff in Butler's favour, and won him over. This may have just turned the scale. At any rate at the second meeting, held on November 16, the Governors 'by the greater part of them,' selected the candidate so keenly desired by all at Harrow.

Meanwhile, on November 16, there had been terrible suspense at Devonshire Terrace. C. S. Currer had taken the keenest interest in promoting Butler's candidature. He was to some extent in the confidence of the Governors. When therefore on the fateful day he called on Mrs. George Butler and her daughters, and broke to them his belief that Barry would be appointed, and his opinion that such a selection would conduce to the best interests of the School, the poor ladies were plunged in despair. But it was not for long. Mr. Cunningham drove straight from the Governors' meeting to bring them the great and joyous news. The mother's letter bears signs of her tension, and her excitement when it was relaxed.

From Mrs. George Butler.

12 Devonshire Terrace: November 16, 1859.

Whilst the dread Council are sitting, I will employ my pen in expressing a fond hope that you took no cold yesterday. . . .

At 6 o'clock last evening Mr. Currer was announced; he looked very grave and at once rushed into the subject that was uppermost in all our thoughts. He spoke of his own notions, which his *civility* mostly combated, and he seemed very desirous to tell all he knew and had heard of the various interventions with Lord Aberdeen and others. He confidently expects Barry to be the man, though he surprised me by saying Lord Aberdeen would not support him on account of his high church. But he said Arthur Gordon was raising heaven and earth to obtain Barry, and, said Currer, 'You know Lord Aberdeen's influence must be very great.' He knew not Sotheron-Estcourt's views, but fancied a popular opinion might lead him. I was very kind to him and said I knew there was no want of regard or affection for you that made him dissentient to our wishes. He staid ¾ of an hour, seemed to feel for

[1] This was told by Farrar to the Rev. W. E. H. Sotheby, and by him to me.

my suspense, asked me if I thought you would go to Leeds, if Barry left. I said you had told me decidedly not, and that I could not think any of your friends would wish it. He evidently thought the post [of Harrow] would be too arduous for your health and strength, but this your sisters would not allow. You have thus a report of your *friend's* visit, for so I am sure he is to you.

So far written when dear Mr. Cunningham comes in. My joy to my darling son. I little expected dear Mr. Cunningham's announcement. Nice old man, how kind and pleased he was! You will hear from the Governors soon; they meet again to-morrow to consult about things, but you are safe. Mr. Cunningham said Lord Aberdeen took the entire lead, and he has carried it. May God bless it to Harrow, to you, and all who so dearly love you! Lord Abercorn [*sic*] was for you. Barry's [party] very strong. No more, a mother's heart can say no more than that she is ever and always *his* most affectionate

S. M. Butler.

Telegrams were sent broadcast to relatives and friends. The first to be sent reached Montagu at Cambridge.

To Mrs. George Butler.

Cambridge: November 16, 1859.

I was dining in the Hall at Caius, sitting next to our old friend Lamb, when Gray came to the door and sent in your message. Arthur Gordon had telegraphed to a friend some 2½ hours earlier, but *I* had not heard the news: so you, as you ought to have been, were my first informant.

I can imagine how you feel about it. To return in some measure to the life of thirty and forty years ago, and to miss the presence which made that life what it was, cannot be a wholly unmixed delight even to a mother who is ready to do anything for a son. I hope we shall both, in our work at Harrow, remember constantly that invisible presence, as well as that of a higher still.

We both know something of what the work is—most anxious, most absorbing, most unremitting. Unless it is constantly refreshed by God's living spirit, it will become cold and formal and a horrible slavery. On the other hand, if God be present, I know no work on earth which brings with it a more abundant blessing. . . .

Congratulations to mother and son poured in: a selected few of them must suffice.

From Dr. C. J. Vaughan.

Harrow: November 17, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Butler—The fond wish of my heart is fulfilled, & Montagu takes my place at Harrow.

May the blessing of God Himself be upon him, cheering him on his work here, & granting him its full reward!

The joy of seeing him in his Father's seat at Harrow will be to you great, but mixed with the irrepressible desire that it might have been granted to his Father's eyes to see it. . . .

I feel now that I shall live here over again in my beloved successor—the only person whom I could have borne to think of in my vacant study, or in charge of my beloved Sixth Form.

Forgive, dear Mrs. Butler, these few lines of most imperfect & inadequate congratulation, not more on the election itself, than on those qualities of heart & head which have prompted & will justify it.

From Dr. C. T. Longley, Bishop of Durham.

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland:
November 22, 1859.

Dear Mrs. Butler—My earliest Prayer on Wednesday morning last, was that the Governors of Harrow might be guided to a wise decision in their choice of a successor to Dr. Vaughan: and I accept Montagu's election as an answer to that Prayer. Let him be assured of my most affectionate wishes that a Blessing may attend his Government of the School: and that he may be an Instrument in the hands of God of conferring many Blessings upon others.

I have thought very much of you, since I heard the issue: and do most sincerely congratulate you on an event so eminently calculated to gladden a Mother's heart.

I will not trouble Montagu himself with a letter: for I know he must be overwhelmed with business. But pray communicate to him this expression of my feelings.

From the Hon. Roden Noel.

[No date.]

Dare I address myself to the newly elected Head-Master of Harrow? You know how sincerely it is that I congratulate you, my dear fellow, from the bottom of my heart. It was only the other day by mere chance, prostrate by typhoid fever on a sick bed, I happened to see a paper, wherein I saw the appointment of the Rev. Montagu Butler to the Head-Mastership of Harrow, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Vaughan. Judge of my astonishment—*imprimis*—& then of my sincere delight. I thought you were too young for it; but I always knew you were destined for great things. Is this not just what you wanted? You have however undertaken a very arduous task, & I do trust it will not prove too much for your strength. I am certain you will devote all your energies, & kindly broad & delicate sympathies to it, &, my dear friend, I envy the Boys placed under your charge. I believe you will follow, as much as in you lies, in the footsteps of Arnold; & endeavour, as much as you can, to make not only the upper, but all the little, boys confide in you, & make you a friend as well as Master. I, you know, was never a big boy. I only know what it is to be a *little* Public School boy. So my sympathies are chiefly with him. It is a problem how to get at so vast a multitude, no doubt: but you will apply your earnest mind & sympathising heart to the problem, & do much, I doubt not, towards its solution. Excuse more from one who is only just getting a little strength. . . . God bless you in your new career.

From Henry Sidgwick to the Hon. Roden Noel.

Cambridge: February 18, 1860.

Butler is, as I see you have heard, Head-Master now at Harrow. I believe, from reports, that he is getting on as well as could be wished in every way; but I have not got anything but business-scrap-letters since he went there from him. When Vaughan's resignation was known last year, everybody was sorry that it came so soon, as Butler, universally marked out as the fit man, was so young. This was, indeed, nearly deciding the election against him; but I think no one who knew him had the least doubt that he was the best man for the place; I have myself perhaps an extravagant belief in him. I think he only wants experience to carry on Vaughan's system of delicate and unremittingly careful management thoroughly well; and he will add this important advantage that no one will ever fancy him insincere. I never expect to see again a man so naturally formed to win golden opinions from all sorts of people! I never heard of any man, even the most wholesale scoffer, saying a word against Butler. My only fear is that the work will age him prematurely, bodily and mentally; it is such a tremendous load for a young man of twenty-six. Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-three; but Pitt was worn out at thirty-seven. How much I miss him I can hardly tell you. I have such a number of thoughts, questions, doubts, difficulties, vague ideas and dreams, that I can now tell to no one with the same certainty of affectionate interest and assistance.

From Francis Galton.

42 Rutland Gate, S.W.: November 16, 1859.

I do most sincerely congratulate you and Harrow on your mutual good fortune. They say, *les mariages se font en ciel*, and I am almost ready to believe that you and the School were created for one another.

Perhaps the most generous letter was that of the defeated candidate. Though disappointed at Harrow, Alfred Barry had a distinguished and honourable career before him. He was successively Principal of Cheltenham and King's College, London; Canon of Worcester and Westminster; Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia. On his retirement he was appointed Canon of St. George's, Windsor, and died there in 1891.

From the Rev. Alfred Barry.

Leeds: November 16, 1859.

I do not think I can congratulate you at present, for I had, rightly or wrongly, had some hope of success, and the disappointment is great at the moment and serious for the future. But I can heartily wish you all success and prosperity, and hope that your appointment may be for the good of Harrow in the best and highest sense.

The remaining weeks of the year were full enough for Montagu Butler. At Cambridge his course of lectures had to be continued, and he excused himself no single duty of a College Lecturer to his pupils. There was the interview with the Governors in London, and a visit to Harrow to exchange confidences with Vaughan, though the task to the retiring Head-Master of initiating his successor must have been a comparatively light one, as Butler was to the manner born and bred in the Harrow atmosphere. Every post brought its sheaf of congratulatory letters, some deprecating, but all really requiring, answers. Well might his mother write to Vesey :

> He looks to me rather worn, and the last few weeks have tried him much. What a position for a young man of 26 ! But you and I, who know his merits, believe he is worthy of that high position, and, if but health and strength be given him, half England will rejoice.

The annual Harrow Dinner was held on December 6 at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was made the occasion of a valedictory honour to Vaughan and a welcome to his successor. Dr. Vaughan, in proposing the toast of ' Prosperity to Harrow,' coupled with the name of the new Head-Master, said that it was the first occasion on which the destinies of Harrow had been committed to an Harrovian, and on which a Master, after fifteen years of service, had been followed in immediate succession by a pupil of his own. He believed that Mr. Butler was the one man who, from his intrinsic worth and exemplary private character, was best fitted to fill the chair that he was vacating, and he wished him ' God-speed ' in the discharge of his arduous duties. Mr. Butler would be no servile copyist, but would bring to the School a strong and independent will of his own. He would add that Mr. Butler was the one man of all others he would himself have chosen for the position, if he had had any voice in the matter.

Butler's reply remained long in the memory of those who heard it : I have come across references to the words ' either a baby or an infidel ' in letters of many years later. It is in many ways a key-note to the theme of his Head-Mastership. Dr. Vaughan, he said, had left him a legacy of no light weight. If it were worth while to refer to personal feelings, let any one of his old school-fellows present ask himself what he would feel if the welfare of the School

was committed to his hands, and that at a time when the cup of Harrow's prosperity was full to the brim. He looked upon the duties he had undertaken in far too serious a light to be disposed to place much confidence in the accidents of an hereditary connection with the School, or of a popularity however little deserved, or upon any such ephemeral considerations. Indeed, he who could look forward to filling such a position successfully in his own strength must be either a baby or an infidel; and he might well feel anxious for the success of his work, if he did not look for a stronger than mere human aid. But if there was much to justify anxiety on the one hand, there was also much to encourage and cheer on the other. He derived great ground of hopefulness from the bearing of the Masters to himself during the last three trying months: the unanimity of their support testified to what he could only characterise as an unusual magnanimity and rare generosity. That evening's gathering of 250 Old Harrovians, presided over by Dr. Vaughan's first Head of the School,[1] was a spectacle that could not but suggest cheering thoughts to his successor. The earnest sympathy of many at a distance was a third real aid. Dr. Vaughan had said that he would not succeed in any spirit of servile imitation: that was a remark most kind and characteristic of Dr. Vaughan. For his part, whether what he did should be set down to imitation of so good a model, or whether it should be ascribed to originality, he should not much concern himself; his ambition would be fully satisfied if the result should be some good service rendered to Harrow.

Dr. Vaughan's last sermon in the Chapel, on the text, 'Yet once more,' was heard by his successor, with what deep feelings of respect and gratitude we may imagine. The last recorded scene shows us the abdicating sovereign, loving and beloved, standing on the School-steps and shaking hands with every boy. So fell the curtain on the close of a great act in the drama of the School.

[1] C. S. Currer.

CHAPTER IX

HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF HARROW—RELATIONS WITH STAFF AND BOYS

When Montagu Butler, at the age of twenty-six, entered upon his great office, the staff at Harrow (excluding extra-masters) consisted of twenty-one, of whom nine had taught or known him as a boy at School. Vaughan had collected a very distinguished body of colleagues. The Rev. W. Oxenham (Oxford 1st Class Classics) held the post of Lower-Master and the House Moretons; the Rev. T. H. Steel (2nd Classic and 20th Wrangler) was in possession of the Grove; G. F. Harris (3rd Classic and Fellow of Trinity) ruled the Park; the Rev. B. H. Drury (9th Classic and Fellow of Caius) occupied the House which bears the name of his family; the Rev. R. Middlemist (27th Wrangler) had opened the House on Church Hill; the Rev. F. Rendall (Senior Classic and Chancellor's Medallist, Fellow of Trinity) had built and opened the House which now bears his name; and the Rev. E. H. Bradby (Oxford 1st Class, afterwards Head-Master of Haileybury) held a Small House. Among the younger members of the staff were A. G. Watson (Oxford 1st Class and Fellow of All Souls) and H. E. Hutton, whose names are still treasured at Harrow, and Vaughan's latest recruit, E. E. Bowen (4th Classic and Fellow of Trinity), who was still to establish a wider reputation in the fields of education and poetry.

But perhaps the three masters of that period most interesting for their widely different qualities were the Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, the Rev. Frederick William Farrar, and the Rev. John Smith.

Westcott had been Senior Classic, Chancellor's Medallist, and Fellow of Trinity, and was appointed to Harrow by Dr. Vaughan in 1852. He had already begun to pour forth that series of works, deep in theological learning, which

made him so famous a pillar of the Church. While by his range of scholarship he acquired a growing reputation in the outside world, the charm of his personal character was felt more and more at Harrow.

From the Very Rev. H. MONTAGU BUTLER,[1] Master of Trinity.

It was in 1852 that, at Dr. Vaughan's invitation, Mr. Westcott went to Harrow. You will doubtless have testimony as to the singular hold which he obtained almost from the first upon certain boys of exceptional intellect. Of this I heard at the time, and have heard since, but my own recollections begin with January, 1860, when I succeeded Dr. Vaughan as Head-Master.

At that time Mr. Westcott, not yet thirty-five years of age, held a very peculiar position at Harrow. He was little known in the School at large. He was not a Form Master. He had no 'Large House' to administer. His voice was not yet a force in the chapel. It reached but a few, and it was understood by still fewer. But even then he had at least two spheres of influence—his own pupils on the one hand, and the Masters on the other. With a 'Small House' of some seven boarders, several of them very able, and with a pupil-room of some thirty-three boys drawn from the Head-Master's House, the home-boarders, and some other quarters, he had an opportunity of creating, as it were, a Tenth Legion of his own. He founded, and more or less organised, a succession of boys who loved him for his kindness and sympathy, believed in him for his vast and varied knowledge, and might hope some day to understand more fully this attractive and stimulating, but rather mysterious, friend.

As to the Masters, it would, of course, be impossible for me, or indeed for anyone else, to speak for them as a body. Some, I think, regarded him rather as a dreamer and a recluse, whose element was books not boys, but there was a feeling among us all that we had with us a man of genius, a really great scholar, an original thinker, a rising and genuine theologian. With some of the Masters, especially the young men, the feeling was far, very far, in advance of this. We saw in him a very dear friend, a wise counsellor, a man who, on almost every subject of intellectual interest, had fresh and awakening thoughts, and whose ideal of life, personal and professional, was noble, simple, and self-sacrificing. We were somewhat amused by what we heard from time to time as to his difficulties in maintaining discipline, in spite of his boundless personal courage; but we saw that if he lacked some of the lower gifts, which the most commonplace subaltern can exercise in the classroom or on the parade ground, he possessed in the highest degree the greater gifts which make a man first impressive and then a leader.

The most critical period in his Harrow life, so far as I can judge, was when, on the death of Mr. Oxenham, at the end of 1863, he succeeded to the charge of his 'Large House,' bringing with him the few but very distinguished members of his own existing 'Small House,' that is, some seven or eight boys.

[1] From the *Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott*, by his son Arthur Westcott.

You will, doubtless, have testimonies from some of those able pupils who were then fortunate enough to share his fullest confidence. They well know that no influence then brought to bear upon them, intellectual or spiritual, could compare with his. But they will also, I doubt not, bear witness to the lighter as well as the graver side of his rich character. No learned man was ever less of a pedant. No great student of books could be more genial and even playful.

I may be allowed, and perhaps even expected, to say a few words on my own relations with him. As to these, I can never speak or think too gratefully or too reverently. Coming as a very young man from Trinity in 1860, I knew the great name which he had left in our College, and also the hold which he had acquired on the affection of Dr. Vaughan and on some of my most intimate Cambridge friends, such as Hort and Lightfoot and Benson.

I was, therefore, prepared from the outset to recognise the rare quality of his genius, and to minimise his deficiencies in dealing with the rougher and more commonplace aspect of boy life at a great public school. The special professional bond between us was what I had inherited from Dr. Vaughan. He helped me in looking over the Composition of a large part of the highest Form. But, apart from this, he was in many directions the friend whom I consulted most where special knowledge or delicate taste and feeling were required. If a programme was to be drawn up of the subjects to be prepared for new prizes—say, for Scriptural Knowledge or for Knowledge of European History and English Literature ; if I had to write some inscription in prose or verse for a Memorial Tablet, or for a medal, or for a series of books ; or, again, if any question arose as to the origin or exact meaning of some passage in the Bible, especially in the New Testament, it was to him, in my first ten years of office, that I constantly referred for advice, knowing that his replies would give me the maximum both of fulness and of accuracy. He never spared himself trouble in framing these replies, whether in Term time or in the holidays.

Farrar had been 4th Classic and had won a Fellowship at Trinity. After a few years of Mastership to the Sixth Form at Marlborough under Dr. Cotton, he was invited by Dr. Vaughan to migrate to Harrow in 1855. His essay on the Origin of Language and other contributions to Philology won him a Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1866 and a coveted Friday Evening Lectureship at the Royal Institution. In lighter literature also he had made a mark by those idealised stories of school-life which were popular indeed at the time of their production, but which subsequent generations have not so highly appreciated. 'Eric' had appeared in 1858 and 'Julian Home' in the next year. His friendship with Butler had begun at Cambridge, and, as we have seen in a previous chapter, Farrar had worked hard to secure the election of his friend as

Head-Master. An impression of his work and influence at Harrow, as estimated by his Head-Master and a distinguished pupil, may be gathered from the following extracts[1]:

From the Very Rev. H. Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity.

I must not attempt to give more than the barest sketch of Farrar's services to Harrow during the remaining years of Dr. Vaughan's Head-Mastership and the first eleven years of my own. His position was from the first, and throughout, original and peculiar. He was all along the companion of his boys, whether in form, or in the house, or in games or walks. He had no fears of compromising his dignity by such familiarity. Some boys no doubt took advantage of his confidence and his informalities, but he soon became loved and looked up to as well as admired. His teaching was strangely fresh and inspiring. On the one hand, he drew up formal printed cards to impress upon young learners the simple facts of accidence and the simpler rules of syntax. On the other hand, he was always drawing forth, from the stores of his really wonderful memory, which we had known so well at Cambridge, noble and memorable quotations from the poets, especially his grand favourite Milton. By this 'double action' he sought to make his pupils feel that, if grammar was the gateway to knowledge, literature and human nature were all the while its temple.

Devoted as he was to scholarship and literature, he was also the founder of our Natural History Society. Himself a considerable botanist, he inspired a number of boys, not all of them classics or mathematicians, with a desire to explore the secrets of nature, and especially to make careful collections of flowers gathered during happy walks in the neighbourhood of Harrow.

His gradually increasing intimacy with men distinguished in science and literature was pleasantly placed at our service. It was to him that we owed the first lectures of Tyndall on Sound, of Huxley on the anatomy of the Lobster, of Ruskin on Minerals. In short, he helped to 'enlarge our intercourse' with the wider intellectual world outside our own borders.

From the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

When I was at Harrow, Farrar was an assistant master there, and I have always blessed the day when I fell under his influence. At that time he had charge of 'the Remove'—the top form of the Lower School,—the average age of the boys who composed it being, I suppose, about fourteen. Every one who knows Public Schools knows that boys of that age are thorough Philistines, despising intellect and glorying in their brutal ignorance. For such creatures it was a most beneficial experience to pass into Farrar's hands. He employed all his varied resources—kindness, sympathy, sternness, rhetoric, sarcasm—in the effort to make us feel ashamed of being ignorant, and anxious to know. He was ruthless in his determination to disturb what he called the

[1] From the *Life of Frederick William Farrar*, by his son Reginald Farrar.

'duckweed'—the mass of sheer indolence and fatuity which pervaded his Form—and to bring out and encourage the faintest signs of perception and intelligence. His contagious enthusiasm stimulated anything which we possessed in the way of intellectual taste or power.

He taught us to love what was beautiful in literature, art, and nature. He lived and moved and had his being in poetry, and was never so happy as when helping us to illustrate our Virgil or Euripides from Wordsworth and Milton. His Dissertation on Coleridge in the Fellowship examination at Trinity had won the rare and stately praise of Dr. Whewell, and he loved to indoctrinate his Harrow pupils with the wisdom of 'the great poet-philosopher.' Again, he had early passed under the influence of Ruskin, and that influence reproduced itself in the constant endeavour to make us see the loveliness of common things—sunsets and wild flowers and fresh grass and autumn leaves. He tried to make us understand Nature as well as love her, by elementary lessons in botany and mineralogy. He decorated his schoolroom with antique casts as models of form, and Fra Angelico's blue Madonnas and rose-coloured angels on golden backgrounds as models of colour.

As some critics have depreciated Farrar's preaching, it is only fair to say that at Harrow it was a powerful influence for good. His sermons in the School Chapel were events long looked forward to and deeply enjoyed. His exuberance of rhetoric, though in latter years it offended adult audiences, awed and fascinated boys, and his solemn yet glowing appeals for righteousness and purity and moral courage left permanent dints on our hearts, and (what is less usual) on our lives.

John Smith lacked the advantages of high scholastic attainments; but his saintly example and teaching made him one of the greatest powers for good that Harrow, or any other school, has ever owned. He would have been the last to welcome any such statement of his influence, for he was the humblest of men. He never took, or sought to take, a House, or any Form higher than the First Fourth. There he taught to successive generations of young and often backward boys the blessedness of work, cleanliness and punctuality in all the smaller duties of school. But over his life, so devoted and so near to the Divine Presence, there brooded a dark, mysterious shadow. His private diary records the outlines of every term he spent at Harrow, and each record ends with the prayer that he may be saved from the inexplicable temptation against which he struggled, and would have to struggle, till death mercifully relieved him. His closest friend at Harrow was Frederick Rendall, in whose House he worked as Tutor. There so receptive a boy as grew into Bishop H. H. Montgomery was brought under John Smith's influence. He allows me to quote

some words from a private memorandum of his Harrow recollections:

It was John Smith's custom to send for all the new boys and make them promise him that they would never engage in evil practices such as they would not speak of to their mothers and sisters. Then it was that I first came to know of this wonderful man. I may say, indeed, that among all the wonderful men that I have ever known, John Smith stands by himself as a personality and an influence over others. His sermons were unlike those of others; his ways were totally unlike those of anyone I have ever met. There is no doubt that in his way he was the greatest power for good that Harrow then possessed. Boys reverenced him: in some cases they looked upon him with awe. His appearance was as though he had come through great tribulation, or had seen dreadful things and been shaken by them. And yet all this seemed to have made him altogether a man of God, communing always with unseen things, believing absolutely in the perpetual Presence of God, and living in that Presence. The very idea that in the end God's will could not be done in all men and in all things seemed to him so absurd that he could afford to laugh gently, almost gaily, at the follies of men, knowing that, sooner or later, the Spirit of God would tame all unruly wills, and bring good out of evil, either in this world or in the next. . . . I can see his tall and bent figure and flowing grey hair as he went up to School, watched with reverence by the boys. Or I can catch the tone of his voice in the Chapel pulpit, as he pleaded with us, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, in the name of his Master. We boys heard that he often would lie on his bed in a room over a little shop between 'second' and 'third' Schools, *i.e.*, from 1 to 3 o'clock, taking no food, and going back to afternoon School fasting, because he said it made him spiritually more fitted for his duty. . . . Think of this wonderful personality, imagine that he stands before you with a radiant and rapt look, as though he saw the invisible, and then listen to some of his utterances. 'Have you ever been to Scotland, Mr. Smith?' 'No, dear fellow'—and then a pause—'it is the first place I want to go to after death.' And when you hear that we boys were told that, when we went home for the summer holidays, he went and lived in some poor part of London, to work among the very poor, you will understand the tone of his answer. . . Sometimes he would go up to some boy who had a bad reputation, but in whom John Smith had faith, and pinch his cheek, and smile gently, and tell him how much he had got to learn, and how much punishment he had yet to bear either in this world or the next. . . . The heart of dear John Smith was a Cave of Adullam, into which he took all that were distressed and of bad character, because he had such perfect faith in the triumph of God's will over these wayward children, all in good time. All through my Harrow days I had this strange and penetrating influence before me. He used to take me to tea with him at Pinner, where his mother and sisters lived, and how I used to enjoy the long chat and the walk there and back! When I was leaving the School, he gave me two books, Pulford's 'Quiet Hours,' and Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus'

and 'Lectures on Heroes.' Put them away, dear fellow,' he said, 'you will enjoy them some day.'

When the memoir of 'John Smith of Harrow,' by E. D. and G. H. Rendall, was published in 1913, the Master of Trinity wrote to the former of the two biographers:

To E. D. RENDALL.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 25th, 1913.

This morning, as I was laying in bed recovering from a cold, Mr. Reginald Smith sent me your 'John Smith.' I read it right through before getting up. It is a real delight to see how successfully you have got through an almost impossible piece of portraiture. You have contrived to throw in numberless touches—impossible to be found in any other subject—yet true to the life in 'J. S.'—so real as to make all who knew him, old or young, say gratefully 'Yes!' and at the same time abash a cynic who might be disposed to sneer. The 'nearness to Heaven' you bring out with startling cleverness, and all that is implied in the habitual 'laddie' or 'dear lad,' the real instinctive affection for boyhood, the more weak each specimen! You give an instance new to me of his 'going at' the Master who had been Priest and Levite when the unhappy horse lay crushed and dying. Dear John Smith was, like Bishops Wilkinson and King, like Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, and Campbell and Row, a quite exceptional 'Saint.' Further, the sermons in those days at Harrow were much above the common in spirituality. I was saying to a friend only yesterday, what I have said more than once before, that at no period of my life have I seen the Christian Ideal continuously held up before our eyes by so many good men together as it was by the Harrow Masters from 1846 onwards. As to the results, God only knows!

You may or may not know how faithfully and beautifully John Smith would write to any Master whom he loved, and tell him plainly when he thought him wrong. For this same service one Head Master owes him more than he can ever say.

Such was the staff to whose higher command Montagu Butler succeeded in January 1860. If he was young in appearance,[1] there was no lack of dignity, no early faltering in his control. That Westcott, for one, had felt some anxiety on this point, but was relieved by the experience of the first Masters' Meeting, is shown by the following letter:—

The Rev. B. F. WESTCOTT to CHARLES DALRYMPLE.

Harrow: January 28, 1860.

I delayed answering your letter till I could send you some tidings which were likely to interest you most—of Harrow and our

[1] Perhaps it was because of this youthful appearance that he added to the ordinary cap and gown the Geneva bands, so familiar to Harrovians of the next twenty-five years.

new head. Hitherto all has been as prosperous as could be wished. The numbers of the School are increased, and from the first Mr. Butler has distinctly taken his place as Sovereign. I felt some anxiety lest he should betray any indecision or nervousness, and so create a suspicion of weakness; but my fears were quite groundless. At the first Masters' meeting he took Dr. Vaughan's chair with the calmest ease, guiding all the deliberations with the most perfect calmness and self-command. To preach was a more trying task; but I could not see that his step was quicker when he went to the pulpit, or notice any trembling in his voice when he began his sermon. His delivery was rapid and somewhat monotonous, but the composition was admirable, many of the sentences exquisitely neat, the thoughts unusually abundant; and the audience was evidently deeply interested. In alluding to his work he spoke with singular modesty and manliness. I am sure that you would have been pleased and contented to trust Harrow to his guidance.

It was inevitable that differences of opinion should occasionally arise between a Head-Master, young but strong, and colleagues mostly older and conservative of their traditions and rights. Opposition amounting even to disloyalty doubtless occurred, but it was treated by the New Head-Master with tact and courtesy, and no ill-feeling was allowed to rankle after the immediate cause of disagreement had been adjusted. Westcott was at all times his chief confidant: to him he unburdened his heart, and from him he most often sought advice.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

I am in great trouble. Can you give me your kind assistance and forgive me if, amid a multitude of letters to be sent off, I write with some abruptness?

I have for some time felt that the Lower Sixth was a very peculiar Form requiring an unusual amount of labour in the Master who took charge of it. It seemed desirable to entrust it to some one not hampered with the burthen of a full Pupil Room.

Accordingly, I offered the Form to Mr. ——, on the understanding that he should have only twenty pupils, and that when the time came for him to take a Large House the whole arrangement should be reconsidered.

This has brought upon me the most bitter and violent denunciation from Mr. ——, charging me to my face with almost every kind of injustice and caprice.

I am sincerely anxious to learn how the arrangement is regarded by other members of our staff, and especially by those who are enabled to view it with impartiality. Your opinion—whether favourable or adverse—would weigh with me perhaps more than any other.

If this were merely a private difference, I should not venture

to trouble you on so painful a subject. But as Mr. —— expressly threatens that he will take public steps to gain redress, it is very important that I should be made aware of the view taken by other members of our body You will judge how grieved and humiliated I am to have to write in such terms.

With the author of this unwarranted attack Butler remained on terms of closest friendship long after they had both left Harrow. Could there be higher testimony to his heroic forgiveness? This large-minded freedom from personality was a fundamental quality in his character. He was ever ready to impute good motives to those who differed from him, and was a total stranger to the sore feeling of resentment which so often embitters men of a more paltry range of thought. Westcott's reply is full of loyalty.

From the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

It is possible that my opinion on the matter which you kindly lay before me may have less weight because I have a very decided idea of the authority of a Head-Master, which I have taken every opportunity to enunciate. It has always seemed to me that absolute supremacy is the necessary correlation of complete responsibility. I cannot understand how anyone can bear the burden of such a charge as you have, unless he has perfect freedom to make any arrangement which he thinks desirable for the well-being of the body entrusted to his government. I have always maintained that we, as Assistant-Masters, may expect to be allowed to express our views upon any point, but never to have the least right to influence the decision by vote, and I can say frankly that I have never felt happier than when you have thought right to listen to our opinions and decide against the majority. These views I necessarily extend to the constitution as well as the organisation of the School, and, consequently, on general grounds I cannot have the least doubt that you must be completely justified in dealing with any Form as you may think best. I cannot imagine that anyone who has worked at Harrow can suppose that you have one thought but for the welfare of the School in any change which you propose. Our judgments may be divided as to the wisdom of this change or that—and I have often been obliged to disagree with you—but we all, I fully believe, see in your administration nothing but absolute devotion to the interests of Harrow.

Butler took infinite pains in the selection of Masters to be added to the staff as vacancies occurred. High academic distinction was required, and he instituted a rule that only the holders of First Class University honours should succeed by right to the tenure of Boarding Houses. This cost him the services of one good teacher,

the Rev. L. Sanderson, who, in consequence of the rule, migrated in 1869 from Harrow to Elstree, as Head-Master. He was, naturally, not always successful in his efforts to attract men of promise, though his letters of invitation were couched in charming terms. I am able to quote a few of them.

To Kenelm E. Digby
(afterwards Sir Kenelm Digby, K.C.B., Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office, &c.).

Harrow : September 26, 1863.

You will perhaps be somewhat surprised at what I am about to say. Is it possible that you could be tempted to accept a Mastership here ?

My dear Uncle Oxenham is sinking rapidly at Reigate, never to return alive to Harrow, much less to work. This blow, painful as it is, is hardly, of course, unexpected. But another loss of a different kind is impending, for which a fortnight ago I was wholly unprepared. Drury has intimated to me in confidence his intention to retire from Harrow at the end of this quarter.

The erasure of two such historic names as Oxenham and Drury from our muster-roll is painful to look forward to. You can easily imagine that I am anxious to secure as some compensation not only an able and high-minded man, but also, if possible, one whose name would be familiar and dear to Harrovians. Otherwise Hutton and myself are the only Harrovian Masters.

I will say nothing yet as to the exact position, pecuniarily or otherwise, to be filled by the new Master or Masters. Indeed, I have not yet settled the matter in my own mind. Of course I can easily understand that these important details might seriously influence your decision. For the present, however, it seems sufficient to ask whether it is quite hopeless to ask you to cast in your lot among us, either temporarily or as your fixed profession. As a friend, I know not what I ought to advise you for your own interest and happiness. From a Harrow point of view you can judge how cheerily the hope dawns before me.

To A. G. Vernon-Harcourt
(afterwards F.R.S., Secretary to the British Association, distinguished Chemist).

Springfield Cottage, Guildford : September 3, 1864.

I really do not quite remember when we have spoken to one another, but I cannot help believing that, independently to our common Harrow origin, we are not entirely strangers ; indeed, I suspect we must mutually have overlapped while at School. My object in now writing to you is to learn whether you would feel disposed to be our first Master in Natural Science at Harrow.

It will be a great delight to me if I can commit the new movement to the command of one who is in every sense one of ourselves. Do think kindly of the proposal, and tell me in all frankness how it strikes you either in its pecuniary aspect or in any other.

To C. B. Heberden
(afterwards Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford).

1 Belvedere Terrace, Norwood: January 6, 1872.

Is it possible that it might be agreeable to you under any circumstances to join our Staff at Harrow, and to begin work among us as early as *next* Quarter.

If you do not at once reject the notion, I will, of course, write to you fully explaining the position that I could now offer. If to my great delight you (provisionally) consent, I expect everyone at Harrow will clap his hands, and Mr. Farmer clap till he has no hands left to play with.

At first he used to appoint Masters without any preliminary trial, relying on his judgment of their character and capability. That he seldom made a mistake in his appointments was due not only to careful inquiries, but still more to a sort of instinct, by which he could gauge an aspirant in the course of an interview. In later years, however, he generally took the further precaution of inviting men to Harrow for a probationary term, and so avoiding disappointment: for every Head-Master knows only too well how often the men of brilliant academic record just lack the power of discipline and of adapting their knowledge to the capacity of their pupils. On this subject Butler wrote to a friend whose son was anxious to enter the scholastic profession.

To Mrs. Felkin.

Cambridge: July 7, 1887.

. . . To be a good teacher, especially in large classes at Public Schools, a man should have, besides his solid intellectual attainments, considerable animation and playfulness, great sympathy with both the intellects and the characters of boys, plenty of self-assertion (in the good sense), and the qualities which go to make up what we may call 'ascendancy.' There are many admirable students who fail when they come in contact with high-spirited, not over-earnest, boys. They cannot keep discipline or get a hearing. . . . It is one thing to impart knowledge clearly to one or two earnest pupils, who are eager to be taught, and another to keep in hand that curious little mob, a class of some 30 Public School boys.

In his relations with colleagues he was at his very best. Though some few have spoken of a want of heart-to-heart sympathy in his conversation, not one of them could ever remember the smallest deviation from courtesy or kindness. If a rebuke was needed, its expression left no sting, and it was never repeated. To Mr. H. G. Hart, when he was leaving Harrow for Sedbergh, Butler gave two parting

hints: 'If you have occasion to show anger, let it be white, not red; and remember that in a written controversy it is always irritating, and never useful, to quote the words of your opponent when replying.' To one of his sisters he wrote: 'I am bound to say that all the "blow-up" letters I ever despatched, however moderately written, and after a good deal of thought, have appeared to me in the end unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable.'

He was, of course, more closely and affectionately intimate with some colleagues than with others; but to one and all he was accessible and helpful. A new master was made welcome to his house, handed over to some senior for instruction, and generally made to feel at home. On one occasion he invited the two junior mathematicians, Mr. Tosswill and Mr. Marshall, to his study. The interview began by Butler marking out on the floor the exact length of 20 feet, which Tosswill had recently covered in the long jump at the Inter-University Sports. Then they came to business, and the juniors received sound educational advice. With such human touches, it was not surprising that an almost romantic attachment for 'the Head' was conceived by his staff and the more intimate members of his House and Form.

To regular attendance at Masters' meetings Butler attached great importance: nobody thought of absenting himself without the best of reasons previously explained to the Head-Master. The meetings were held weekly at 9.30 P.M., and were not infrequently prolonged till midnight. Consequently Masters—those at least who spoke least often—got wearied with them and felt that decisions might be arrived at more expeditiously. His process for conducting an important discussion was generally to read a memorandum and then invite comment from each Master in turn. It was lengthy, but very informative to the juniors. The widest freedom was allowed in the expression of opinions, and, with a large staff of Masters differing widely in views and tempers, it may be imagined that there were occasional outbursts of steam, harmless however because the chairman never sat on the safety-valve. He sometimes decided against the preponderating opinion of the staff, for the object of the meetings was to consult, and the Head-Master was not bound by the result. 'It pains me,' I have heard him say, 'to act against the wishes of the majority, but the responsibility is mine.' Once,

and once only, he threatened that he could not continue as Head-Master unless he was assured of the concurrence of the Masters in his desire for some common lines in religious teaching; and that uniformity all his colleagues were not prepared to concede. A fortnight later he met them with a generous recognition of their earnestness, and let the matter drop. If he encountered opposition in early years, it was quite unknown in the later ones. That there were differences to the end was inevitable, but the respect for the chief seat was universal.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

I do not like to go to bed to-night without assuring you how warmly and gratefully I felt the exceeding value of your words and still more of your tone last night. It may well be that greater strength and wisdom than mine would have been able to carry the necessary reform without giving rise to so much bitter feeling; but at the point which matters had unhappily reached it was everything for the moral health and dignity of our body that nobler chords should be touched, and no one could do that with an authority equal to yours.

Great as are my personal obligations to you, and deeply as they are felt, it is for the great service you have rendered to our whole body that I would offer my most grateful acknowledgement. To be able to elevate is the most blessed privilege of words.

Pray do not make any reply to those few words. Let me only feel assured, as I am without any assurance from you, that your prayers will be added to mine that we may all be henceforward a more united Christian family.

To H. G. Hart.

Your letter makes me very grateful. I should have written to you in any case before going to bed, begging you not to think too much of what I said last night. Be assured I count it of the greatest importance to myself to gather the opinions of *all* the Masters—the junior as well as the senior. Though I may not be able in some instances to accept them at the time for my own guidance, yet they furnish fuel for fresh thought, and go to make up one's future judgments.

In this particular instance the difficulty was that the ground occupied was so vital. I was fairly driven into a corner, and that by a wholly unexpected and unexplained move, the issues of which one cannot yet see. I felt almost certain that some at least of the signatories would have been willing to withhold the public statement of their opinion, if they had first talked the matter over with me, and I regretted therefore that some opportunity for such a quiet chat had not been made. . . . But indeed you need be under no kind of apprehension that I ever in the faintest degree imputed to you any shade of conscious disloyalty. I am quite incapable of that. It would grieve me sorely to think that my words of last night should leave any lasting sting in your mind.

It is, I think, a fair criticism that he was inclined to excess of leniency with some of the veterans of the staff. In his time there was no organised pension scheme to enforce retirement and relieve its possible bitterness by pecuniary aid; and he was reluctant to give the word of dismissal to a few of his colleagues who had served a long and honourable term of office, but who could not realise that they had lost the freshness so essential to the effective conduct of House or Form. The School suffered to some extent; but against a few such instances of mistaken kindness we must set his careful guidance of newly appointed Masters and his sympathetic support in their early difficulties. In this connection Canon T. Field has written:

> There are many things I could say about Butler, *e.g.*, about the hints and guidance he gave to a young master (I learnt more from him in a week than I had learned at another school in two terms), and about the wonderful impression that he gave of knowing everything that was going on. I should like to emphasise a little more the feature in his Head-Mastership which impresses me most as I look back on his relations to his Staff, and which my own experience as a Head-Master enables me to appreciate. It is the extraordinary solidarity he secured in the whole body. There were things we all of us felt Harrow masters had to do, and we tried to do them: things we were not to do, and we did not do them. There was a position to be maintained, and a point of view to be adopted, as to which Dr. Butler secured a marvellous unanimity among men of widely different views and temperaments. I doubt whether any Head-Master could secure this now. Times have changed.

Another fair criticism that can be levelled against his arrangements with his Staff is that the new Masters, however brilliant, were started to teach the lowest forms, and that promotion was by an unbroken ladder of seniority. Masters themselves cherished this mistaken custom, and when, in 1866, Butler tried to break it by appointing a junior colleague to take the Lower Sixth, there was an outburst of bitter feeling. On that occasion the Head-Master gave way, but three years later he established a rule that succession to that form, and that form only, should be at the Head-Master's discretion, and so it remained to the end of his time. Similarly the succession to Small and Large Houses was promised by seniority to every holder of first-class honours when he was invited to join the Staff. My own was a case in point. I was almost the last of Butler's appointments, and the last Harrow

Master to have an indefeasible right of promotion to any form short of the Sixth, and to Small and Large Houses in due order. Butler's successor wisely changed the rule, and Masters are now appointed to Houses by the Head-Master at his discretion, and are told off to take such forms and divisions as he may think them best qualified to teach.

The joys and sorrows of his colleagues would always draw a sympathetic letter from him, in term-time or holidays. Indeed, he shared all their interests. In 1864 he acted as best man at the wedding of Mr. A. G. Watson to Miss Caroline Digby at Tittleshall Rectory, Norfolk. The fly he had ordered to take him to the station never arrived, and he had to share the carriage of the married pair. But he considerately insisted on occupying the rumble with the lady's maid. In 1863 M. Masson, having sent him an account of the Harrow Speeches in a French journal, received the following answer:

To Mons. G. Masson.

Braemar: August 26, 1863.

I am much amused and flattered to see that our 'Speech Room' has travelled to Paris. I suppose that the difficult thing for a foreigner living abroad to understand would be the thoroughly *national* character of our great Public Schools, and at the same time their complete independence of the State. I have sometimes thought that a de Tocqueville might enjoy analysing their aristocratic and democratic elements. Who can tell how many class prejudices, which might otherwise have rankled into bitterness, they may have softened down, or, rather, anticipated? Peel, in particular, a thorough *bourgeois* by nature and by birth, might have been much less of a mediator had not his early *entourage* been so aristocratic. The same might be said of Gladstone in a less degree. And if the democratic element gain by early contact with the aristocratic, the gain on the other side is probably even greater. Of all political monsters an insolent, selfish, unsympathising aristocracy is to me the most odious—the most direct negation of Christianity.

If M. Renan is made an English Colonial Bishop by next year, we must, I think, invite him to the Speeches. Otherwise my sympathies would hardly make me desire his presence, judging from the 'Vie de Jésus' which I have brought with me here. The sophistry of the book, apparently quite unconscious, is even more striking than its literary grace. What he says with his repeated 'peut-être' (p. 361) on the raising of Lazarus is really monstrous. I can scarcely doubt the book will lead to a reaction in favour of orthodoxy at least, if not of a living faith. Few persons indeed will feel with Renan that the latter part of our Lord's life indicates a moral deterioration. Yet, shocking as this sounds, the possibility of its being true follows, I suppose logically, from any Socinian or Unitarian hypothesis of our Lord's nature.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

Harrow: January 28, 1868.

Forgive a few imperfect words. Mrs. Butler and I are deeply touched by this great sorrow that has come to you. Again and again I have tried to think how I could bear it, were our own little one taken from us, and the draught has seemed almost too bitter to be possible. And now it is yours to drink. The words 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me' has been much in my ears of late. May this comfort be felt by you and Mrs. Westcott.

It is not in life only that they 'come' to Him, but yet more closely in death.

One other incident before we leave the subject of Butler's relations with his Staff. Under the Founder's Regulations there was established at Harrow the post of Lower-Master or Usher, entitled to receive certain fees per head of every boy in the School. With the full numbers, this special emolument had risen to the considerable sum of £1350 a year, which the Lower-Master received in excess of the incomes of his colleagues. In 1863 Mr. W. Oxenham, then Lower-Master, died, and Butler took the opportunity to memorialise the Governors against the continuance of such an anomaly.

The Lower-Master [he wrote] has an equal, but not more than equal, share in the maintenance of the discipline of the School. In short, his pre-eminence is little more than honorary. I cannot believe that any advantage could arise by making his responsibilities greater; by making over to him, for example, the supervision of the lower part of the School. The Head-Master will always be regarded alike by the Governors, the Masters, the Scholars, and the Parents as responsible for the maintenance of the *whole* School. Again, it would be difficult to defend the present pecuniary arrangement as a permanent one by representing this large sum as an acknowledgement of long and valued service. Payments for long service should be given, if given at all, on some general and equable system. A system which allows a very large annual grant to one only of a numerous body of Masters, many of whom have served for an equal, or nearly equal, period, must necessarily appear exceptional and partial.

Butler's first idea was that the post of Lower-Master, if continued at all, should be honorary; and that the annual sum released should be devoted to other educational purposes. The Governors, however, took the unwise step of immediately appointing Mr. G. F. Harris to the post, while they authorised the Head-Master to withhold the emolument pending the decision of the Royal Commission on

Public Schools, which was then sitting. After much heated correspondence, many memorials and counter-memorials, a compromise was effected by which Mr. Harris held the post, with largely reduced emolument, till his retirement in 1868, when it was finally abolished.

Of his relations with the Governors in the earlier years there is really little to say. That Body, before the new Statute of 1872 came into force, confined its operations chiefly to the management of the Foundation and the School Estates. Once they had appointed the Head-Master, they were content to leave the administration of the School to his discretion. Their meetings were quarterly, and their minutes show that it often happened that no business could be transacted for want of a quorum. To the School they were only visible on Governors' Day, an occasion in the summer term when they met for business at Harrow, and listened to the Latin Contio of the Head Boy, after which they entertained the Masters and Prize-winners of the year at luncheon in the Old Speech Room. For graceful post-prandial speeches Dr. Butler always gave the palm to the Rt. Hon. T. H. S. Sotheron-Estcourt, Chairman of the Governors during his earlier years as Head-Master.

After 1872 the newly-constituted body took much closer interest in the general affairs of the School—its finance, studies, buildings, Houses, &c. But it still remained their chief object to work quietly in the background, as referees rather than originators. Mr. W. H. Stone put this attitude of theirs into words at the Governors' luncheon on June 23, 1881. 'It is our object to do our work quietly and unobtrusively, and only to be known as acting through the Head-Master; and it is only then that we consider our work well done.' Dr. Butler replied: 'Mr. Stone has said that it is the boast of the Governors that the School is hardly conscious of their existence. A short time back I had afforded me a remarkable proof of this unobserved benevolence. When taking one of the lower Forms, I asked a boy how many Governors there were. He replied, "One, sir."'

Butler took over from Vaughan a full School, which included many boys destined to be distinguished in after life. To name a few of them, and to anticipate future designations, there were the Rev. J. A. Cruikshank, Head of the School and Captain of the Football XI; A. W. T. Daniel, Captain of the Cricket XI; the brothers R. D. and I. D. Walker, Canon E. R. Bernard, Mr. Justice Bray, Dr.

Carr Glyn, late Bishop of Peterborough; P. M. Thornton, Lord Claude and Lord George Hamilton, Lord Ridley and Mr. Justice Ridley, W. J. Courthope, Lord St. Heliers, the 3rd Marquis of Ormonde and the 5th Earl of Clarendon, Lord Shuttleworth, Bishop Fisher, H. M. Lindsell, and F. W. Verney. During Butler's first four years his pupils won four Scholarships at Trinity and two at other Cambridge Colleges, two Scholarships and an Exhibition at Balliol, and seven Scholarships at other Oxford Colleges. Of the earlier of these distinctions, for instance that of Matthew Ridley at Balliol, he modestly attributed the κῦδος to Dr. Vaughan, but after the first twelve months it was his own finished scholarship, and his power of imparting some of it, that brought the boys up to the prize-winning level. By the year 1866 the Vaughan generation had passed away, and that year Butler always regarded as the *annus mirabilis* of all his Head-Mastership. Bishop Montgomery has kindly supplied me with a photograph of the School Debating Society of that year. It is reproduced on the opposite page, and includes nearly, but not quite, all the shining lights of the Sixth Form; their records are so remarkable as to be worth recording in full. In the top row, reading from left to right, are these:

1. A. G. Murray, Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Solicitor-General, Lord-Advocate of Scotland, Lord Justice-General of Scotland, now Lord Dunedin, K.C.V.O.

2. T. H. Ponsonby, Manager of St. James' Street Branch of Lloyds Bank, afterwards Ponsonby-Fane.

3. H. H. Montgomery, Cricket and Football Eleven. Bishop of Tasmania, Secretary to S.P.G. Prelate of the Order of SS. Michael and George.

4. C. H. Prior, Head of the School 1867, Scholar of Caius, Cambridge, 3rd Wrangler, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke. Mathematical Moderator, &c.

5. C. B. Heberden, Exhibitioner of Balliol, 1st in Mods. and Finals, Fellow and Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford.

6. W. A. Meek, Head of the School 1868, Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, 4th Classic, Fellow of Trinity. Recorder of York.

7. R. T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, Bishop of Rochester and Winchester, Archbishop of Canterbury, G.C.V.O.

In the middle row:

1. C. L. Tupper, Scholar of C.C.C., Oxford. Passed 4th

THE HARROW SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY. 1866

for I.C.S. Member of the Legislative and Executive Councils of the Punjab, C.S.I. and K.C.I.E.; author of 'Our Indian Protectorate,' &c.

2. B. Bosanquet, Scholar of Balliol, 1st Mods. and Finals, Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's, Member of the Academy, author of philosophical and logical works.

3. M. H. Stow, Captain of Cricket XI and of C.U.C. XI. Solicitor.

4. J. A. Ainslie, Football XI and Shooting VIII. Barrister.

5. F. A. H. Elliot, C.I.E., Political Adviser to the Gaekwar of Baroda.

6. R. G. Tatton, 1st Class Mods. and Finals, Oxford. Fellow of Balliol, Member of Council of Toynbee Hall and of the Passmore Edwards Settlement.

7. W. E. Lamaison, Scholar of Caius College, Cambridge. Barrister.

8. E. Matthews, Cricket XI and in O.U.C. XI. Barrister.

In the lowest row:

1. H. S. Hoare, Cricket XI, Exhibitioner New College, Oxford.

2. J. F. Gibson, Football XI, Exhibitioner New College, Oxford. 1st in Finals. Solicitor and Barrister.

3. R. Digby, Cricket XI and in O.U.C. XI. Agent for Family Estates in Ireland.

4. Hon. W. T. Kenyon, Head of the School 1865–6, Junior Student of Ch. Ch., Oxford. Rector of Malpas, Cheshire.

5. H. N. Abbot, Head of the School 1866–7, Scholar of C.C.C., Oxford, 1st Mods. and Finals. Solicitor.

6. F. C. Mills, Barrister, Philanthropist.

7. J. H. Morgan, C.V.O., Winner of three miles for Oxford, President of O.U.A.C. Eminent Surgeon.

Not presented in the photograph, but as helping to swell the glory of the *annus mirabilis*, we may add:

A. D. Neeld, Lt.-Col., C.B., M.V.O., distinguished in the S. African War.

H. J. Bidder, Scholar of University College, Oxford, Fellow and Bursar of St. John's College. Public Examiner at Oxford.

T. G. Rooper, Founder of the Harrow School Scientific Society, Inspector of Schools, author of 'School and Home Life.'

Hon. J. H. N. G. H. Dalrymple, 11th Earl of Stair. Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland.

W. B. Money, Captain of Cricket XI 1867 and in C.U.C. XI.

Sidney Pelham, Captain of Cricket XI 1868 and in O.U.C. XI. Archdeacon of Norfolk.

A. P. Maudslay, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Archæologist and Anthropomorphist.

When Butler spoke with pride of this period, he did not fail to point out that the intellectual and athletic strands were fairly interwoven.

And how did the boys regard their new Head-Master? An appreciation of Butler's work, in Form and House and Pulpit, will be attempted in a later chapter: here we are concerned rather with first impressions. As a frequent visitor to the Hill he had been known by sight to many, and personally to some, of the older boys. His brilliant records at School and University, his feat in the match of 1851, were remembered, and one fellow would point him out to another as certain to be Vaughan's successor. Then the election of the first Harrovian Head-Master had been hailed with delight; and now they were to test their expectations by experience. It was natural that they should contrast his methods with those of his predecessor. Some of the more conservative boys in the Sixth Form affected to miss 'the clocklike, but very human' exactitude of Vaughan, especially in his Greek and Divinity lessons. But all soon felt the spell of the new-comer, the charm of his translations, his appreciation of fine passages, and the aptness of his illustrations drawn from a wide reading of literature. For in range of knowledge Butler was far ahead of Vaughan. Matthew Arnold once put this cruelly to some Harrow boys, 'Vaughan has a charming personality, but he is ignorant, brutally ignorant.' The remark was repeated to Butler; he was half amused and half indignant, but he took great pains to combat it.

His history lessons, again, with his enthusiasm for certain heroes like Epaminondas, Gustavus Adolphus, the two Pitts, Wilberforce, Nelson, and (later) Garibaldi, were a new revelation. He certainly made demands on the boys for strenuous labour. To Matthew Ridley he suggested that in the course of an Easter holiday in Paris he should learn the 'Agamemnon' by heart—and it was done. There is exaggeration, but some truth,

in the letter written at this period by Brook Deedes to his mother:

Butler told me yesterday that, besides doing all the extra work I do now, I ought to find time to read Forsyth's 'Life of Cicero' as a pendant to Stanhope's 'Pitt,' and Mr. Gladstone's 'Homer' in 8 vols., which would immediately cause me to read all Homer through again for amusement; besides which, the only way to get on was to take a Greek grammar and go carefully through the syntax, taking copious notes, and to translate some Cicero for half an hour every day: if I did all this, my composition would visibly improve in three weeks.

T. G. Rooper, who went to Harrow in 1862, has given in his 'Lyonesse' an account of his first introduction to the Head-Master.

My father and I called on the Head-Master. That was a surprise —the only surprise which I experienced that day. I expected to find a stern, pedantic senior with a reserved, imposing manner, who would look on the little new boy 'as an archangel would look on a black-beetle,' or, to put it stronger, as the Dean of Christ Church on an undergraduate outside Tom Quad at Oxford. In place of that I met a warm welcome from a young-looking and most good-natured gentleman, who instantly set me at my ease and, more than that, conveyed a certain sense of my new responsibilities by asking me personally such questions as have to be answered by all fresh comers and recorded for future reference. I remember that when my father proposed to answer these questions for me, the Head-Master requested that I should be permitted to answer for myself.

He formed close friendships with his Sixth-form boys. Sir Edward Ridley, who succeeded his brother Matthew as Head of the School in 1861, does not forget the cordial support given him by the Head-Master in dealing with difficult cases of discipline. The Rev. W. E. H. Sotheby writes:

Above all, there was the spell of his loving kindness, brotherliness, I would say. I remember staying with him and his mother and sisters a few days in the summer holidays of 1860 at Lynton, and a walk on the hills during which he expounded to me his favourite lines, 'The old order changeth,' and his dwelling on the words, 'lest one good custom should corrupt the world,' the idea of which was then quite new to me. I mention this as an instance of the patience with which he tried to open a boy's mind.

The following selected letters illustrate Butler's affectionate interest in his pupils: it followed them long after they had left School.

To Sir Matthew W. Ridley, Bart., M.P.
(congratulating him on his son's winning the Balliol Scholarship).

Harrow: November 26, 1860.

I have been deeply interested in your letter which reached me this morning, and rejoice greatly that, in replying to it, I can wish you joy of your son's success. It was thoroughly well-earned, and does not, I venture to say, imply a possession of ability or energy which his future course is likely to disprove. On the contrary, I am satisfied that his powers and tastes are very far as yet from being fully developed.

If his health is spared, I cannot doubt that God will grant you the comfort of seeing him an eminent and useful man in his generation.

I hope I do not exaggerate the value of his present success. If I do, it is for the sake of the School at least as much as for his own. He has rendered us a very essential service. There is, and has long been, at Harrow a magic power in the name of 'the Balliol.'

When he returns to us, every feeling of my own will prompt me to see that no heavy pressure is put upon him. He will not be placed in the examination, so that the few hours which he gives to writing answers to papers for which he is not expected to prepare will be unattended by any anxiety. If I find that he is really wearied, I shall gladly exempt him still further. He has worked well for us and deserves rest.

Once more let me heartily and earnestly congratulate you on the good news which has given so much joy here. No one will rejoice with you and your son more than Dr. Vaughan. I am writing to him this evening.

To the Rev. W. G. H. Sotheby.

Harrow: March 13, 1861.

. . . I can quite sympathise with what you say about Carlyle. I felt just the same myself. He assumes that facts are known, and that the writer is already prepared to see the spirit which gives them life. To be so prepared is not easy. If you can get Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' you will see the whole subject magnificently treated, but from an utterly opposite point of view. Burke reverences institutions, Carlyle men. Burke will not believe that what is imposing can be false. Carlyle brands everything as hollow but the heartfelt convictions of daring *individuals*. Carlyle has the most undoubting faith that everything false will meet with the terrible retribution. Burke thinks but little of the Divine Retributor except under the general character of 'Providence.' I seem to speak disparagingly of Burke, but I reverence few men more.

But I must not go on in this way; only remember that any one great writer is better understood when seen in juxtaposition or contrast to another.

To C. B. Heberden, on the death of his mother.

Harrow: June 1, 1865.

It is only this evening that I have learned (from Richardson) that the terrible blow had actually fallen when you left us last week. I had *feared* the worst, but I did not know more.

What a week the last must have been to you, making home seem wholly changed from all that you had ever known it hitherto. Those only who have passed through these great bereavements can have any notion of the utter blank they cause—the face, the smile, the loving counsel, the tenderly prized letter, all gone, the centre and source of a thousand habits and thoughts suddenly snatched away from the home circle. Were there no looking forward—no 'sure and certain hope'—these hours would indeed be hours of darkness, but it is just at these times, perhaps *only* then, that we can learn the meaning of those mysterious words, 'It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.' Those to whom the Divine Comforter does indeed come, know that His peace passes all human understanding.

I am sure you must find *some* comfort in thinking what true happiness your own Harrow career must have given to your dear Mother, during the short time that she was allowed to watch it. Had it been otherwise, how bitter would have been the pang, but now you know that up to the last you were enabled to do just what she could most have desired for you.

God grant that the coming years may see His blessing resting upon you as visibly as it has rested hitherto. Then, whether this be the beginning or the end of family sorrows, you will be safe in His Keeping.

To the Hon. William Trevor Kenyon
(Head of the School, 1865–6).

Haileybury College, Hertford: September 3, 1866.

I have, I assure you, been far from unmindful of the kind letter I received from you shortly after we parted. The year of our labours together is one for which I shall never cease to be thankful, for I always felt how heartily, and not merely officially, your sympathies were allied with whatever was vigorous, pure, and most truly 'of good report' in our Harrow life.

It is our happiness there to have public and private ties so closely intertwined that we can scarcely distinguish the one from the other; but I rejoice to think that the friendship which united us was far indeed from being only or chiefly official. I trust and believe that every year that passes will only cement it more closely.

You must have required a thorough rest after your long labours, and I hope you have not scrupled to take it. I ran away from Mrs. Butler for a fortnight's walk in Yorkshire and at the Lakes, and felt much better for it. Here we are in my brother's most delightful house, the spoils of the old East India Company. We occupy it *en masse* for five weeks while its present owner is abroad. To have a Study on the ground floor, looking out on flowers, cows, and horses, with a big Newfoundland ever ready to jump in at the window if not discouraged, and no streets or noise within two miles, is indeed a change, and I fear I must disloyally add some relief, after Harrow, where one's eyes *are* occasionally forced to roam out of the window.

This will undoubtedly become a great School. It has singular advantages—delicious country lanes and woods on every side,

no suspicious farmers, and cricket grounds, racquet courts, etc., already in advance of ours.

To F. W. Longman[1]
(acknowledging his book of Chess Openings).

Harrow: November 16, 1869.

I must not delay longer to thank you for your most kind present. I can imagine that the preparation of your book and the long studies which preceded it must have proved a true friend during the weary months of bodily weakness.

There was a time some 20 years since when I should have been better able to appreciate the various gambits, for I used to enjoy Chess immensely. There was one very clever fellow in my time at Mr. Middlemist's who said to me one day rather naïvely: 'Miles knows nothing about Chess scientifically, and if he played the right moves in answer to my openings, he would soon be done for; but he almost always plays the wrong ones and so he beats me.'

It is only fair to add, in justice to regular troops *versus* volunteers, that my friend became in a few months a really accomplished player, and then the unscientific Miles was at his mercy.

I am so glad to hear from your brother that Brighton seems to be doing you real good. Your patience has indeed been sorely tried, and you must have learned during the long inactivity many lessons that health could scarcely have taught. Every year one lives makes the old wise adage, *παθήματα μαθήματα*, less of a truism and more of a truth.

To the Rev. G. Bosanquet, Vicar of Pipe-cum-Lyde.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: June 22, 1907.

Somehow my first Sixth Form at Harrow, which Westcott praised so highly, seems to have left a specially loving impress on my memory. You were all wonderfully loyal to the new-comer, and very patient of his incompetencies!

July 5, 1912.

How many *contionatores* you must call to mind, ending with dear James Cruickshank in 1860, my own first Governors' Day!

March 3, 1917.

We get happy accounts of James Cruickshank and his wife, though she suffers from rheumatism. I always think of you and him together at the top of my first Sixth Form, when Mat. Ridley was 4th. Early in May next I am to welcome here E. R. Bernard as our University Preacher. What a fine Latin scholar he was! Our memories recall us both to very bright and beautiful days, when one of us was 26, and the other about 18. And now, after many years of active work, we are both old men, and the earthly end is near for both of us. Good-bye, my very dear old friend. We shall not see one another again in this life, but we can trust

[1] F. W. Longman had a fall from his horse while riding with the Balliol boat. He was paralysed and never recovered the use of his legs, though he lived an active life (mentally) till 1908.

in the Great Hereafter with humble, but 'sure and certain hope,' and pray for each other daily.

By the mass of the School he was in early days more feared than loved. No great Schoolmaster has ever courted popularity: it may come and be welcome, as it came to Butler before he laid down his reins of office; but that was not his case at first. The tone of the School had fallen when Vaughan's health was overstrained, and in the early 'Sixties' there were not a few scandals. Anything like a policy of 'hush' was hateful to Butler. The light of publicity seemed to him remedial, and he spared no feelings. On such occasions he would address the School in righteous wrath which blazed and scorched. So contracted, the feeling of dread coloured the judgment of the boys: they could not divest their minds of it until they were brought by promotion into closer contact with him. Many Harrovians have told me of the change that came over them when they reached the Upper Sixth; how they passed from fear, through admiration and respect, to intense devotion. It was a change hardly believable or explicable to themselves. But it came. I knew it.

Let me close this chapter with a little sketch of the Harrow Commonwealth as it struck a Cambridge man, Mr. G. C. Warr (3rd Classic in 1869), who took work with the Sixth Form for a term. The impressions of an impartial and discerning visitor often have the stamp of truth.

The Harrow boys as a rule are honest, industrious, vigorous fellows. I thought the upper boys were worked too hard, and certainly work is the rule of the place. There is no artificial tone about it, no monotony or stagnation there. The work of the Masters is so hard that they can have little time for their own reading, except men with such power of work as Westcott and Farrar. The Masters and their wives are the kindest, pleasantest people I have yet lived among. You begin to feel at home when you shake hands, and you have plenty of the best friends when your first term is done. The ladies—all whom I knew—were refined, high-minded, and as amiable as so many good aunts! Mrs. Butler engages everybody who has once spoken to her; there is such a gentle grace in her manner. She does not talk much and she is not learned; but she is all kindness, and she gives her house just the brightness it wants.

Butler is heroic. He looks very young—if you don't know his looks, you will be startled. He has clear eyes and a smooth forehead; and this is just what his mind is, clear, pure, unclouded. He has exquisite tact, and he earns his right to be a despot by governing with skill. His manners are irreproachable. Lord

Chesterfield would sit at his dinner-table abashed and dumb with admiration. His conversation is faultless, but you have a faint impression as of a reporter present.[1] His sermons are beautiful in style, and in spirit too, but the boys listen more eagerly to Farrar. With all this, the boys are not enthusiastic about Butler; they are in such awe of him; and though they respect him, they are chilled, all but a few of his intimates.

[1] I think that this impression would have been corrected by the writer after longer acquaintance. Dr. Butler's conversation had every quality of naturalness.

CHAPTER X

HEAD-MASTERSHIP (*continued*)
1860–1869

Of the incidents of the first ten years none can exceed in personal interest Montagu Butler's marriage to Miss Georgina Isabella Elliot, elder daughter of Mr. Francis Edward Elliot, who resided at the Mount, Harrow, now a Dominican Convent. Both her father and her grandfather were men of mark. The grandfather, the Rt. Hon. Hugh Elliot, born 1752, was the son of the first Earl of Minto, Governor-General of India. At the age of twenty he served as a volunteer in the Russian campaign against the Turks. General Romanzov wrote of him that he 'distinguished himself with truly British courage.' Next year, exchanging the sword for the portfolio, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Munich, and in 1777 Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Prussia, when he is said to have 'bearded [the great Frederic in council.' Two of Elliot's retorts to Frederic were often recalled with glee by Montagu Butler. After a naval engagement, in which the wind had helped the British fleet, the King sarcastically remarked, 'So you claim the winds also for your allies.' '*Oui, sire,*' replied the Minister, '*et ce sont les seuls que nous ne payons pas.*' *A propos* of Hyder Ali the King inquired, 'And who is this person who seems to have given you trouble in India?' '*C'est un vieux despote militaire, qui a volé à ses voisins, et maintenant, grâce à Dieu, commence à radoter.*' Frederic must have been about seventy years of age. In 1782 Elliot was moved to Copenhagen and employed there in upholding Pitt's policy of keeping Denmark in close relations with England. In 1791 he was transferred to Paris, probably with the object of winning over Mirabeau, his own old schoolfellow and correspondent: but the results of that mission have never been published. In 1802 he was transferred

again, this time to Naples, and acquired the friendship of the Queen, sister of Marie Antoinette. Here a high-handed action put an end to his diplomatic career. On his own initiative, and with the object of preventing the Neapolitan Court from departing to Sicily, he forbade Sir J. H. Craig, Commander of the English force, to leave Italy. The order was disregarded. By Lord Minto's interest he was afterwards employed as Governor of the Leeward Islands and of Madras. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. Butler's father, Francis Edward Elliot, held the post of Chief Magistrate and Superintendent of Police at Madras, and discharged his onerous and delicate duties with a combination of strength and suavity. That he was a stranger to fear, two or three stories may be cited in proof. Once, when he was at a dinner-party, news was brought to him that a notorious brigand had been traced to a cave approached only by a narrow passage. He went *alone*, entered the passage, and found the miscreant surrounded by several companions. The words, ' You are my prisoners,' caused the brigands to think that Elliot had a posse of police behind him, and they all surrendered. On another occasion he saw a native fall into a deep tank with sheer sides. Elliot plunged in and held the native up till ropes were brought. Again, he was at a dinner-party when the message was brought to him that two ships were in distress from a violent storm. Without saying a word to his wife or the other guests, he went out and offered any reward to the owners of catamarans to take out a rope through the boiling surf. They all refused. Then he stripped and swam out, regardless of sharks, took a rope first to one and then to the other of the ships, and swam back, leaving word with the ships'-carpenters, who alone had kept their heads, to shoot any man who should attempt, in the prevailing panic, to go overboard. Once on shore, he rigged up a basket on the rope and saved both crews.

In 1885, just before leaving Harrow, Dr. Butler addressed the School on the importance of learning to swim. In eloquent words he told the story already given on page 11, and added, ' That man was my father ' ; and then came the stories of the tank and the storm at Madras : ' That was my father-in-law.'

When Mr. Elliot retired in 1856, he settled at Harrow in order to send his sons to the School as Home-Boarders.

He joined as a private the ranks of the newly-formed 'Harrow Rifles,' but was soon promoted to a captaincy.

To the Rev. F. G. Vesey.

Harrow: November 8, 1861.

You must hear from *me* my piece of news. I am engaged to be married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Elliot, who lives at the Mount here. The marriage will probably be between the 10th and 17th of December.

I need say no more; but if you don't come and stay in 'our' house very soon after the close of our Extra week, never expect to have much more to do with one who would willingly still remain your affectionate friend.

Pass on this news and menace to Charley Gray, if you like. My dear friends are, thank God! too numerous for me to write to them all. Vaughan himself marries us.

To Spencer P. Butler.

Harrow: December 17, 1861.

Prop. xlix.

To find a Best man for a given acute Brother.

Let H.M.B. be the given acute brother: it is required to find the best man for him.

Let S.P.B. be an elder brother; let him be well dressed, here on the spot, known to the bride, a Trustee, a donor of a beautiful present, full of affection to the acute H.M.B.; S.P.B. shall be the best man required. For if S.P.B. be not the Best man, somebody else must be a Better man, which is absurd.

∴ S.P.B. *is* the Best man. Q. E. D.

The wedding took place on December 19, 1861. The last occasion on which a Head-Master of Harrow had been married was March 18, 1818, when Dr. George Butler was also united to a resident in the parish.

Mrs. Butler's portrait by George Richmond[1] survives to show her charm of features, and they were the index to the mind and soul behind them. 'To know her well,' wrote Mr. Bosworth Smith in 1883, 'was to love her with a warmth which it is given to few women to inspire.' To her husband and her children she was not only a companion, but an inspiration, a pride, and a delight. She made her home the centre of all that was noblest in the communities of School and Town. She was often silent, but her silence and her joyous outbursts of laughter were more eloquent than speech. Her letters were full of poetry, humour, sympathy, and a deep sense of religion. No gloomy atmosphere could last against her strong sense of the ludicrous. She won all hearts by her simplicity, her refinement, her

[1] Reproduced opposite p. 256.

'divine incredulity as to evil,' her love for all that was bright and beautiful. But above all she shone in a thousand acts of kindness to all who were in distress, and in a subtle power of raising the tone and aspirations of all who came under her spell. For over one and twenty years she was, in every highest sense of the word, a light at Harrow.

Five children were born as issue of this marriage, all at Harrow.

1. Agnes Isabel, born October 24, 1864; married to Edmund Whytehead Howson September 14, 1886.

2. Edward Montagu, born December 3, 1866; educated at Harrow; Exhibitioner Trinity College, Cambridge; Assistant Master at Harrow 1891; Master of the Park 1906–1919; married Gertrude Mary, daughter of John Fair of Wilderton, Bournemouth, April 8, 1896.

3. Edith Violet, born February 14, 1869; died at Cambridge June 20, 1887.

4. Arthur Hugh Montagu, born November 23, 1873; educated at Harrow; Cricket XI 1889–90; winner of Public Schools' Rackets 1890; Clerk in the House of Lords; Assistant Librarian and Secretary of Commissions; married Margaret Edith, daughter of Francis L. Latham of Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, December 6, 1900.

5. Gertrude Maud, born May 11, 1880; married to Bernard Morley Fletcher, December 18, 1901.

In 1861, when Butler had been a year in office, he drew up a memorandum to the Governors entitled 'Some improvements to be eventually realised at Harrow.' They included new buildings or additions to the existing ones, more scholarships and more prizes for the encouragement of studies. His copy of the paper exists, with his annotations as one or another of the improvements took shape. It shows how early he determined to pursue his father's policy of adding to the attractions of the School. The planning and the achievement of such developments were delights to him at the time and a lasting satisfaction in the retrospect. In the early years of his Head-Mastership he was able to act more freely, and give more freely, than was afterwards possible, though we shall see that lavish generosity was always one of his dominant characteristics. The more ambitious designs for building had to wait for the great occasion of the Tercentenary, and these must be reserved for a future chapter; but there were others that could not wait so long.

Soon after Dr. Vaughan announced his intention to retire, a meeting of his old pupils and colleagues was held in London, to consider the question of a fitting memorial. A letter from C. S. Currer, written in the autumn of 1859, alludes to Butler's suggestion of a new Library, to be called after the name of Vaughan. It was decided at the meeting to invite subscriptions for that purpose, and one of Butler's first tasks was to carry the resolution into effect. Above a year was taken up with difficulties connected with the site. This was at the time partly covered by a house and stables occupied by one John Bliss as a public-house, the 'Crown and Anchor,' popularly known as 'the Abode of Bliss.' To expedite the ejectment of the publican, and to soften its pain, Butler paid him £100 out of his own pocket, and the 'Crown and Anchor' was removed to another site just opposite 'Uncle Billy's' house. *His* objections were squared by a cheaper outlay, an epigram on ὄλβος ἄνολβος. Another portion of the ground required was covered by some cottages with unexpired leases. Butler visited the tenants, found out what pecuniary considerations would induce them to vacate at once, and paid them. When the Governors' solicitor came to warn him of the considerable delay which was to be expected, Butler had the satisfaction of showing him the demolition of the cottages already begun. Truly he had taken to heart his father's warning against procrastination! (See p. 21.)

Again, the land to be acquired was held on copyhold tenure, and had to be enfranchised; and again Butler made himself responsible for the legal expenses. Finally, the leave of the Charity Commissioners was necessary to enable the Governors to hold the site and the new building to be erected on it, which would be vested in them, though they stipulated that all expense of upkeep must be defrayed by the Head-Master out of school fees. Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., was selected as the architect.

To the Rev. F. G. Vesey.

Harrow: June 17, 1861.

I find it just at this moment, to confess the truth, much more easy to rejoice with them that rejoice, than to weep with them that weep. The long expected work of demolition here has at last begun. The lawyers have done their worst to prevent it, but we have at last got out into the open sea. By Speech Day, July 4th, there will be a *tabula rasa* for Scott to cover with his designs. When he was down on Saturday with his son, I told him the open space with its view of Hampstead would be so beautiful, that everybody

would cry shame upon him for venturing to profane it with any building, however good.

Bliss is to turn out of the 'Crown and Anchor' Sept. 2nd. This I have in black and white, signed and attested. Poor old man, he was left in tears when he signed himself out of the house he had so long inhabited. His son, on the other hand, aged 19, is beyond measure delighted at removing, at the beginning of his professional career, into so incomparably superior a house. I have asked Lord Palmerston to lay the first stone, but he has not yet replied. If he fails, doubtless we can get Abp. Longley to handle the trowel, as he has promised to be here. . . .

The foundation-stone of the Library was laid on Speech Day, July 4, 1861, by Lord Palmerston. Butler often told how the old statesman rode down on his white horse through pouring rain, and how the Head-Master held an umbrella over the Prime Minister as he wielded the trowel.[1] At the luncheon after speeches Butler spoke of what he thought a School Library ought to be. It would not, he said, be simply a library for books, but a temple in which all memorials of deep interest to Harrow would be eventually deposited. He hoped soon to see in it the busts or portraits of eminent Harrow men, and he was able to announce that the first treasure of that nature would be the portrait of the Prime Minister.

The Library was opened on Speech Day of 1863. To his policy of making it 'a temple' Butler was much attached. Dr. Vaughan's portrait by Richmond was added in 1867, and from time to time other portraits of ex-Head-Masters and distinguished Harrovians were presented, bequeathed, or acquired by purchase. In 1885 he recorded that he had been enabled by the generosity of his friends to install ten busts, eighteen pictures, and nine engravings. One large window was filled with stained glass representing Tragedy, in six groups, taken from the Greek dramatists and Shakespeare. To fill a second large window with scenes from ancient and modern Comedy, and other windows too, he appealed to the old Harrovians who had held the School Scholarships.

To the Rev. F. G. Vesey.

Harrow: April 20, 1863.

Now then, *will* you fulfil your rash promise? Will you really give a window to the Library? Will you come down and look at it first? Will you employ Clayton & Bell or Hardman? If

[1] Lord Palmerston in his post-prandial speech alluded to the down-pour as 'these fertilising showers.'

you do not seize the opportunity and take the beautiful little central rosette over the entrance Porch, depend upon it some one else soon will. The only two other windows that admit of painted glass are very much larger, and will lead to your living being sequestered for a year or two.

Scott thinks that the rosette would be very charming. Clayton came down at my request to inspect the capacities of all the windows, and seemed captivated by the rosette. Several of the quatrefoils and cinquefoils above the principal windows are already filled, and are still filling, at £1 or 25*s*. apiece. Various members of my two families have contributed eight of these. There still remain ten more. If you like to satisfy your conscience by selecting one of them, and renouncing the charming rosette, I shall not sue you in the County Courts, but I shall certainly feel that you have missed a grand opportunity.

Now then, make your choice, and remember that by Speech Day, July 2, my 30th birthday, all must be arranged.

I wonder whether you can help me in the following little scheme. The foreman of our building, one Titus Lander, is a famous fellow, quite a great man in his way. I should much like to mark my sense of his services to us during the past year by giving him (say) a £20 trip to the Continent to see some of the great foreign buildings. Places like Chartres, Amiens, possibly Cologne, occur to me. Can you think of anyone with whom he could go? He is 'no scholard in French,' I fear.

Perhaps after all it might be well to fall back on *English* buildings as Tintern, Ely, Lincoln, York, &c. The man is exceedingly intelligent and a first-rate workman. He knows every brick both in the Chapel and the Library—by the bye there are none in the Chapel—and he keeps all the men in capital order and harmony. Such are the men I delight to honour.

To the Same
(on receiving a subscription for a small window to be placed in the Library).

Harrow: May 13, 1863.

As for you and Northey,[1] you are honest men, and I shall do to you what I did the last time the Queen offered me a Rural Deanery instead of an Archbishopric, I accepted it—on the principle which I believe you once taught me, the principle which forms half the philosophy of life, the principle which Stanley urges so well at the end of his letter on Subscription, the principle which should induce the Emperor of Russia to give up Poland while he can keep the Russias, the principle which has everlastingly cheered and supported the Chancellors of the Exchequer, Bit-by-bit Reformers, Rurals, Robin Hoods and other beggars, the great principle that prefers the incompleteness of the Half Loaf to the negative totality of the No Bread.

The addition of a spire in memory of the Rev. W. Oxenham and a scheme for warming and ventilating the

[1] The Rev. A. G. Northey, Harrow 1852–1857, C.U. Cricket XI, afterwards Vicar of Rickmansworth.

Chapel completed what Butler had thought to be the only improvements required for that building. Later Head-Masters and generations of Old Harrovians have had other views on this subject.

In 1862 Lord Clarendon, in his capacity of President of the Public Schools Commission, wrote to Butler to inquire whether some improvements could not be made in the system of nursing sick boys, and especially whether he thought it expedient and practicable to have a sanatorium such as existed at Eton and Rugby. To this the Head-Master replied :

To the Earl of Clarendon.

Harrow : October 13, 1862.

I can have no objection to state fully my opinions as to the sanitary arrangements at Harrow. I may remind your Lordship that when in the course of last June I was examined orally before the Commissioners, the subject was formally, though briefly, pressed on my attention. I then stated my conviction that though careful provision had been made in all the Masters' Houses for the reception of invalids and for insulation in case of infection, it would nevertheless be a decided advantage to have a Sanatorium added to our School buildings. . . . The welfare of sick boys is not indeed neglected at Harrow, nor left to depend upon hasty and uncertain arrangements. At the same time I should anticipate satisfactory results from the establishment of a building specially devoted to the invalids not of a House merely, but of the whole School.

The subject was not allowed to rest. Subscriptions were invited from masters and parents, the Sanatorium was begun on October 1, 1864, and opened ' as a private concern ' in 1867. It has since been handed over to the Governors.

In 1864–5 a covered racket court and some fives courts adjoining were erected, and in the following year additional land was acquired for cricket purposes, to be called the Philathletic Field. For all these objects gifts from Old Harrovians were invited, and secured largely by the personal appeals of the Head-Master.

My non-Harrovian readers may exclaim, ' Why all these appeals for money ? ' Harrow was then, and until quite recent years, a very poorly endowed school, living practically from hand to mouth on the fees paid by the parents of the boys. The Governors therefore would give little or no help towards improvements or additions, and for these the School depended on the generosity of her sons. To their patriotism Butler never appealed in vain. He established a tradition among Harrovians that they must

show their loyalty in the most practical way ; and in the process he became an indefatigable and most accomplished beggar !

In 1860 there was only one leaving-Scholarship of considerable value—the 'Gregory,' which Butler himself had held, and the usefulness of which he had enhanced by his generous action in 1852. The Governors from their funds gave two 'Lyon' scholarships, and there were four others, all of minor value. Feeling that this list provided inadequate attraction to good scholars, Butler memorialised the Governors, asking for further grants from their funds, and expressing his intention to devote any money to which he might be entitled on his mother's death to founding a Butler Scholarship in memory of his father. This generous intention was, however, anticipated by the foundation of scholarships by Beriah Botfield, F.R.S., in 1863, and C. J. Leaf in 1869.

Of entrance scholarships there were none in 1860, and Harrow suffered by their absence in competition with richly endowed schools like Eton and Winchester. The question of these attractions appears on the agenda of Masters' Meetings as early as 1864, when Butler expressed his opinion that they were desirable as affecting the tone and character of the School ; that they should be as catholic as possible, to attract the sons of professional men, such as clergy and lawyers, and that the scholars should be distributed among the Houses. He announced his intention to provide two out of his own pocket, of £60 and £40 respectively, 'so raising the Head-Master's obligations to £350 a year.' But how were the other scholarships to be provided ? Mr. Bowen devised a scheme, too long and complicated to detain us here, by which the House-Masters should contribute the money in return for being allowed to take extra boys. This scheme remained in force till 1879, when it was replaced by a fresh arrangement.[1]

As to School prizes, Butler's hopes were satisfied by the addition, during 'the sixties,' of the Beaumont Prize for Scripture, the Jones Medal for Latin Elegiac Verse, the Oxenham Prizes for Greek and Latin Epigrams, the Bourchier Prizes for Modern History and English Literature, and Lord Charles Russell's Medal for the study of Shakespeare. Two of these foundations have a pathetic interest.

[1] See p. 231.

The Jones Medal was founded by his father in memory of Joseph Jones, who died on September 25, 1862, a few days after he had entered on his career as Head of the School. Jones was succeeded in his office by John Edward Bourchier, a delicate boy whose health broke down entirely at Trinity, Cambridge, and who died of consumption at Bournemouth on December 23, 1866. Shortly before his death he expressed his wish to found some prizes, and from various suggestions he selected the subject of Modern History. The following letters need no further explanation:

To J. E. Bourchier.

Harrow: December 6, 1866.

I feel guilty in having so long delayed my full reply to your most generous offer. It has been a busy time, and I was anxious to let the thoughts which occurred to me settle well down in my mind before offering you any final counsel. Still I ought to have made an opportunity for writing earlier. On the whole I am disposed to recommend an arrangement similar to that adopted for the Beaumont prizes, the subject of examination being not, as with these, the Holy Scriptures, but either History or some other branch of English Literature, as may seem best to the Head-Master for the time being. . . .

I need not say that your own kind suggestion in favour of *History* weighed most powerfully with me in considering the whole matter; and should you on full reflection come to the conclusion that it is better to confine the Examination to History alone, I shall raise no difficulty, but most thankfully accept so great a benefit. At the same time I felt there was much force in a suggestion which fell from Mr. Farrar that it might be well to allow a greater latitude, and to let the Examination *vary*—sometimes embracing History proper, sometimes a knowledge of some limited period in English History, sometimes of some great works of great authors. If once thoroughly popularized I am convinced that it would be of the very greatest utility. It would encourage a taste for English reading, alike in History and Literature, which is not as powerful at Harrow as it ought to be.

Though I should contemplate *Modern* History as the *ordinary* staple of the Examination, it would I think be a pity to exclude any period. I can quite imagine that at times it might be thought wise to set one of the great periods in Greek or Roman History, such as the age of Pericles or of Cicero. The truth is that except in point of *time*, the life of those periods is far more truly *modern* than the life of the Middle Ages. It is much easier to fancy ourselves conversing with Socrates or Virgil and Horace than with Charlemagne or Dante or Thomas à Becket.

And now I must make no more demand on your strength, further than to express once more my deep sense of the generosity and affection which have led you to confer so noble a benefit upon Harrow. May those who profit by it in years to come be worthy of it.

To Jane, Lady Bourchier.

Harrow: December 17, 1866.

You are passing through deep waters, but you will be supported —and so will *he*; nay he *is* supported; those beautiful words that you quote 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee' are fulfilled in his case. Strangely enough, I preached upon them last night. This afternoon in Speech Room, just before giving the Prizes, I explained to the whole school at some length the touching circumstances under which this new noble benefaction was given to us. I spoke of the spirit of gallantry with which he had accepted his arduous duties four years ago, of his affection for the school, of his sincere zeal for its highest welfare—and of his now looking forward to home with as much happiness as any of *them* could feel in the prospect of to-morrow.

I even ventured—I hope not indelicately—to add that you had quoted as descriptive of him those beautiful words which I had taken as the text of my farewell sermon so few hours before. We then, after adjudging the prizes—he knows the ceremony—moved as usual to the Chapel, where we joined in the prayer for those who are 'any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate'; nor did we forget 'him for whom our prayers are desired.'

Thus, you see, he has been near our hearts, as we, I know, are very near to his. I hope to reach you on Wednesday evening without fail. To-morrow it is impossible to get away.

My warmest love to him. May God's richest mercies hang over him!

Note by Lady Bourchier.

Wednesday evening: Doctor Butler arrived and his presence was a quiet joy to him. Thursday 20th: The Post brought the real Deed of Gift for the Harrow History Prizes for him to sign; and there on his bed, with an earnest face of strenuous endeavour to write it clearly, he held the pen and signed his name for the last time. It was his last act for this world—and it was for his beloved Harrow.

Friday, Dec. 21st: Doctor Butler, after administering the Holy Communion, was sitting beside him, and they talked of Harrow. Doctor Butler was looking at the photograph of Harrow Chapel in my book; my son desired to have it held up for him to see; he dwelt upon it with an earnest loving look and said perfectly, 'May God's blessing rest upon it—may it be to many others what it has been to me!'

For such of the prizes as were not awarded by the Masters, Butler took infinite pains to secure distinguished examiners. For instance, his correspondence shows that Archbishop Trench, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Fraser, and Canon Westcott examined in various years for the Beaumont (Scripture) Prizes; Archbishop Trench, Dean Merivale, Earl Stanhope, and Professor J. R. Seeley for the Bourchier Prizes; Dean Stanley for a special

Walter Scott Prize ; while Professors Bryce and Conington were among the examiners for scholarships.

The most far-reaching of the events of the first decade of Butler's Head-Mastership were the Public Schools Commission of 1861–4, and the Public Schools Act of 1868 which embodied the recommendations of that Commission. As this is a long story, occupying much space in the second decade as well as the first, I relegate it to a separate chapter. There were, however, several developments in the activities of the School, some depending on the Commission, others independent of it ; and with these we will proceed.

In the Volunteer Movement of 1859 the village of Harrow had not been backward. Many of the Masters had enlisted in ' the Rifles ' or had joined as honorary members. To the second of these categories Butler was added on his arrival. The School Rifle Corps was started in the Easter term of 1860 on the initiative of James Cruikshank (then Head of the School), Matthew Ridley, and John T. Prior. Its organisation was at first scanty. It consisted of two squads, of about fifty each, drilled in the open racket court. The numbers fluctuated, and in 1862 the Corps was apparently moribund. A letter was received from Lord Campbell, in consequence of which it was reorganised in 1863 on a more permanent basis, and placed under the command of two Masters, G. F. Harris and C. F. Holmes. In his notes on Masters' Meetings Butler wrote (September 21, 1863), ' The Rifle Corps restarted. I expressed my opinion that the success of the new movement depended on the possibility of making Drill interesting, and especially advancing rapidly in skirmishing order. The dress should be slightly ornamental.' When Lord Spencer in 1861 founded his Cup, to be held annually by the best individual shot in the Public Schools, he asked Butler to compose an inscription for it. On occasions when Harrow won this cup or the Ashburton Shield, the Head-Master would welcome the trophies and their winners with one of his felicitous little speeches from the School steps. Sometimes he found time to watch the combats at Wimbledon.

To Earl SPENCER, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Harrow : July 20, 1870.

If you want to give very great pleasure, do send just a line of congratulation to the winner of your Cup. He is C. E. S. Hemery, at Rev. J. A. Cruikshank's, a young and slender boy whose murderous propensities have no doubt yet to be fully developed.

The moment of his victory was really most exciting. It was the last shot of the match. Bruce, the Eton Goliath, who I believe carried off your Cup two years ago, had made 22.

Our little David had made in his first six shots 20. If he got a centre, he would win. If he only scored an outer, I am told that for some reason inscrutable to me he would not even have counted a tie. The other members of the Corps, who mustered this year above 100 strong, and were nerved for great things by a brass band of their own creation, not very wisely crowded round him in excitement. He knelt down as coolly as a Lord Chancellor, English or Irish, and in a minute, before I could see the effect of the shot, there was a ringing cheer, which ought to have penetrated across St. George's Channel into the ears of both Lord Lieutenant and designing Fenians. It was a centre, and our victory was once more two-fold, a delightful compensation for Lords. I only wish you could have been present; but I saw in the *Globe* that you had returned to Dublin the night before.

Natural Science was a branch of study unknown to the Public Schools before 1860. The Report of the Public Schools Commission commented on its absence from any curriculum and recommended its introduction. But such reports are often still-born. Farrar was impatient to get something done, and lectured at the Royal Institution on 'Some Defects of Public School Education.' A considerable, perhaps the larger, number of boys (he said in effect) leave school ignorant of history, modern languages, geography, chronology, music, drawing, and the elements of Natural Science. As a result of this lecture, and at Farrar's request, the British Association formed a Committee, which included Professors Tyndall and Huxley, Herbert Spencer (who only attended once), Archdeacon Wilson (then a Master at Rugby), Farrar himself, and George Griffith (Secretary to the British Association). Their efforts gave the first impulse to the introduction of science to Public Schools.

Farrar had always encouraged voluntary work in some branches of Natural Science among the boys at Harrow. He assisted T. G. Rooper to found the Scientific Society in 1865, and he secured for the School the novel honour of a lecture by Mr. Ruskin on 'Crystals' in 1866, and another by Professor Huxley on 'Lobsters' in 1867. Mr. Ruskin was so pleased by his reception that he presented a case of selected crystals to the Library.

Butler was not the first Head-Master to introduce the new subject (that honour belongs to Rugby), but he was early in seeing its importance.

To the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

Harrow : October 3, 1866.

I have never yet congratulated you on the many congratulatable topics mentioned in your penultimate kind letter. You are indeed procuring for us most valuable treasures—personal and otherwise. Ruskin's presence will act as a prophet's. My only fear is whether the boys are sufficiently acquainted with his works and reputation to imbibe the natural and desirable enthusiasm. The Bidders and Tuppers [1] have hardly left successors.

May I say a few words on the general question of introducing Natural Science ? They are suggested by what fell from you at the last Masters' Meeting.

We thoroughly agree so far, that we both recognise the importance of offering to boys whose incapacity in Classics is proved an opportunity of cultivating a taste for some Natural Science. But is it not important to extend widely the limits within which Natural Science should be taught and learnt ? In the first place, if we confine it mainly or apparently to Classical incapables—in addition of course to the few who now voluntarily learn—is there not a danger of its losing caste in the School ? But, independently of this, does not the general question remain, whether we ought not to furnish every educated English gentleman with what may be called the grammar of Natural Science as well as of Language and Mathematics ?

My feeling is that we need to spread broad-cast over England among the gentry some knowledge of the elements of Natural Science, nor should I be frightened at the objection that most of this will be very superficial. The same applies to all knowledge which Schools can convey. We want ordinary English gentlemen to have some decent notion as to the direction in which the investigations of the great Masters of each Science are tending, instead of being, as now, hopelessly and stupidly in the dark. We want to get rid of the nonsense—obviously due to utter ignorance—which regards Natural Science as naturally Godless, or at least ' uncanny.' We want men of Science to feel that they have a decently educated public to whom they may give their thoughts, just as it is with writers of History, Poetry, &c.

And so I might run on *ad infinitum*.

But if this be true, does it not seem to follow that the Public Schools should do something of this kind ? Teach Natural Science as part of the regular course to *all* boys during *some* part of their School life, and continue to teach it afterwards to any boys who show a decided turn. Most of the boys would have some two years of it.

This leaves untouched another great question, with which my thoughts have for some time been much occupied, whether for proved non-Classics we ought not to establish a ' Modern Department.'

[1] He might even more appropriately have quoted J. S. Davidson, who was sole 1st Class in Natural Science at Oxford in 1863 ; Hon. Arthur Strutt, 1st Class Natural Science at Cambridge in 1865 ; H. N. Moseley, 1st Class Natural Science at Oxford in 1868 ; or J. Cosmo Melvill, F.L.S., F.Z.S., joint author of *The Flora of Harrow,* Botanist and Zoologist. All these were at Harrow in the pre-science days.

If so, Natural Science would of course be one branch in this Department side by side with Mathematics, Modern Languages, History, and English Literature; but then I should also hope to retain Natural Science as a handmaid in the Classical Department as well.

I hope I have made my meaning pretty clear.

The point on which I should be thankful for our views ultimately to coincide is the teaching of Natural Science to *all* boys for *part* of their time.

Early in 1867 Butler appointed Mr. George Griffith as the first Science Master at Harrow.

To Mr. George Griffith.

Harrow: January 8, 1867.

Your acquaintance with my brother-in-law, Francis Galton, and with numerous common friends encourages me to address you as not entirely a stranger.

I am anxious to learn whether it would be agreeable to you to accept the post of a Master in Natural Science at Harrow. No such Master has ever yet been appointed, and the study has yet to be organized among us, though for many years we have had terminal examinations for volunteers, and during the last few months my friend Mr. Farrar has instituted a voluntary Natural Science Society among the boys.

We are now, I believe, ripe for a more regular introduction of this branch, or rather some of these branches, of study into our School system. On the other hand, we have at present no special class room for Natural Science and no Laboratory. These will doubtless soon follow, if needed, when once the study is rooted among us.

I would propose that the New Master should enter upon his duties after Easter, and in the meantime careful arrangements will be made for organizing the School work, and for fixing the subjects to be taught by him. In discharging this latter duty, I need not say that we shall defer much to the opinion of the new Master.

Having said this much I may perhaps leave you to decide whether the important post in question is one which is likely to meet your views.

For anything like proper accommodation and plant Mr. Griffith had to wait until the Tercentenary appeal provided funds. But the start was made. I have seen a strong criticism, written by one who ably taught science at Harrow for several years, on Butler's attitude to the newly introduced branch of study—that he never adequately pressed its development on the Governors, nor personally visited the laboratory. Butler would have been the first to confess his own ignorance of the subject. But the fact remains that he did introduce the study to Harrow, contributed out of his own pocket annual rewards for the best

proficients in science, and, what is more, gave to the erection of laboratories a leading claim upon the Lyon Memorial Fund.

Of all the developments of School activity promoted or assisted by Butler, there is none that possesses greater interest for Harrovians than the School music. The change and growth here were associated with the magic of John Farmer's personality : they produced an almost romantic, wholly unexpected, friendship between men of such different temperaments as Butler and Farmer.

In 1857 a few musical enthusiasts among the boys, headed by Capel H. Berger and J. A. Cruikshank, asked leave of the Head-Master to start a Musical Society. In giving permission, Dr. Vaughan, who possessed no ear himself and seems to have looked on boy-musicians with some mistrust, added the words, ' But there must be no concert.' The Society so founded consisted of the Head-Master, Mrs. Vaughan, all the Masters, and twenty-seven boys. They were coached, in instrumental music only, by a Mr. Stanton (whom they used to have to drag out of bed for rehearsals) and Mr. Tillyard, organist of the parish church. In their second term the prohibition of concerts was waived, perhaps at the request of Mrs. Vaughan, who attended the first performance in the upper room of the Young Men's Society. They depended largely on the financial support and energy of Capel Berger, who, even after leaving School, attended the rehearsals. When he died, as the result of an accident, in 1868, an appropriate memorial was erected to him in the *columns which support* the organ-loft in the Chapel. For three years the concerts were humble, irregular, and confined to orchestral music : but in 1860 part-singing was added by Mr. J. Bradbury Turner, who held the post of school-organist ; and a Chapel choir for part-singing was started at the same time. It is clear, however, that the Society was regarded in no very serious light. Music was no part of the School curriculum : for piano lessons boys went to Mr. Tillyard, who was not even one of the extra Masters at the time.

Now enters John Farmer upon the scene. The son of a lace-maker at Nottingham, he had been sent at the age of fourteen to study music at Leipzig and Coburg. By his father's wish he returned to England and tried to endure an uncongenial employment in the London branch of the lace-business. On his mother's death in 1857 he ran away

to Zurich, married there, and afterwards held the post of *Hof-Capellmeister* at Coburg. In 1862 he was in London again, giving daily performances on the piano at the International Exhibition of that year, with the object of pressing the sale of Messrs. Sprecher und Soehne's pianos. Some Old Harrovians visiting the Exhibition were struck by his playing, and engaged him to take charge of the Musical Society at what small salary the boys could afford. He came to reside at Sudbury, near Harrow, to direct their rehearsals and conduct their performances.

His enthusiastic faith in the possibilities of music in a school won the attention and support first of Westcott, and then of Harris, Bowen, and other Masters. House after House was opened to him for singing parties in the evening—the seed of 'House Singing,' which is still so familiar an institution to Harrow boys. By 1863 the last strongholds of resistance, the Grove and Church Hill, were stormed. The *pabulum* consisted at first of patriotic songs of the 'Bay of Biscay' type and some of the German folk-songs, of which Farrar wrote translations. But Harrow, so Farmer thought, must have Harrow songs, to appeal to the boys with an interest all their own. Westcott was the first to comply with Farmer's request for words, and 'Io Triumphe,' sung in 1864, heads the list.

To the 'Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott' Butler contributed the following account :

> One characteristic and novel feature of Mr. Westcott's life in his new house was the sympathy which he showed with Mr. John Farmer, who was then just venturing on that bold enterprise in 'House Singing' which, with Mr. Bowen's all-powerful assistance and the generous help of others, was destined to lead to such delightful results. Mr. Westcott was one of the very first to write for school use some Latin songs, of which 'Io Triumphe' became the most famous. This kind service was highly appreciated by Mr. Farmer, by the House, and by the School at large. But one audacious and short-lived libel was linked with it. Rumour whispered that a leading boy in the House, devoted almost beyond others to his beloved master, when shown by the gleeful musician the first draft of 'Io Triumphe,' observed, with pain, 'Surely there is a false quantity in that line.' Mr. Farmer, in helpless amazement, carried it back to its learned author, and deferentially suggested the alleged slip. The suggestion was first received with indignant horror, till in a few moments the trick of the wicked pupil was seen through, and condoned in a burst of laughter.

Farmer had as yet no official connection with the School. In March 1864 Mr. Bradbury Turner resigned his post

through ill-health. To succeed him as organist Butler endeavoured to obtain the services of his old college friend, the Rev. Charles Gray; the post was to be combined with a Mathemetical Mastership. But even while the correspondence was in progress an interview with Farmer took place which made a deep impression on his mind. Farmer, it must first be explained, was a remarkable coiner of quaint phrases. Butler, when he was pained or perplexed, had an unconscious trick of crooking his right eyebrow. Farmer dubbed this 'the theological eyebrow'; the straight one he called 'the human eyebrow.' Farmer once told me how they met on the London Hill, and he stopped the Head-Master. Not perhaps for the first time, but more vehemently than ever, he claimed for music in a school a power of civilising, uplifting, and harmonising the hearts and interests of boys. At his first words Butler's 'theological eyebrow' rose; but, as Farmer's enthusiasm warmed, 'the human eyebrow pulled it down again,' and Butler promised to consider the arguments of this fanatical preacher of the brotherhood of song. On Gray's refusal of the offer made him, Farmer was appointed 'School Organist and Instructor in Music' in 1864. In December of the next year he gave his first regular 'School Concert' in the Speech Room, and at it Westcott's 'Super Campos' was produced.

To the Rev. Charles Gray.

Harrow: March 12, 1864.

. . . So I must give up all hope of having you here. So be it! I must not be selfish. You are evidently 'thoroughly persuaded in your own mind,' and I have not another word to say. I shall offer the post of Organist to an admirable man here, who is certainly a most accomplished and enthusiastic musician. I am only doubtful whether he is quite at home on the Organ. He has organised 23 of my House and 13 of Westcott's (Vesey's old House) into singing classes, and the combined Choirs are to sing before the whole School in Speech Room next Saturday. This represents a great revolution in Harrow ideas.

To the Rev. Percy H. Milne.

Woburn Sands: April 18, 1912.

So many thanks for your prompt and kind gift, and also for your affectionate regards to our old friend. My correspondence with old schoolfellows during the last few months has excavated not a few fragments of Farmer's primæval language. The boy who possessed no audible sound at House Singing was 'a bogey in a water-butt,' or 'a weasel in a bandbox'; the entomologist was a 'Beetle-Joseph'; the painstaking boy 'a beaver'; the actor 'a blue-chin'; Farmer's ardent supporters were 'Rocks'; the singers

of a fortissimo chorus were ' Bell-Tinklers.' As to the last word, your reading makes etymology doubtful. Was the verb to ' bell-tinkle,' or to ' bell-tinkle*r* ' ? Was the substantive, the person, a ' bell-tinkler ' or a ' bell-tinklerer ' ? Who shall decide ? To myself the occult science of tinkling rather than tinklering comes most naturally: How he would laugh at us, the dear man ! . . . I am very thankful that I have now secured £—— as an annuity for his dear widow, and that money comes in daily. Evidently he was much loved and admired.

Westcott's Latin songs would never fulfil Farmer's ideal of bringing music into the life of the whole School. It remained for Edward Bowen to originate with ' Willow the King ' (1867) that series of English songs which, set to appropriate music by Farmer and his successors, has made Harrow famous in this branch of school enterprise. Their value, as interpreters of school-life and as a bond of brotherhood, needs no insistence. Many of them, which are not too topical in subject, have been adopted by other schools the world over.

Farmer soon won the Head-Master's consent to revert to unison singing in the Chapel. It is said that Butler consulted on this point Sir George Grove, who strongly supported Farmer's views. Butler continued to select the hymns and chants, but Farmer's influence gradually and tactfully eliminated the poor and enervating tunes. He called them ' sweedlepipe tunes,' and that alone was enough to damn them. He also persuaded Butler to introduce into a new edition of the School Hymn-book a number of Catharine Winkworth's translations of German hymns, to be sung to chorale tunes. Their friendship grew fast and deep. Farmer's more extravagant sallies would sometimes raise ' the theological eyebrow,' but all was soon forgiven in consideration of the real power for good which Farmer's wholesome influence exercised in the community.

To the Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 2, 1905.

I am touched with what you say of John Farmer and all we owe to him. I have been talking of him gratefully during the last few days, and his widow and I have exchanged greetings. She is just now with her married daughter at St. Andrews, but is coming soon to a new home in the South, probably either at or near Harrow.

Your scholarlike and devout little volume[1] has, I can see already, at least two hinges to move on (a very tasteless metaphor !)—the one, the Songs and Carols of the ancient Church, Greek and

[1] *Songs of Syon.*

Latin ; and there of course, as you say, you have Mason Neale as a leader ; the other, the grand German Chorales, which John Farmer taught us to love, and which require words of their own. Only last night my little grandchildren, the Howsons, told me that one of the chief favourites in the Harrow Chapel now is ' Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation.' That was pleasant to hear.

And so music became an institution at Harrow. The Musical Society is still a lively and a going concern. Mr. Cruikshank till his retirement in 1891, and subsequently Messrs. E. W. Howson and E. M. Butler, have served it as secretaries ; Doctors Eaton Faning and Percy Buck have succeeded to Farmer's seat. The concerts, the orchestra, the choral class, the teaching of instruments, theory and voice, the competitions in part, unison, and solo singing, are all under its direction. The ' old ' and the ' new ' music-schools have been built. Progress and developments have come, to suit the requirements of succeeding generations. But the stamp of Farmer still remains on the more important features of the study of music at Harrow.

Much the same considerations as had led to the introduction of Natural Science in 1866 brought about the formation of ' the Modern Side ' in 1869. In 1867 Farrar edited a volume of essays, ' On a Liberal Education,' and to that volume Edward Bowen contributed a paper entitled ' Teaching by Means of Grammar,' which immediately brought him notoriety in the scholastic world as a reformer, not only of the methods of teaching the Classics, but of the whole system in force at Public Schools. The staple of boys' education was the Classics, and for the majority of boys he believed that exclusive study to be unsuited. Then there was the difficulty of candidates for examinations, such as for Woolwich or the Indian Civil Service : these had generally to leave school early for a ' crammer,' to ensure any hope of success. Reform was advocated, often and no doubt eloquently, by Farrar and Bowen at Masters' meetings. Butler's attitude was one of caution : but by March 1869 his mind was made up for the new departure, and he offered the ' Mastership ' of the new ' Side ' to Bowen (it was known already that Farrar was not likely to stay much longer at Harrow).

Bowen was ready to accept the post on any terms ; but he wanted a definite understanding as between two alternative conceptions—' on the one hand, that of a

branch of the School which should aim at the best attainable teaching, and rank, as far as possible, on an equality with the Classical School; on the other, that of a division which should be professedly inferior, should welcome the duller boys, and bring the teaching to as low a level as was necessary for their training.'[1] Dr. Butler unhesitatingly chose the former alternative. To ensure equality of level with the Classical branch, it was laid down at first that no boy should be admitted to the Modern Side who had not been already a year in the School, with a good record for diligence and progress: and that there should be no Modern Form below the 'Shells' (*i.e.* Fourth Form excluded). The teaching was to be 'of a high class,' and to include mathematics, modern languages, history, Latin, science, and English. Boys were to be trained for Army and other examinations, but not for these exclusively.

The Modern Side began its existence in September 1869 with twenty-seven boys arranged in three forms, but all under the one Master. At first it was regarded with some suspicion of inferiority by able boys, and they shrank from joining it. But Bowen's teaching and personality soon exercised their attractive force, and in ten years the numbers had trebled themselves, and the Modern Sixth included some of the ablest members of the School. Butler's trust in his colleague was complete: he left to him the arrangement of all the studies and the control (so far as teaching went) of the other Masters of Modern Forms, as they were added. There was indeed some friction on one occasion, when a report reached the Head-Master that parents were alarmed at the over-liberal tendency of Bowen's lessons in divinity, and the disturbing effect of it on the minds of one at least of his pupils. However, tact paved the way to harmony, and a correspondence, which might have become acrimonious, ended in a mutual understanding and increased respect on both sides.

A more serious difference of opinion arose between the two colleagues in 1878. Mr. Bowen submitted to Dr. Butler a generous offer to found a scholarship for mathematics and modern studies. From the list of subjects specified for examination divinity was purposely excluded. Butler remonstrated; but Bowen persisted in his request that his proposal should be forwarded to the Governors. The offer

[1] From a Memorandum on the Modern Side by E. E. Bowen, September 10, 1881.

and the remonstrance, both supported by lengthy arguments, were sent to the Governors, who replied by asking Bowen to attend their next meeting and state his case orally. Butler evidently anticipated that a majority of the Governing Body might override his objections and accept the scholarship as offered. At all events he wrote to the Chairman ('with extreme reluctance,' he says, 'for I never wrote a letter on any personal matter with greater regret'), stating that in the event of their adopting Bowen's views he would feel it to be his duty to resign the Head-Mastership.

I hope I may say without improper or unreasonable importunity that to myself it is of great importance to know, with as little delay as may be consistent with the convenience of the Governors, for what event I am to prepare. If their decision is in favour of Mr. Bowen's views, I must at once look out for some other educational post. At present there is one vacant for which I should probably be a candidate, but delay might make my candidature impossible.

This grave issue was privately communicated by one of the Governors to Bowen, and he promptly and handsomely asked leave to withdraw his offer, 'with which there may possibly be connected other considerations of still more import to the School than the addition of a single foundation.' Dr. Butler in a printed letter to the Governors left a record of the incident from first to last, with the grounds on which he had acted. Its concluding paragraph runs as follows:

I hope the Governors will allow this letter to be kept among their official papers. I am not so presumptuous as to suppose that my arguments will convince those who, either now or hereafter, may view the matter differently; but should the question come up again in future years, it may not be without interest to the Governors of the time being to know in what light it was regarded by the Head-Master who was first called upon to deal with it, more especially as his term of office, from the beginning of 1860 onwards, was a period which witnessed many important changes, alike in the constitution of the School, in the extension of its Studies, and in the development of its Benefactions.

It only remains to say that the correspondence between the colleagues was marked with perfect courtesy on both sides. During the six months occupied by the incident they met and conversed with all the old cordiality, tacitly avoiding in conversation the subject of the controversy.

With the object of raising the intellectual standard of

the mass of boys Butler in 1868 introduced the Superannuation Rules. The report of the Public Schools Commissioners in 1864 had recommended that no boy should be allowed to remain at any school who did not make reasonable progress in his studies. This end might be secured by fixing certain stages of progress with reference to the Forms into which a school is divided. For Harrow in particular they recommended certain *maximum* ages of admission into each block of Forms, and that no boy should be suffered to remain at school after he had passed any of those respective ages without obtaining promotion into the Form for which it was the *maximum*. Dr. Butler wrote to the Governors:

> I concur in the principle . . . but I think that the arrangement by which the Commissioners propose to carry out the principle would act too harshly. Let the Rule be that no boy can remain in the School after he is 16, unless he has reached at least the Shell; after 17, unless he has reached the Fifth Form; or after 18, unless he has reached the Sixth. In some instances it may be wise to waive this Rule; such cases may safely be left to the discretion of the Head-Master.

> It was hardly to be expected [he wrote again in 1872 after four or five years of experience] that these Rules would meet with universal approval. To some they might appear pedantic, to some crotchety, to some procrustean, to some unnecessary.

This was indeed the case. It was urged that boys backward in intellect were often the best in character; that such boys were discouraged by the constant struggle to keep their heads above the water-lines; that parents found great difficulty in finding suitable training for boys forced to leave school at an early age. Whenever Harrow lost the match at Lord's, letters would appear in the papers attributing defeat to 'Dr. Butler's harsh and absurd rules.'[1] Even so fair and devoted a friend as 'Fred' Ponsonby wrote to *The Times* in 1872 to that effect, though without those epithets.

The whole question turns upon the judicious use of such a regulation. 'Cultivation of intellect,' as the Commissioners allowed, 'is not the sole end of education, nor the only object for which boys are sent to school.' A boy whose mind is unprogressive may be doing credit to himself and

[1] A comparison of the ages of the two Elevens in 1878 showed that the average age of the Etonians was 17 years 9 months, that of the Harrovians 18 years 5 months. In 1879 the average ages were practically equal.

the school in other directions. But that the rule is a valuable instrument in the hands of the Head and the House-Master few will deny, and no school of any standing would now be content to do without it. In a paper published for private circulation in 1872 Dr. Butler justified his legislation. He pointed out that Eton and eight other leading schools had adopted similar limits of age, and enumerated the benefits that might be expected to flow from the proper use of a superannuation rule.

1. It keeps before all boys a standard of duty, according to the old Winchester motto, *aut disce aut discede*.

2. It is a stimulus to indolent boys.

3. It removes one of the most serious difficulties in the way of efficient class-teaching (i.e. the presence of boys hopelessly behind the level of the class).

4. It is an important protection to younger boys, by relieving them of the presence of those who no longer care to improve, and ridicule diligence in others, and generally set a low example.

5. It provides for the timely, but not discreditable, departure of boys who, without being actually bad, have lost the confidence of their masters.

6. It is a real boon to backward boys, who suffer much from remaining at school when it is clearly proved that they can make nothing of the work.

He was anxious to raise not only the intellectual, but the moral, standard of the School. In November 1868 he read to his colleagues a memorandum on the importance of removing undesirable boys from their Houses.

It appears to me that there are two theories by which our minds are moulded in considering this subject:—

1. The first theory may perhaps be expressed not unfairly as follows:

A Public School is a place for which nearly all boys are presumably fit. It exists for the dull and the unruly at least as much as for the clever and the orderly. It is a grievous pity that a boy should either fail to enter or leave early. Where else could he go with anything like an equal prospect of good moral or mental training? Even if his progress mentally is small, is it in the first place likely to be much greater elsewhere? Secondly, does he not gain in discipline, in companionships, in the sobering influence which position in the School often exercises, a real and solid set-off against intellectual stagnation? This theory would, in few words, admit as many boys as possible, and keep them as long as possible.

2. The other theory may in its extremest form be expressed in the characteristic language of Arnold, so well known to educators: 'Till a man learns that the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great Public School

will never be what it might be and what it ought to be.' And again, 'It is *not* necessary that this should be a School of 300, or 100, or 50 boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.'

Those who hold this second theory will think more of the mass of the boys committed to their charge than of one or two individuals. They will feel that the loss inflicted on a particular boy either by not gaining admission at all, or by leaving before his time, is small indeed compared with the loss which may be inflicted on a Form or on a House by the presence of an element powerful to depress and incapable of elevating. They will maintain strenuously that great schools exist mainly for the sake of average boys who are *not* as a rule inclined to disorder or gross idleness. And they will hold that it would be monstrous to sacrifice the interests of this vast majority to the supposed interests of a few idlers or dullards merely because it may be difficult for the idlers and dullards to find good training elsewhere.

He goes on to press upon the House-Masters to support him in his efforts to weed out the dangerous element of idle, 'animal,' or possibly vicious boys. Not that he thought the prevailing tone was bad, for he concludes his memorandum thus:

That a great moral improvement has come over the boys, and that there are far fewer instances of gross idleness, insubordination, and contempt for all that is not physical, will, I believe, be unhesitatingly asserted by all who have had opportunities of judging. I scarcely ever set a punishment, and scarcely ever have words other than words of gratitude from Parents. I attribute this (humanly speaking) to the Entrance Examination, to my efforts (certainly most imperfectly successful) to have boys well trained beforehand, and to a system of careful watching as to the precise time when it is desirable that boys shall leave. Other Masters have attained greater success, and may be able to give their own reasons. I can but record my own experience and my earnest convictions.

Here we may record an incident which brought a shower of combined ridicule and indignation upon the School and its legislators. In 1863 an edict was published that no boys might have side-pockets to their trousers, the object of course being to counteract 'the Harrow slouch.' The newspapers saw the chance of good copy, and articles, some serious and some humorous, appeared, such as the following in the *Daily Telegraph*:

Who can trust his masters again after this? What amount of mutual confidence can possibly exist between the teachers and the taught? 'Prohibit manly collars: punish the surreptitious cigar: even shorten the holidays'—thus will the schoolboy say—'but allow

us at any rate to do what a hundred public intimations advise us, permit us at least to take care of our own pockets.' . . . The fiat has gone forth, and after all it is a wise one. Mr. Butler has noticed that the lads under his charge perpetually saunter about with their hands in their pockets: and he rightly objects to the practice as being likely to give them a slouching gait and a stooping figure. It might perhaps be as well if the Head-Master's orders could apply to grown-up men as well as to his pupils. . . . Petty and insignificant as the habit may appear to be against which Mr. Butler has just protested, it really involves questions of the gravest moral importance. These boys are to be men: they must look the world in its face, head erect, hands ready to prevent, or, if necessary, to return, a blow. As a first step to this they must really take their hands out of their pockets.

The matter may seem trivial, but the prohibition was fiercely resented. It is often quoted as one of Butler's mistakes. But what is not generally known is that he was personally averse to the rule from the beginning, that he gave his consent with reluctance, and wanted to rescind it after a very short experience of its unpopularity. His mistake was in allowing, for once, his own opinion to be overruled by the majority of his colleagues, and he regretted it. In his notes on a Masters' meeting of January 1864 he writes:

I acknowledged frankly my disposition to recede, on the ground that the rule was irksome to enforce, especially with the older boys, who are irritated. I urged the importance of a genial feeling between boys and masters. To the universal feeling in favour of going on with the prohibition I yielded; but said that *I* could not and would not stop the boys in the street.

The rule was repealed after an unpleasant experience of about ten or eleven years.

Another mistake, and a very generous one, was that Butler undertook far too heavy a burden of work. Head-Masters of to-day allege that the task of organisation occupies their time and energies to the full. Butler devoted at least ten hours a week to teaching the Upper Sixth, and his careful preparation of lessons would demand, say, half as many again. He looked over all the best composition of the Form, and had his Select Division. In addition to this he took every Form on the Classical Side once a term. Apart from organisation and teaching, he kept at first the finance of the School in his own hands. It was not till 1869 that he sought help in preparing his annual balance-sheet from Mr. William Winkley, and, if we may judge by the modest salary of £25 paid to that gentleman, the help could not have been considerable. A Bursar was appointed in 1880, Mr. Tosswill being the

first Master to hold that office. Again, it was not till 1880 that he engaged the assistance of a regular secretary, that invaluable helper and friend, Mr. W. Moss, who continues to this day in the service of his fourth Head-Master of Harrow.

But work for the School was not all. He found time to take his part in the local interests of the town. He was chairman of the Local Board of Health from 1860 to 1868. We find him laying the foundation-stone of the Literary Institute in 1860, serving on the town committee to celebrate the marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1863, and on another committee to raise a memorial to the beloved vicar of Harrow, who died in 1862. He presented prizes to the Harrow Rifles, and annually to the Commercial Travellers' School at Pinner. When the local School Board was started in 1870, he stood as a candidate; but a characteristic speech, in which he eulogised the communities whose rates were *high*, landed him at the bottom of the poll.

His hospitality to Masters and boys was generous. Besides the frequent informal breakfast, dinner, and croquet parties, the whole staff was entertained every term at an official dinner, and the monitors had an annual evening party on November 5, when the story of Dr. Longley and the coat-tails was regularly repeated. Among the residents at Harrow were his mother and two sisters, his brother Spencer and his family, devoted friends like the Vicar, the Rev. F. Hayward Joyce, Mrs. Faulder, and Mrs. Rotch, who in her hundred years of life was on intimate terms with five Head-Masters; and men of mark like Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Lord Charles Russell, Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, Sir Richard Temple, and Mr. Charles J. Leaf. All of these were frequent guests at the Head-Master's table. From the outside world came Robert Browning, Mrs. Caroline Norton, Mr. Beesley the Chartist, Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Badger, Dean Stanley, George Macdonald, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Lord Selborne, Arthur Sidgwick, Robert Lowe, Lord Herschell, Benjamin Jowett, Sir Albert Grey, George Brodrick, besides very many of his Cambridge friends and old Harrow pupils. He was fond of telling two yarns about his visitors. Professor Conington had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Butler's first baby in arms. 'How thankful,' was his only remark, 'we all ought to be that we are past *that*!' On another occasion he was closeted with the

Master of Balliol when a telegram arrived asking him to grant another interview. He replied, 'Sorry, but I am engaged with Jowett.' The answer, when delivered, ran 'engaged with Jet'; and the recipient of it knew well that Butler's beloved black retriever bore that name and was the partner of many a romp in the Head-Master's sanctum.

This mention of the dog 'Jet' must be my excuse for a short digression. He seems to have fully deserved admission to the gallery of canine worthies in the Butler family. On his death in 1856 Mr. W. Moss wrote to the Dean of Gloucester:

> It was most kind of you to write and tell me about dear old Jet, now sleeping peacefully for ever. It grieved me a good deal to hear of it, but I am quite sure you acted mercifully so that he should not live to suffer pain. . . . Jet has not lived in vain. His life was full of lessons, and by his silent example he taught others. I feel a better man for having been brought into contact with him. He was a truly noble beast.

Nor was his memory short-lived. In 1902 the Master of Trinity wrote to his old secretary:

> Some day you must add to our boys' knowledge of poor old Jet. He is a classical figure to them already;
>
> 'All to his virtues ever kind,
> And to his faults a little blind.'
>
> They often look at the photograph, with the tongue lolling out, and can scarcely believe him to have been a murderer.[1] He was an old friend who contributed to the happiness of many. You and I will never forget how he lay in the study, and how he would bark when I opened the red baize door.

In 1868 Butler was appointed to serve on a Royal Commission on Military Education, of which Lord de Grey was Chairman, and Butler's old school-friend, J. Wallace Hozier, the Secretary. The frequent meetings of the Commission, lasting over two years, were a further and a serious tax upon his time. He was not in entire harmony with the majority of his colleagues. In a memorandum printed with the Commissioners' Report he argues for an increased number of 'non-purchase' students at the reorganised Sandhurst, and an increase in the pecuniary help to be offered to attract young men of ability and diligence for the Army. In his own notes he wrote:

[1] See p. 380.

The object of a special Military College must be to give a powerful leaven of professional earnestness and trained ability in each Regiment, and so in the Army generally. Why not adopt the principle that *every* student at the Military College should be a picked man? Have a severe examination. Give a valuable pecuniary reward in some form to *every* man who is admitted. Let the reward continue for a fair term of years, so as to be substantial. By this means you secure (1) good conduct and work while at the Military College, (2) a good leaven in the Regiments, (3) the confidence of Parents, which is now repelled, (4) the best chance of starting schools of instruction after joining, because such picked students will set the fashion.

And there was his voluminous correspondence on family affairs, school business, Church questions and politics, besides the thousands of letters entailed by his never-ceasing appeals for subscriptions. How did he find the time? Of course it meant burning the candle at both ends. He rose habitually at six, often in the summer mornings at five, and in consequence he suffered from drowsiness in the course of the day. How many of his pupils have watched his head droop over their composition, while the blue pencil that propped his forehead gradually made a long line across the exercise, till it fell and woke him to wonder what enormity had deserved so bad a mark. Often, too, there was a want of proportion in his management of time. Important decisions and correspondence would have to wait, while he looked over, say, a set of Latin verses from the Fifth Form, or a pile of 'sentences' set to even lower boys.

To the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 13, 1908.

I am not sure that it is one of the 'Pleasures of Memory' to recall my night hours at Harrow. To say the truth I am by no means clear as to what they actually were. I suspect that I got credit, or discredit, for fewer than I really indulged in. . . . I was always down in my study just before or just after 7. This gave me time to look over the already prepared lesson for First School, especially the passage from the Psalms or the Prophets which came between Prayers and the day's lesson. First School, as you remember, was at 7.30, and I always left my house so as to avoid being out of breath after climbing the hill and the steps.

The hour of going to bed of course varied; but my impression is that I was in bed before 12, and seldom out of it after 1, unless there was some long and troublesome confidential letter to be copied as well as written, one of the few letters which I could not hand over to a clerk. The very mention of a 'clerk' reminds me that it was only in the last few years of my nearly 26 years that I employed a clerk.

If I were you, I should not be at all disquieted at finding that six hours (in bed) are enough, but I should never scruple to add a 'bittock' to them after lunch or after dinner. You remember your hero Palmerston's quotation:

'The only true way to lengthen the day
Is to steal a few hours from the night.'

Your purloining must be the reverse—from the day. Whatever you do, never take a sleeping drug. How emphatic as to this was good Sir Andrew Clark, quoting Mr. Gladstone in illustration. 'Take my word for it, Dr. Butler, sleeplessness never did harm to man or woman, except, mark me, by the apprehensions it may have inspired, or the drugs taken to remedy it.' And then followed the tale of Mr. Gladstone's seven sleepless nights. 'I would give no drug.' 'One of Clark's fads,' they said. 'On the 8th night natural sleep returned.' I seem to hear him saying it, and I have comforted more than one poor sleeper by the recital.

There were Royal visits to Harrow in this decade. In 1864 the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the Speeches, and in September 1867 the Queen of Holland came to see the School. Apparently she did not forget to ask for the usual sequel to a Royal visit.

From the Earl of Clarendon.

September 27, 1867.

I am sure you will like to know how intensely gratified and interested the Queen of Holland was by Her visit to Harrow. She said that nothing she had seen in England had pleased Her so much, and H.M. desired me, if I had an opportunity, to renew Her thanks to you. She was not shown too much or too little, and all the right things were done in the right way.

I hope you do not regret the week's holiday. I do not, although I entirely agreed with your original opinion; but the disappointment would have been great. I believe the Queen was as much pleased at being allowed to ask for it as the boys were at its being granted.

In 1868 an application was made to Butler through Matthew Arnold, who had recently gone to reside at Harrow and sent his own boys to the School as Home-Boarders 'on the Foundation.' This request was that H.R.H. the Duke of Genoa should be admitted to the School, with exemption from the Chapel services, then an unheard-of privilege. The Duke came to Harrow in 1869, accompanied by an Italian general as tutor, and boarded with Matthew Arnold himself at Byron House. In 1870 Prim, the Spanish general who had overthrown the rule of Queen Isabella at Madrid, arrived at Harrow with the offer from the Cortes of the Crown of Spain to the Harrow boy—a unique incident. The consent of the King of Italy was refused, and the Crown went elsewhere.

From Matthew Arnold.

Harrow: April 16, 1868.

I have been asked to apply to you about the admission of an august pupil. The boy is the son of the late Duke of Genoa, and the nephew therefore of the present King of Italy. The princes of that family have been remarkably ill-educated, and the Duchess of Genoa, a Saxon Princess, has had it suggested to her to send this boy to an English Public School. . . . I am desired to ask whether the boy could be excused attendance at prayers and services, as a Catholic, and whether he could have a sort of governor or special tutor living with him. As to the exemption from Anglican services, it is indispensable for a Catholic of this boy's rank, as his attending them would give great offence in Italy, though his family might not themselves object to it. As to the governor, he was a common appendage to young noblemen at Eton some years ago, but I do not know whether he is a luxury against your rules.

I cannot tell you how much I liked the chapel service last Sunday.

From the Same.

The Athenæum, April 22, 1868.

Nothing could be kinder than your proposal[1] except the manner in which it is made. It gives me more pleasure than I can express to see their grandfather thus counted to my boy's benefit, and I only wish they were more likely to achieve a school career worthy of it. I shall place the boys on the foundation, with the satisfaction, in doing so, that I am not going against your views and wishes.

As to the Italian prince, I have been much urged to make this application, and I think it is just for a youth of this kind that the sort of republicanism of a great English school would be excellent. Harrow too would be better for him than Rugby, and I do not like to write to Temple till I know that Harrow is out of the question. Between Harrow and Eton the former seems to be preferred for him. There is no immediate hurry about placing him, as he is only thirteen or so, and indeed ought to learn some English first.

The admission of His Royal Highness to the School was not allowed to pass without an unpleasant incident. A memorial was signed by the Vicar and a few other residents in the parish protesting against the relaxation, in favour of this Roman Catholic boy, of the rule which enforced on all boys attendance at the chapel services. They professed to fear that it would be the first instance of many, and might lead to the erection in Harrow of a separate chapel for that denomination. Dr. Butler's answer was to produce the sanction of the Governors and the approval of the two Visitors, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.

As a recognition of his services in this matter, the

[1] *I.e.* to admit Arnold's two boys 'on the Foundation,' as being sons of a 'man with a moderate official salary without private fortune,' and the grandson of Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

Order of a Commendatore of the Corona d'Italia was conferred upon the Head-Master by the King of Italy. In his will Dr. Butler left the insignia of the Order to the Vaughan Library, for he had always regarded the honour as offered to the School rather than to himself.

With regard to Arnold's own sons the story is a sad one. Thomas, the eldest, died November 23, 1868, six months after he entered the School; Trevenen William ('Budge'), the second son, died at Harrow February 16, 1872. Tablets were placed to their memory in the School Chapel with inscriptions composed by Butler.

From Matthew Arnold.

November 29, 1868.

Trevenen tells us you have spoken of our dear boy in your sermon this evening. We could neither of us face the Chapel to-night, but we should be very thankful to you if you would let us see the sermon. Your letter to Mrs. Arnold gave her and me real and deep pleasure. She cannot write, but she wishes very much to see you when you can call.

From the Same.

No date, but probably February 1872.

The inscription is just as I wished, except that 'eldest child,' and not 'eldest son' on Tommy's tablet is the word. In this case I should like it on Budge's to be 'child' too. I have thought much of you this week, though I judged it best Mrs. Arnold should go in on Sunday alone. And I have been thinking of you and yours to-day and of that last service which you came and read for our dear child.

The following letters of this period deal with various subjects of miscellaneous interest. For the most part they tell their own story: to some I have added short explanatory notes.

From the Rev. R. Shilleto.

Cambridge: May 24, 1860.

I have a letter this morning from Vaughan interceding (his own word) for a Harrovian of whom he says (Pretor[1] is his name, and quite a new name to me), 'He is an excellent pupil, diligent, clever, and promising. He distinguished himself highly at Harrow and possesses a recommendation sometimes, I fear, wanting in Harrow men—that of resolution and vigour for work.'

Do, my dear Montagu, throw into your Sixth Form your own love of work. Make them feel the manliness, the health, the duty (I ought perhaps to have put that first, but the two first put would perhaps succeed best with them) of work.

[1] Alfred Pretor, Scholar of Trinity, seventh Classic, Fellow and Lecturer of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

Now don't think me intrusive for this little hint about Harrow. I perhaps should not have ventured on it, had I not received Vaughan's letter. . . .

From the Rev. B. Jowett.

Balliol: November 30, 1860.

I write a line to say that your pupil, Matthew Ridley, quite came up to the high character which we had heard of him. I thought that he was much above the average of Scholars whom we usually elect. Another of your pupils, Graham[1] (a thoroughly good fellow), was thought in the opinion of some of the electors to have done best for the exhibition.

I did not know that I had ever had the chance of the honour of having you for a pupil.

I am of course, while I remain at Oxford, naturally desirous of having good material to work with (though not of driving men to Balliol College whose interests might lead them elsewhere). If you will provide us with them, I will certainly do all that is in my power for them when they come up, and I will make a point of pressing any one whom you strongly recommend for admission.

Ridley and Graham both speak of you in a way that augurs well for the success of the School, and which you would be glad to hear. I think I may congratulate you not only on having been elected at Harrow, but on having succeeded in a work of which it may be said, perhaps, '*Ce n'est pas le premier pas qui coûte.*'

Warmest wishes for your success not only for one year but altogether.

To the Rev. F. G. Vesey.

Tintern, Chepstow: August 22, 1861.

I was on the point of writing to urge you to join me when your letter arrived.

I am here till Monday 26th certain, and shall probably like to stay for a few more days. After that, I wish to have a regular heel-kicking about Cader Idris and Snowdon. Any of your school children will tell you what and where these are. I will only say they are not Moorish.

My brother Arthur left me yesterday, so you could have his bed in this house, and no doubt I could find a bed in the place for Palmer, or I could give him up mine, and take to shavings.

Come here before this moon has run away. You never can depend upon moons, I find; but during the last week we have been lucky enough to have one, unusually round and happy-looking. The sight of the Abbey by moonlight is literally (I speak with the reserve of a traveller) the most beautiful thing I have ever known.

Your course therefore is clear. Take the first train to Chepstow, drive six miles to the Post Office, Tintern, where you will find that you have not much farther to go. I shall order a double allowance of cream—triple if Palmer accompanies you—from '*the* Farmer'—there is only *one* here—and over our tea and bread we will discuss the question of ulterior movements.

[1] Afterwards Sir H. J. L. Graham, K.C.B., Clerk of the Parliaments.

Bring a thick pair of boots, a thin skull, and an entire forgetfulness of the past, and remember I won't be responsible for any skittishness on the part of the moon.

To Henry Sidgwick.

Freshwater, Isle of Wight: January 11, 1865.

By all means let us have you on the 21st. I will try to be more than usually leisureful on the following day, but happily you will not be among strangers at Harrow.

As to poor Arthur, I certainly misled you by what I said at Trinity. I told the exact truth, but a very few days after I found that his hopes had been premature. He wanted to resign at once, but we persuaded him to delay matters till Easter and see what the interval would do. I earnestly hope that he will go abroad, but he clings tenderly to home. If he is not gone abroad when you come to us, you will probably see him. All that is actually settled is that he certainly does not return to Haileybury for *next* Quarter. I went over there myself and saw the authorities. As you may suppose, they greatly prefer the uncertainty of a few months to an immediate resignation. The whole matter is very sad, poor fellow!

Have you read P. S. Worsley's Translation of the Odyssey? If so, I think you must admire it. Please puff it whenever possible. The author, a man under 30, is staying here, and Bradley[1] and I are growing much attached to him. He has the most miserable health. It cost him seven years to take his degree at Oxford, though he was then a Scholar (as he is now a Fellow) of Corpus.

At the end of the summer term of 1867 a temporary illness[2] prevented Butler from distributing the prizes and dismissing the School. The following message was read to the boys in the Speech Room.

July 29, 1867.

I cannot allow so large a part of our body to leave Harrow without expressing my deep regret that I am unable to meet them to-day.

I beg them to accept this assurance of my affectionate interest in their welfare and happiness, and of my earnest hope that, under God's blessing, whatever good they have gained at Harrow may be abundantly fruitful in the years that are to come.

H. M. B.

From the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Eversley: September 23, 1869.

What you say of —— is much what I expected. Alas, alas! for that boy's future. He was treated at home like a wild beast, and that called out the wild-beast nature (which lurks in all *male* ——s) in return.

I do wish to come and see you, as you so kindly ask, but there

[1] The Rev. G. G. Bradley, Head-Master of Marlborough; afterwards Dean of Westminster.

[2] The illness lasted through the holidays: it was then that Dr. Butler wore his beard.

seems a fate against it. Meanwhile I hear with surprise and pleasure that my foolish books have been of any use to you. Your sermons I have actually not yet had time to read: but Mrs. Kingsley bids me tell you that she is delighted with them: and her praise is far more worth having than mine, as you would soon see, if you knew her.

In January 1868 W. J. Courthope wrote him a long letter explaining his own 'want of attraction to Christianity,' and his disagreement with Butler's opinion that Tennyson was a poet of the first rank. 'For my own part,' he writes, 'I do not think that Tennyson possesses that quality for which you give him credit, "profound insight." His highest quality as a poet seems to me to be his descriptive power, and his classical pieces to be the poems which will live the longest.' The next letter from the same correspondent goes to show how respectfully and yet freely an old pupil could express views which were certainly divergent from the master's teaching.

From W. J. Courthope.

New University Club: March 30, 1868.

I send you a copy of my 'Spenser,' because I think you may like to see it as Harrovian, and also because I have said more about my hobby in it. When I come to think calmly over all that I have said in my letters to you on this matter, I fancy that I may have offended you by expressions I have used. You must make the allowances for me that are generally made to men who write in times of strong feeling. I cannot deceive myself so far as to suppose that much of what I feel is not due to envy and discontent, but at least I have written nothing insincerely. I do not know if I have jarred you by speaking of my own feelings too openly. That kind of thing I know by experience is often out of tune—the worst of it is that one doesn't recognise this till too late. But at any rate, if I have taken too much line, you may set it down to a genuine feeling of gladness at getting the ear of one who will understand me.

I wonder whether you will let me have a line to say if 'Spenser' seems just criticism. I also send with him a light poem—if rather long—in which I have expressed some of my feelings about the modern taste in literature in the mouth of Horace's friend, Damasippus (in a new dress). It is better perhaps to show one's heart through a medium than directly. I need not say that the poem in its details is only slightly autobiographical.

From Sir Charles Lyell.

73 Harley Street, London, W.: July 3, 1868.

I am sorry that the lateness of the hour obliged us to hurry away [after Speeches] without bidding you and Mrs. Butler good-bye. I hope some day, when you are in London, you will do us the favour of calling here. What you and Dr. Temple have been doing in the cause of education and on another great question of

the day[1] has my earnest sympathy and admiration; and if the laity, to whom it would be so much less a sacrifice, would act up to their convictions with the same spirit and courage, we should soon be emancipated from our old trammels.

When I reflect on the vast importance of the objects of a Commission intended to bring the teaching of our great schools more into harmony with the spirit of the age,[2] and the comparative insignificance of almost all the other political questions of the day, I could hardly hear with patience a member of that Commission[3] professing almost to forget that he had ever taken a part in it, or what they had recommended to be done. If, instead of being so much of a student, I had been trained in public life and practised in wording my expressions and keeping my temper in a social party like that of yesterday, I should certainly have dealt with the Commissioner as freely as the Member for Calne[4] did so well with the representative of an English University. If I had dreamt of having an opportunity of expressing my opinions on such an occasion, I should have been able without occupying more time to have said something more to the point.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott
(on his appointment as Canon of Peterborough).

Harrow: December 30, 1860.

To tell you the truth, I had divined with singular sagacity how the matter lay, but you may rely upon it that under no possible circumstances could I for a moment have misunderstood any act or apparent omission on your part. When we first read the paragraph in *The Times*, a thrill of delight passed through us all—'all' includes my brother Arthur, who is just now with us. That there should have been at last some public and permanent recognition of your great services to the Church and to literature was a thought that filled me with gratitude, and also there was a private pleasure in thinking that Dr. James' house, the home of many tender and even sacred memories connected with our family, should be now passing into the hands of so valued a friend.

Then after a time misgiving began to steal over us whether the new post must imply a prospective abandonment of the old one. Is this absolutely necessary? Is there no way by which, at least for a few years, the three months could be distributed among the summer and winter holidays? I know your three Canon colleagues intimately, and I am satisfied that, if nothing but private feeling were involved, they would gladly enter into some such arrangement:

Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur.

If not, I cannot express to you how deeply and poignantly I shall feel your loss, for the sake of the School as well as my own.

But I will say no more at this present. You will not be in any way pressed to decide quickly. Nay, I will not ask you even to write to me about it. When we meet, you will kindly tell me all that you think right and necessary to be done.

[1] ? Church Reform.
[2] Natural Science teaching started at Rugby and Harrow.
[3] ? Lord Clarendon.
[4] Mr. Robert Lowe.

CHAPTER XI

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ACT OF 1868 AND ITS EFFECTS UPON HARROW

THE effects of the Public Schools Act of 1868 upon Harrow were considerable, and must be regarded as the most important event in the history of at least the first decade of Butler's Head-Mastership. To explain it we must go back to the Founder of the School and the sixteenth century. 'At that time' (I quote Dr. Butler's own words) 'it was felt that education was the best means by which any man of patriotic sentiment could benefit his neighbourhood and his country. This was the feeling which animated our Founder, John Lyon. . . . And when he cast in his mind what the nature of the education should be, he had certain peculiar circumstances to guide his choice; and it is important for us to remember these in considering the question before us.' Firstly, then, there was practically no literature existing in the modern languages of those days, but 'there were the two great tongues which some people are in the habit of calling "dead," but which at that time were not felt to be dead, but to contain within them the very living springs of thought and of civilisation . . . and it is a very remarkable thing to notice in reading John Lyon's Statutes that almost the only subjects which are recommended for the study of even the youngest boys are the ancient tongues of Greece and Rome.' The second important fact to be remembered is that in framing his Statutes the Founder was considering the interests of the *poor* of his parish. 'These are the two principles—the study of the ancient tongues on the one hand, and the education of the poor on the other—which seemed to him to be not incompatible at that time.'

To found a grammar school Lyon left a sum of money, from which 'a meet and competent number' of the sons of the inhabitants of Harrow were to receive a free education.

He provided for the Master and the Under-Master or 'Usher' limited stipends, but he ordained that it should be competent for the Master to receive, 'over and above the youth of the Inhabitants of the Parish of Harrow,' a certain number of 'Foreigners,' *i.e.* boys from outside the parish, that number to be regulated by the discretion of the Governors. These Governors were to be six in number, and all of them either resident, or possessed of property, within the parish. It was on this apparently insignificant clause about the 'Foreigners' that the future history of the School hinged. For, owing to circumstances which need not detain us here, the number of this class of boys (Boarders we should call them now) increased during the 300 years which followed the granting of the Charter by Queen Elizabeth to John Lyon in 1571; their introduction transformed Harrow from a village school 'into one of the proudest institutions of England, sending forth its scholars and statesmen into every part of the wide British Empire, so that there is within the last 70 years scarcely a single important province, if I may so express it, in English history which is not associated with some Harrow name.'[1]

Meanwhile, what had happened with regard to John Lyon's provision for the education of the poorer residents? It remained competent for any inhabitant to place his son 'upon the Foundation,' and so to obtain for him a free education. But the classical course of study prescribed by the Founder was no longer acceptable to the tradesmen and farmers, whose boys were not likely to proceed to the Universities. Lads like these would, by elaborate grounding in Greek and Latin, and by association with much richer schoolfellows, only be unsettled in their intention to follow a simple trade. One of the parishioners pithily put the case: 'My son would have neither the taste nor the qualification to proceed with the business of a butcher.' The boys on the Foundation therefore became in course of time practically confined to the sons of resident professional men, or of widows attracted to Harrow by the pecuniary advantage. The poorer classes were deprived of what they deemed to be their rights under the Founder's will.

To remedy this grievance Dr. Vaughan started in 1853 'The English Form,' so called because the Classics were practically excluded from its curriculum. Here for the

[1] Butler's words to the parishioners in March 1865.

modest payment of £5 a year parents could have their boys taught elementary Latin Grammar, English Composition, History, Geography and Mathematics. As the Governors could contribute little after providing for Foundationers in the Upper School, the bulk of the expense of maintenance fell on the Head-Master. This institution shared the fate of many compromises. It was housed in a humble tenement, limited in numbers owing to inadequate funds, and generally worked at a disadvantage. Moreover, there was a sting in No. 10 of Dr. Vaughan's rules for its management: 'The boys will regard themselves as entirely separate in all respects from those of the Public School: they will on no account mix themselves with the games, &c. of the Public School. This rule, being made for the benefit of the new Form (to secure them from any interference or annoyance from the Public School), will, it is earnestly trusted, be strongly enforced by the Parents of the Scholars.' As a result, the English Form was condemned by some inhabitants as 'a sham,' 'a stopgap,' 'a substitute,' 'a bribe,' because it did not supply all the privileges supposed to be intended by the Founder.

As regards the management of the Public School, the Governors exercised the power of appointing and dismissing the Head and the Lower Master, the control of the Founder's endowment, and the acceptance, or possible rejection, of boys to be benefited thereby. The organisation of studies, the maintenance of discipline, the distribution of the fees paid by the parents—all these duties were left entirely to the Head-Master's discretion, when he was once appointed, and so long as he retained the confidence of the Governors.

Such, in brief outline, was the position of affairs when the Public Schools Commission was appointed in 1861. The composition of that body was a guarantee of their perfect impartiality, and entitled them to full public confidence. The members of the commission were the Earl of Clarendon (Chairman), the Earl of Devon, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Fiennes Twisleton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Halford Vaughan, and Professor Thompson. They gave to their 'laborious and unpopular inquiry' two full years. For Harrow they called the evidence of the Governors, the Head-Master, seven Assistant Masters, and two Old Harrovians. It was a pity that they did not also call at least one or two residents to voice the smouldering grievance

of the parish. They personally visited the School, the Houses, and the playing-fields. To his voluminous evidence, which was published in full, Butler obtained leave to append the following statement of his general views about education at Harrow.

I believe that the system of education pursued at Harrow is admirably adapted to train a boy to do his duty efficiently and in a generous spirit in any position of life to which he may be called. It does not profess to train him for any one particular profession or employment, nor is it pretended that when a boy leaves Harrow at the age of 18 or 19 he has reached more than the threshold of the education of his life. His actual acquirements are probably extremely scanty. With many of the most useful mental accomplishments he is very imperfectly equipped. To many of the highest branches of knowledge he is practically an entire stranger. He is still a boy, and not a man. But it is confidently believed that if he has employed his time diligently at school he will carry with him, when he leaves it, some capacity for thinking clearly, some sense of the value of accuracy and thoroughness in work, some respect for knowledge for its own sake, some appreciation of the most graceful and the most generous, if not yet of the most profound, thoughts enshrined in literature, a consciousness that he knows but little, and a desire to learn more; and, turning to the moral and social rather than to the intellectual side of the education which he has received, a grateful conviction that he has throughout his school course been treated in a kindly and liberal spirit, always largely trusted, and latterly invested with large responsibilities, as one equally interested with the Masters in maintaining the moral welfare of the body to which they alike belong, and taught to believe that that welfare cannot be maintained unless its leaders are distinguished by vigilance, courage, love of justice, sympathy, and courtesy.

I am not entitled to offer an opinion based upon experience as to whether the results of this education as seen in after-life can be regarded as satisfactory; but it seems to me that the qualities which I have enumerated, and which, as I believe, the system pursued at Harrow has a direct tendency to form and to foster, are the possessions most eagerly to be coveted for boys who are destined in their manhood to become 'profitable members of the Church and commonwealth' of England.

Doubtless I can see some details in which our system is susceptible of improvement, but I may be permitted respectfully to remind the Commissioners in conclusion that the Head-Master of Harrow is completely unshackled by any superior administrative authority, and that consequently it is open to him, and must therefore be his duty, to make such changes from time to time as may appear to him at once desirable in themselves, and opportune in respect of circumstances.

(*Signed*) H. Montagu Butler,
Head-Master of Harrow School.

Harrow: January 27, 1862.

Of this summary a distinguished father of two sons in the School wrote:

From Earl Russell.

Pembroke Lodge: October 22, 1864.

You will perhaps allow me to say that I think your statement before the Commissioners of the aims and objects of Harrow education was all that could be wished, and ought to be kept in view in all our public schools.

In 1864 the Commission published its Report and Recommendations. The most important of these, as far as they concerned Harrow in particular, were in summary as follows:

1. That the number of Governors should in future be twelve, all of them members of the Established Church; but no one in future was to be disqualified from acting as a Governor of the School by reason of his not being resident or possessing property within the Parish. That three members of the Governing Body should be chosen for their attainments in Literature or Science. The Governors were empowered to make regulations for the subjects of study and the general discipline and management of the School.

2. That the privilege of free education of children of the inhabitants of Harrow should be abolished, due provision being made by fixing a term of convenient length for the final extinction of it or otherwise, to prevent hardship to persons who might have come to reside at Harrow with the intention of availing themselves of the privilege.

3. That the right of preference in election to John Lyon's Scholarships in favour of boys born within the Parish of Harrow, and all rights and privileges to boys of Founder's kin, should be abolished.

4. That the number of boys in the School, including Foundationers and Home Boarders, should never exceed 500.

5. That the maximum ages of admission to various Forms in the School should be fixed, and that no boy should be allowed to remain in the School after he had passed those respective ages without obtaining promotion into the Form for which those ages were fixed (*i.e.* a Superannuation Rule).

6. That Classics, Mathematics and Divinity should be taught during the whole of each boy's career; Modern Languages and Natural Science during the whole or a substantial part of his career; Music and Drawing during a substantial part. Some specialising was to be allowed at the Head-Master's discretion.

7. That the Governors should be empowered to abolish the office of Lower-Master, or to assign to it such stipend (a small one) as they might think fit.

8. The attention of the Governors was called to the ventilation of school-rooms, the sanitary arrangements, and the insufficiency of the cricket grounds.

9. That the Governors should provide for the erection of a

suitable building for the accommodation of the English Form, and for maintaining a suitable staff of masters to instruct the boys attending it.

These Resolutions were embodied in a Bill which was introduced into the House of Lords in March 1865, and fully debated on various dates in April and May.

Different provisions of the Bill were received with resentment by different interests affected.

The Head and Assistant Masters drew up a protest, dated March 31, 1865.

(1) They accepted the principle that School and House fees should be regulated by the authority of the Governors, and that accounts of the School Fund should be rendered to that Body. But they recorded their conviction that the School could only suffer by the transference to the Governors of the power to direct the studies and discipline of the School.

(2) They objected to the provision that three of the proposed new Governing Body should always be Persons distinguished for Literary or Scientific attainments, as tending to that interference on the part of the Governors with the studies of the School, which they deprecated.

(3) They were of opinion that no Legislation was necessary to enable the Governors and the Head-Master to carry out all improvements desirable in the interests of boys not on the Foundation, or to limit the number of such boys, the Governors having already the discretion to limit those numbers by an express clause in the Founder's Statutes.

On the other hand the parishioners held a Vestry Meeting, with the Vicar, the Rev. F. Hayward Joyce, in the chair, and carried Resolutions protesting against these points in the Bill :

(1) The proposal that the Governors need not be resident or possessed of property within the Parish.

(2) The abolition of the right of free education for children of inhabitants.

(3) The abolition of the right of preference in the election to Lyon Scholarships of boys born within the Parish, and of all rights to Founder's kin.

(4) The restriction of the number of the School, including Foundationers and Home Boarders, to 500.

(5) The supposition that even a permanent establishment of the English Form (whether connected with the classical school or otherwise) could be accepted as a substitute for the privileges of the Foundation, which the Commissioners and the Bill proposed to abolish.

A committee was appointed by the Vestry Meeting to represent these views to the two Houses of Parliament,

the Governors and Masters of the School, and generally to watch over the interests of the parish as affected by the Bill. At this meeting Butler was present, but abstained from expressing any opinion for or against the Resolutions. However, he invited the parishioners to meet him in the Speech Room on March 20, for the purpose of hearing his views on the Foundation of John Lyon.

His speech on this occasion was a masterpiece in the art of pouring oil on troubled waters. Granting the pious wisdom of the Founder in his choice of subjects of his scholars, he pointed out how a classical education, which, and which alone, the Founder offered, was after three hundred years a barren privilege for the sons of the poorer and the middle classes. Acknowledging with sympathy the justice of their grievance, he reminded them that the Founder's estate was still devoted to giving a free education, though now to boys of a higher class. Commending the generous intention of Dr. Vaughan, he allowed that the English Form had been only a qualified success. Praising the impartial effort of the Commissioners to solve the difficulty by improving the status of the English Form, he found himself unable to recommend their scheme, as failing to satisfy the sentimental, but natural, desire of the parishioners that their sons should share in the honour of the School which had produced its Byron, Peel, and Palmerston.

And so he worked his way forward to his own proposals. For the name 'English Form' he would substitute that of 'The Lower School of John Lyon.' The Founder's small endowment should be devoted primarily to the maintenance of this Lower School, and only the surplus, if any, to that of Foundationers in the Upper School. With the money at their disposal the Governors would be able to erect and equip a suitable building and playground for the Lower School, engage as master a man of University degree, and offer some Exhibitions to enable likely boys to ascend to the Upper School. The Lower School should be open, on payment of £5 a year, to the sons of all residents of at least two years' standing. The education offered should be of a modern or a commercial type, fulfilling one of the greatest requirements of the age, the education of the *middle* classes.

You will observe, gentlemen, the chief point in which I venture to differ from the Commissioners and the Bill. They offer you a *substitute* for long-established and long-prized privileges. I propose

that those privileges should remain, subject to modifications; and that a choice should be given between the Lower School and the Foundation in the Upper School. But the Lower School shall be considered paramount, and have, as it were, a first choice before the interests of the Foundation in the Upper School are considered.

In such a way might be combined the cherished idea of a connection with the Founder and his School, and a material guarantee for the benefit of the parish. To two classes of inhabitants he acknowledged that his proposals would probably be unsatisfying. The resident gentry would find their privilege of free education curtailed or perhaps extinguished. They would have to send their sons to the Upper School as Home-Boarders, paying the not very burdensome fees. The poorest class must be contented with the National School for their sons and the indirect advantage accruing from the circulation of money and the increase of employment, which the presence of the great School in their midst ensured. Both classes must weigh their own disappointment against the general welfare of the parish.

To return to Parliament. The first Bill was referred to a Select Committee of the House of Lords, empowered to hear Counsel on behalf of the various petitioners. Their report was made so late in the session of 1865 that further progress was impossible. A second measure, based on the first Bill as amended by the Select Committee, was introduced by Lord Clarendon[1] into the House of Lords in 1866. It passed all stages in that House, and was introduced to the Commons in July. A short debate took place dealing chiefly with the claims of the middle classes as opposed to the privileges of the upper classes; but in view of the late date in the Session, the Bill was discharged. A third Bill in 1867 had a similar career and a similar fate.

The fourth Bill, which ultimately became the important Public Schools Act of 1868, was introduced into the House of Commons in the autumn of 1867 by three members of the Cabinet, Mr. Spencer Walpole, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and was therefore a Government measure. After some amendment by a Select Committee and in Committee of the House, it passed through its stages in both Houses, and received the Royal Assent on July 31, 1868.

[1] Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Public Schools, and a Governor of Harrow School.

In many respects it was a very different measure to the Bill of 1865. Its provisions may be summarised thus :

1. Power was given to the existing Governors of each school to frame Statutes determining the Constitution of a new Governing Body, in such a manner as might be deemed expedient. If these Statutes were not made by May 1, 1869, the power would pass to Special Commissioners appointed under the Act.

2. The new Governing Bodies, when constituted, were empowered to frame Statutes or Regulations dealing with a number of issues affecting the administration of their Schools. But if these powers were not exercised by January 1, 1870, the right to make administrative Statutes passed to the Special Commissioners.

3. In the case of boys on the Foundations, these Regulations might remove, wholly or partially, restrictions on the class of boys entitled to the benefits ; make admission depend on proficiency shown in a competitive examination ; define the age of admission to, or of leaving, School ; fix the number of boys and the privileges offered ; and dispose of any surplus income at the Governors' discretion.

4. In the case of boys not on the Foundation, the Regulations might apply to the number, age, and conditions of admission ; to the mode of boarding and lodging the boys ; to the amount of fees payable and to the application of such revenue ; to attendance at Divine Service and religious instruction ; to the times and length of the School holidays ; to the sanitary arrangement of the School or the Boarding Houses ; to the introduction of new studies, the suppression of old ones, and the relative importance of each branch of study ; to the number and status of Masters requisite for their instruction ; to facilities for the admission of Home-Boarders ; and to the disposal of surplus income, as might best promote the efficiency of each School as a place of education.

5. A Special Clause relating to Harrow in the Bill, as at first drafted, had empowered the Governing Body to submit a scheme for ' appropriating a suitable part of the revenue of the foundation to promote education within the Parish of Harrow in the shape, if deemed expedient, of providing for the maintenance of a separate school.' This clause was deleted in Committee, and another special clause substituted, reserving to persons residing within the Parish at the date of the passing of the Act the right of sending their sons, free or practically free of cost, to the School.

6. The Statutes, when submitted by the Governors and passed by the Special Commissioners, should become valid instruments on receiving the approval of H.M. in Council.

Again, while the Bill was before Parliament, the Head and Assistant Masters of Harrow drew up a protest against the clauses which authorised the Governors to regulate School studies. The protest was sent to various statesmen interested in the Bill, with a covering letter from Dr. Butler explaining the desire of the Masters to retain the sole direction of studies, while they were content to leave

the control of finance to the Governors. One great statesman replied as follows:

From the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.

11 Carlton House Terrace: March 5, 1868.

I have seen both Mr. Walpole and Sir Stafford Northcote on the subject of your letter, I mean its *main* subject which relates to the future distribution of power. Mr. Walpole says, and I can hardly wonder at it, that he thinks the change proposed is more than he can undertake to sanction, since it touches at the root of what may be regarded as the main recommendation of the Commissioners.

I hope that before the Bill goes into Committee, Lord Clarendon may have returned: and I may thus have an opportunity of conferring with him on this very interesting subject.

The protest met with only partial success. The power of the Governors to regulate studies was retained in the Act; but a clause was added to the effect that they should, before making any such regulation, consult the Head-Master, who should have full opportunity of expressing his views and submitting suggestions or proposals affecting the condition of the School. As a matter of fact the Governors never have exercised this power, nor, under ordinary circumstances, are they likely to exercise it.

Meanwhile the parish of Harrow was seething with discontent and apprehension. If the Foundations were to hang on the discretion of Governors without residential qualification, or, even worse, on that of Special Commissioners with no sort of local sympathy, what guarantee was there that any of the ancient privileges would be left to residents? Some misinformed persons even feared that the total extinction of Home-Boarders was contemplated. Butler took a statesmanlike view of the case at issue. He wanted a settlement which would once for all appease the discontent and satisfy all classes. But above all he extended his sympathy to the middle class of tradesmen and farmers. Once more he invited the parishioners to meet him in the Speech Room. There, on February 20, 1868, he is said by one who heard him to have spoken for three hours without once consulting his notes, though he quoted from time to time tables of figures and whole clauses from the Bill.

Again, as in 1865, he cited the reasons which debarred the tradesmen and farmers from sending their boys as Foundationers to the Upper School, *a priori* reasons which

were corroborated by the fact that for at least thirty years not a single boy from that class had entered the School. On the other hand, the fact that the middle class desired a good modern education for their sons was proved by the fact that 'the English Form,' though housed and worked under almost every conceivable disadvantage, numbered more boys than at any period of its fifteen years' existence. They must at once make their wishes known to the prescribed authorities, for the opportunity of obtaining a satisfactory settlement was one that, if allowed to slip, might not occur again. How had 'the English Form' been maintained? Partly by the fees (often unpaid) of the boys taught there, but chiefly from the pocket of the Head-Master. Dr. Vaughan had spent £1000 on this venture of his: the present Head-Master had, up to 1867, expended no less a sum. The public was getting tired of Foundation questions, and either the Governors or the Special Commissioners were likely to settle the Harrow business off-hand by confining the privileges actually, as they were already confined practically, to the sons of richer residents. Once so settled, no Head-Master would feel bound by his conscience, or think it worth his while, to reopen the question.

His proposal to them was much the same as in 1865:— That the revenue of the Foundation, assessed by some impartial arbitration, should be equally divided; that one moiety of it should be devoted to Foundation boys in the Upper School, the other to the maintenance of 'a Modern School to be erected on the ruins of the English Form.' Its connection with the Upper School would be guaranteed by its new name, 'The Lower School of John Lyon.' There would be ample funds for erecting a good school building, engaging a competent staff of Masters, and granting scholarships to enable boys to ascend to the Upper School, if so desired. He had ventured to draft a memorial for their signature: should this be generally accepted and signed, he undertook to forward it to Mr. Walpole and other Members of Parliament interested in passing the Bill.

His sister, Miss Emily Butler, then resident at Harrow, describes in a letter how she was walking down the High Street on the following morning, and was repeatedly accosted by one after another of the inhabitants with words of enthusiasm about her brother's speech and its convincing effect upon many who had entered the Speech Room as malcontents. The memorial which he had drafted

obtained a large number of signatures, though it did not wholly satisfy the ' Defence Committee ' of the parishioners.

Sundry short Amending Acts were found to be necessary. Those of 1870 and 1871 prolonged the existence and powers of the old Governing Bodies and the Special Commissioners. The Act of 1872 further provided that schemes under the Act of 1868 might include provisions dealing not only with the alteration of existing buildings, but also with the construction of new and separate buildings for the purpose of any subordinate or other School, established or to be established in connection with the existing Schools. The following letter throws light upon the debate about this clause in the Bill:

From the Rt. Hon. Sir T. D. ACLAND, Bart., M.P.

9 Portugal Street, Park Lane: July 3, 1872.

I hear from Mr. Walpole that he is disposed to insert some words in the Bill enabling the Commissioners to deal with the income either for the improvement of the existing School,[1] or for the establishment of a subordinate or separate School. This, I think, will comprise all that is wanted, if we can pass it through the House.

Would you mind telling me on paper, with liberty to use it for the House, unless you say no, what plan you wish for, to combine the different objects of a *liberal* education to a fair number of residents, and the *useful* or commercial education of those who must go into trade at 14 or 15? I wish to show that you do not desire to exclude either object, and that, to the extent of the endowment, you wish to give all interested the advantages it holds out. The great principle which Temple and the rest of us contend for is that endowments are to stimulate and improve Education, not simply to cheapen it.

The years that followed the passing of the Act of 1868 were busied with constant negotiations between the Special Commissioners (whose term of office was prolonged), the Governors, and the Head-Masters of the Schools affected. Correspondence shows that Butler played a leading part and was frequently consulted by Doctors Temple of Rugby, Bradley of Marlborough, Scott of Westminster, and Mr. Bradby of Haileybury on questions where joint action seemed desirable. But only the results as they concerned Harrow need detain us here.

In June 1871, while statutes relating to Governing Bodies were lying on the Table of the House of Commons, a Resolution was moved by Mr. (now Sir George) Trevelyan praying that Her Majesty be graciously pleased to disallow

[1] *I.e.* the English Form.

the statute by which membership of the Church of England was for the first time imposed as a qualification for appointment to the Governing Body of Harrow School. A letter from Dr. Butler was read in the House, saying that he regarded Harrow as a Church School, to which, as such, her sons had contributed large sums of money to supplement the very small endowment, and of which he regarded the Chapel as the centre of the life of the School. The present Chairman of the Governors, Lord George Hamilton (then M.P. for undivided Middlesex), appealed to the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone: 'What would you say if it was proposed, as regards some great Nonconformist endowment, to give Churchmen control over its income because an infinitesimal part of that income had been contributed by Churchmen?' The Government, however, gave no indication of their views, and the Resolution was carried in a House of Commons, which was then of strong Nonconformist tincture.

In the following July the Duke of Abercorn raised the question in the House of Lords, and the Archbishop of York, himself a Special Commissioner under the Act of 1868, carried great weight in demonstrating that Harrow was as much a Church School as Winchester or any other, and that he and his fellow-Commissioners had never entertained a doubt upon the subject. In the statutes, as finally approved by Her Majesty in Council, the clause remains that Governors of Harrow School must be members of the Church of England.

The period prescribed in the Act during which the Governors might frame statutes for determining their own constitution having elapsed without any such statute being approved by Her Majesty in Council, the power became vested in the Special Commissioners. This Body issued on October 13, 1870, their own statute for the purpose. The Governing Body was to consist of ten persons, one elected by the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford University, one by the Council of the Senate of Cambridge University, one by the President and Council of the Royal Society, one by the Lord Chancellor for the time being, one by the Head and Assistant Masters of the School, and the remaining five elected by the existing Governors. Of the old Body of six, Lord Wolverton stood aside, and the other five Governors re-elected themselves. The new Body consisted of James second Earl of Verulam (Chairman), James first Duke of Abercorn, K.G.,

John fifth Earl Spencer, K.G., George third Baron Northwick, Vice-Chancellor Sir John Wickens,[1] the Rt. Hon. Montague Bernard,[1] Professor B. F. Westcott,[1] Professor John Tyndall,[1] F.R.S., L.L.D., C. S. Roundell,[1] Esq., and W. H. Stone, Esq.

None of the new appointments gave Butler greater pleasure than that of Westcott.

To the Rev. Professor WESTCOTT.

Harrow: October 20, 1871.

All your old colleagues at Harrow join in my delight. The important points for decision by the new Governing Body will be (1) The Conditions of the Foundation, (2) the number of Home-Boarders, (3) the continuation, or otherwise, of the English Form.

The first question has an obvious bearing on the value of property at Harrow, as well as upon educational interests. It is the latter that come home to me; but doubtless there are many persons in Harrow who cannot afford to lose sight of the pecuniary part of the problem. What a happy coincidence that your little boy should arrive just when you become our Sovereign!

At the Masters' Meeting held for the purpose of choosing their representative the question arose whether the appointment should be for five years or for life. 'I vote for life' is Butler's note on the agenda paper; and so it was decided. Mr. C. S. Roundell (Currer in our earlier chapters) was nominated as the Masters' choice.

The statutes for the School were duly framed by the new Governing Body, sealed by the Commissioners, and approved by Her Majesty in Council on July 7, 1874. Dr. Butler's memoranda and the entries in the Governors' minute-book show how frequently his opinion had been consulted or proffered. We can see his hand in the solution of the Foundation question, which the Governors adopted after hearing the views of the parishioners as represented by the Vicar, and the Assistant-Masters as represented by the Rev. F. Rendall and Mr. E. E. Bowen.

The statutes enact that all persons residing in the parish on July 31, 1868 (the date of the passing of the Act), shall retain the right of sending their sons to Harrow School for 'free' education. Of the income from School property one equal moiety (after certain specified charges are met) shall be appropriated for the purposes of a Lower School of John Lyon under the supervision of the Governors, who shall administer the fund at their discretion. The Lower School shall provide a practical and liberal education

[1] New Governors.

suitable for boys destined to trade and similar occupations. There shall be no obligations about attendance at religious observances or instruction. The other moiety of the income from School property is to be appropriated for Foundation Exhibitions, open to sons of residents of two years' standing by an open competitive examination.

There were several points of detail on which Butler strongly pressed the Governors. One was for the insertion of a clause enabling the Governors to fix the age for boys to leave school, as well as for their admission. Here he clearly desired confirmation for the Superannuation Rules which he had already instituted, but which were meeting with loudly-expressed criticism in the Press. Another was for the insertion of a conscience clause affording free admission to all boys whose parents desired for them exemption from religious observances or instruction, if they were Home-Boarders, and not precluding their admission as Boarders, if it should at any time seem desirable to the Governors or the Head-Master that they should be admitted on this footing. The case of the Duke of Genoa, already recorded on p. 189, was doubtless in his mind. Again, with regard to the election of boys to Foundation Scholarships by competitive examination, he felt that to reject the sons of parishioners, as not being up to an undefined standard of attainment, would bring odium on the Head-Master, and tend to keep up the existing irritation of residents against the whole principle of competitive examination. He wished the standard to be fixed by some qualifying words, or else that the awarding or refusal of the Scholarships should be entrusted to an independent examiner. The statutes, as passed, are silent about any such provisions. Again he protested against the proposed constitution of a Committee of Management for the Lower School. This committee was to contain three members elected by a Vestry Meeting of the parishioners. 'Vestry elections,' he says, 'are apt to turn upon the most recent local cry, and afford but a feeble guarantee of educational fitness.' He urged that the Governors, who created and maintained the Lower School, should appoint *all* the members of the Committee of Management, choosing persons who, from position and attainments, seemed to be specially fitted for such a function. His advice was adopted.

Yet another important question arose as to the appointment and status of the Assistant Masters. On this point

Dr. Butler consulted his colleagues by letter and summarised their answers in a paper submitted to the Governors. With regard to the method of appointment there was little difference of opinion. Practically all were agreed that the selection and appointment of the Assistants should remain in the sole discretion of the Head-Master, though a few voted for confirmation of the appointment by the Governors after a master should have served for a few probationary terms or years. But about the possible dismissal of Masters there was a greater divergence of views. It was urged that the absolute control of one man over the lives and fortunes of many colleagues, his equals in station and attainments, tended to despotism and a state of relations unsatisfactory for both parties to a contract. A right of appeal to the Governors found favour with the majority, though with qualifications, such as a distinction between large and small, endowed and unendowed, schools, and between Assistants of long or short periods of service. Though he sympathised, as we shall see, with Mr. Robertson in his arbitrary dismissal from Rugby, and with Mr. Oscar Browning in a somewhat similar case at Eton, yet Dr. Butler's own view was that the government of the School would suffer if direct access to the Governors were conceded to the Assistant Masters. It was at his suggestion, therefore, or at all events with his concurrence, that the statutes direct that in the case of dismissal the Head-Master shall notify his reasons to the Governors, yet not so as to create a right of appeal for any Assistant Master.

To Charles Dalrymple.

Harrow: April 13, 1876.

. . . You may be sure that Westcott's letter greatly interested me, though it did not convince me. The cause of the Assistant Masters is just now *down*, but unless I am greatly mistaken, it will in time rise, perhaps not till after some fresh dismissal has occurred, rousing strong feeling in the profession. I can, of course, see that there are two sides to the question, and that the difficulty is to reconcile the principle of authority with that of reasonable independence in the position of Masters. At present there is, at most Schools, no attempt to provide for anything but the maintenance of authority, and I cannot believe that such a system will long work without serious jars. Perhaps it might be enough to provide in the Statutes of each School that

(1) A Head-Master dismissing an Asst. Master should state his reasons in writing to the Governing Body.

(2) The Governing Body should see that these reasons were shown to the A.M., and hear his explanations, though not in the way of Appeal. As it is, there is no security that the A.M. will

ever know the real reasons for which he is dismissed. The case of Browning proves thus much. Browning could never get either from the H.M. or the G.B. the reasons which the H.M. sent in to the G.B.

Only time can prove whether men are willing to work quietly and cheerfully under these conditions, and whether first-rate men at the Universities are as willing as they once were to accept Masterships. I confess to have grave fears as to this. . . .

To complete the history of the Lower School: in 1873 the Governors selected a site adjoining the cricket fields, and building operations were begun. The scheme of requirements for the building were drawn up by Dr. Butler. On its completion in 1876 the 'Gentry and other Parishioners' were invited to meet the Governors at luncheon in the Public Hall on July 7. It chanced to be my privilege, as a prize-winner of that year, to be included in the Governors' invitation. Two incidents live in my memory, the speech of the oldest inhabitant, Mr. Thomas Smith, School tailor and Baptist Minister, retailing his memories of the parish 'before the arrival of the iron horse,' and the singing, so appropriate to the occasion, of the School song, 'Queen Elizabeth.' Professor Westcott's fancy was so tickled by the imaginary interview between Sovereign and Founder that he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

In the same year Dr. Butler offered to give, so long as he should continue Head-Master, two Scholarships open to boys in the Elementary Board Schools of the district, and tenable in the new place of education, as a *solatium* to any outstanding grievance felt by the poorest class of inhabitants by their exclusion from a share in the bounty of John Lyon. And so ends the story of a storm which had vexed the parish of Harrow for a period of sixteen troubled years.

The practical effects of the Act upon the School generally are outlined in the summary given on p. 203. In a word, the Act substituted control of a reconstituted Governing Body for the unfettered discretion of the Head-Master. Dr. Butler's share in piloting the fortunes of the School through this important transition was fully appreciated by Dr. Vaughan, who had himself experienced the rocks and shoals of a Royal Commission dealing with Cambridge University.[1] 'You have guided,' he said, 'the vessel through what might have been the shipwreck of a change to a Governing Body.'

[1] See p. 82.

CHAPTER XII

HEAD-MASTERSHIP (*continued*)
1870–1879

THE year 1870 was uneventful, a quiet preparation for the great Tercentenary year to follow. The appointment of Farrar to the Head-Mastership of Marlborough, following closely to that of Westcott to his Canonry, meant the loss of one who had added *prestige* to the staff by his writings and sermons. Dr. Butler hoped that succession to a large house (the Park) in January 1869 might have kept his distinguished colleague for a longer time at Harrow. But Farrar's powers and temperament required a wider field and greater independence. The high terms of appreciation in which Butler's testimonial was couched contributed, we may be sure, not a little to the election of his friend.

Early in this decade two Senior Classics, Mr. G. H. Hallam and Mr. J. H. Pratt, were invited by Dr. Butler to join the staff. Mr. Hallam, in his retreat at 'Ortygia,' is fortunately still a familiar sight upon the Hill. Mr. Pratt was drowned while bathing in the Lake of Como on August 31, 1878, to the great distress of Dr. Butler, who wrote a notice of his colleague to *The Times*.

Cadenabbia, Lake of Como: September 4, 1878.

Mr. Pratt's career, short as it has proved, was marked by rare promise. He was head boy at Haileybury College, having been educated there under the mastership first of the Rev. Arthur Butler and then of the Rev. E. H. Bradby. At Cambridge he won the Bell Scholarship and another University Scholarship. In 1872 he was Senior Classic, the first to gain that honour under the new system of examination. The following year he was elected Fellow of his College, having meanwhile been appointed to a mastership at Harrow. For the last two years he had been making careful preparation for an edition of the Achilleid of Homer. Like many eminent scholars and men of science at the present day he was a daring and practised Alpine mountaineer. Among the younger

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THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE, HARROW SCHOOL.

members of the Alpine Club few can have surpassed him in the number and difficulty of first-class ascents. On such expeditions he was a perfect companion, cool, sure-footed, observant, humorously patient of hardship, and thoroughly unselfish. When, on the 15th of August, he reached Mürren after a difficult ascent of the Blumlis Alp—difficult because of the exceptional depth and softness of the snow—in the company of his brother Fellow of Trinity, Mr. Walter Leaf, he looked a model of health and endurance. It is one of your functions, sir, to chronicle the deaths of distinguished men. If you admit to your columns this imperfect testimony to the worth of one whose powers were far beyond the average, but who had not time to achieve public distinction, you will, I know, be gratifying the feelings of a wide circle of attached friends. Mr. Pratt's loss will be long and deeply mourned by his old school-fellows at Haileybury, of whom he was so lately the head; by many Swiss travellers who knew his exploits on the highest Alps; by many of the ablest members of the great College of which he was so proud to be a Fellow; and, not least, by the masters and boys at Harrow, where his fine gifts of mind and of heart will be a sad and sacred tradition.

Three other interesting appointments in this period may be noticed here. In 1870 came the Rev. R. H. Quick, a contemporary of Dr. Butler's school-days at Harrow. Though Quick was afterwards a racy authority on Education, and University Lecturer on its History at Cambridge, he was never quite in his element as a teacher of youth. Perhaps theorists seldom are so. Dr. Butler tried to keep him at Harrow by an offer which is the subject of the following letter, but Quick resigned in 1874. One useful invention of his remains to this day, that familiar *vade-mecum* of all Harrow boys, the 'Blue Book.'

To the Rev. R. H. Quick.

Harrow: October 26, 1873.

Let me, while gratitude for your sermon is still fresh in memory, make a proposal, not perhaps of first-rate magnitude, which has been ripening in my mind. Am I right in asking that you might be glad to have means of seeing the boys more intimately over and above those 'hardly the greatest scholars' who come to you in Form? I cannot make you a Tutor, with verses and Greek Iambics to look over at, or till, 4 o'clock in the morning. Neither can I hasten the time when a House will drop right into your mouth. But it has struck me whether you might find some interest in being associated in some degree with the government of my big House. I have not details before my mind in perfect clearness, but I have thought of dinner, prayers, sitting with the younger boys at their work in the Hall for an hour in the evening—all this occasionally of course, not always, for I have no wish to see less of my boys myself than I do now. Then, if you liked it, you could have the

run of the House during the longer evenings and see the boys quietly. . . .

I cannot help thinking that the result might be some increase of happiness and home-like feeling to your young charge. It is to me a sad thought that you should have a notion of leaving us. The loss would be publicly, and to me personally, very great, but if I was clear that your opportunity of doing good would be increased, I hope I should not be so selfish as to deprecate a change. But I have great doubts whether you would find any post in which you can do better service. Your position here is unique, whether in its intellectual or moral influence, an influence much greater than you imagine.

Why not grow old among us, getting more and more a fatherly hold over the boys? A close connection with the promising boys in my House might help to make this hold a reality and for this reason chiefly, but not solely, I have ventured to make it.

From Dr. Butler's appreciation of his friend and colleague in the 'Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick' by F. Storr, 1899, I quote a few sentences.

Pedantry in some form is, I suppose—anyhow our friends suppose it for us—'the badge of all our tribe.' Pedantry and Quick had no point of contact. Anything pedantic was out of place, and, we may hope, out of countenance, in his presence. Exaggeration of boyish faults, undue brooding over passing frictions between attached colleagues, the *vultus compositus* of offended dignity, extreme consistency for consistency's sake—alike by his instincts and his studies he had got behind and beyond all those north winds of school life. And then he was so genial and so brotherly that his colleagues, who gladly admitted him to their confidence, could not but be wrought upon and 'dulcified' by his cheery kindly judgments. . . .

It was this simplicity and benevolence which made him such a hero with children. With them he was seen at his best. There must be not a few young people now living between 20 and 30, in different parts of the world, whose memories of nursery life will go back gratefully to his magical visits. Whatever he may have been in school, in council, in the pulpit, in his books, in travelling, in Switzerland, at Coblentz, at Heidelberg,—and every one of these words will call up affectionate recollections to some at least of his friends—there was one region of the earth in which he reigned supreme, and that was the nursery floor or the drawing-room rug. There, rolling about with a whole swarm of happy children buzzing and settling upon him, and taking most unpedantic liberties with his long-suffering beard, he looked the very genius of good-nature.

Two young children at Harrow, a brother and sister, not very far back in this century, had caught a live mouse in a trap. What should they do with it? Servants, kindly but conventional, wished to drown their hereditary enemy. 'Not to be thought of,' said the children. Might they turn him loose in the garden? 'Not to be thought of,' said the gardener.

Thus baffled by the uninventiveness of their natural leaders,

the young philosophers had to fall back on first principles. 'Who was the kindest man in Harrow?' Kind friends in Harrow were never few, but the premiership was not doubtful. They plumped for Mr. Quick, and marched straight to his house, meaning to commend the poor trembling mouse to his care; but finding the kindest of men out, they let loose the little prisoner in his drawing-room, and came back gleefully down the hill, swinging the empty trap, nowise doubting that the educational future of this 'waif and stray' was abundantly secured. Could the good Vicar of Wakefield himself have desired a more eloquent testimonial?

For myself, I shall never read his writings, or stand beside his grave, or think of those whom he has left behind, without a grateful memory of this little incident of happy bygone days, days which owed not a little of their happiness to his unfailing loyalty and affection.

> But when the evening was ended at last,
> And feasting and romping were things of the past,
> What do you think I heard them say,
> Each little child as it trotted away?
> 'Somebody here is a regular brick.'
> Who is it, little ones? 'Mr. Quick!!!'
>
> H. M. B., October 25, 1872.

In 1871 there were serious dissensions at Rugby between the Head and the Assistant Masters. It is not within our province to discuss them here; but a very brilliant Rugby Master, the Rev. James Robertson, was dismissed. Dr. Butler immediately offered him a post on the Harrow Staff.

To the Rev. J. Robertson.

Harrow: February 22, 1871.

Will you allow me to ask whether in the event of there being an early vacancy on our Staff here, it is at all probable that you might be disposed to accept the post?

I am not at present able to write more definitely, and of course any answer that you may return must necessarily be contingent on such proposals as to work, remuneration &c., as I might find it in my power to submit to you.

But meanwhile it would be satisfactory to me to know whether, in the event of your leaving Rugby, you would feel inclined to labour among us; and in that case you might rely on my desire to offer at an early opportunity a position not altogether unworthy of the high reputation you have acquired both at the University and subsequently.

To the Same.

Harrow: April 1872.

. . . So far as to details. How shall I add anything on the general question which is for you a really important one? To us the gain of your character and experience would be so great that

I do not care to dwell upon it. There is no doubt in my own mind that I cannot make any appointment which is half so good for Harrow. But you have to consider your own happiness and prospect of usefulness, and here it is hardly for me to counsel. I can only say that if you join us you will find many ready to give you a brotherly welcome, and that for myself it will be my study to minimise any disadvantages, of feeling or otherwise, which may at any time remind you that you have generously taken office among a body of men, not a few of whom are of standing junior to your own.

Thus by a generous action Dr. Butler secured for Harrow the presence of an original teacher, an inspiring preacher, a poet of some of the favourite Harrow songs, and an influence wholly out of the ordinary grooves.

To the Same.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: October 4, 1903.

I am still hoping to climb the Harrow Pulpit on Thursday next. When again in the Chapel, and perhaps waiting there in advance before others come in, I shall think of old friends, past and present, to whom the dear school owes so much. Arthur Watson, Bos. Smith, Hart and a few others are still with us, but how many of our best and bravest have gone before us into the silence which may one day be again so voiceful—Bowen, Westcott, Hayward, Young, Colbeck, and, but a few days back, dear old Ruault.

I like to remember—and you will not blame me for now revealing it—that many years ago, before you joined us, old Temple wrote confidentially of J. R., 'He is a man who brings a blessing with him wherever he goes.' Often have I thought gratefully of that prophecy since, having seen it so constantly and sometimes so touchingly, fulfilled.

I suppose most of us feel, as the shadows draw in, how much there is for our Merciful Father, as well as for our own consciousness of opportunities, to reckon up and pardon; but it can do a Christian man like you no harm to be assured how constantly you have been enabled by word, by silence, by letter, by work, by humour, by sympathy, by act, by example, to bring strength to the faint-hearted, and—I may truly say it—'recovery of sight to the blind.'

May God bless you, dear old friend, for these and all your services, and may He abundantly bless every member of your dear family, so dear to many!

The third appointment I have selected for notice is that of Mr. H. O. D. Davidson. Mr. Cruikshank, though Head of the School during Dr. Butler's first two terms as Head-Master, belonged rather to the era of Vaughan. Davidson may therefore be said to be the first Harrovian of his own era that Butler secured for the Staff. What his work and personality meant to Harrow is beautifully expressed in the second of the following letters.

To H. O. D. Davidson.

Harrow : December 30, 1878.

Life is uncertain, and I can at least do no harm by putting thus briefly on record the intention which I communicated to you in September last. It is my full hope, if the opportunity is granted me, to offer you some day a permanent mastership here. The kind help that you have given us in the course of the last year is amply sufficient to satisfy me, as it has, I know, satisfied not a few members of our Staff, that your accession to our ranks would in every respect prove of great value to the School. The hold you have already won over the boys, as a teacher, a disciplinarian, and a friend, proves to me that in a more permanent position you would render us still greater services.

I cannot definitely promise when the offer will be made, partly because it is of course uncertain when vacancies will arise, partly, also, because special vacancies may call for special qualifications ; but I have stated to the Governors, at their last official meeting, what I now state to you, that I fully hope ere long to offer you one of our Masterships.

Should anything happen to me, this letter may possibly prove of service, as showing the opinion which I entertained of your high fitness for labour among us.

To Mrs. Davidson.

Bamff, Alyth : April 20, 1915.

What can I say in this sad hour which has just told me, in a Dundee paper, of the terrible blow which has just fallen upon you ? You know, I think, something of my very real love for your dear Husband. From his boyhood onward, at School, at Trinity, at the dear School again as a principal Master, always increasing in power, and in the marked confidence of all Harrovians, he was one who claimed affection from us all.

The end, I see, came very suddenly, as it came to my dear Father in a moment on April 30th, 1853, and as I fully expect it to come to myself. I can only hope that you were spared every anxious burthen on your own loving heart, and the sight of anything like pain on his dear Face.

It will be long indeed before his services to Harrow are forgotten. Wherever Harrovians meet, especially ' they of his own household,' his image will rise up before many eyes and hearts.

An interesting proposal of Dr. Butler deserved a more lasting success than it attained. On March 30, 1870, he addressed to his colleagues a letter from which I quote a few extracts.

Might not various good consequences be anticipated if once at least in each term a lecture, or short course of lectures, were to be given before the Masters by some present or former member of our Staff ? The idea of these lectures, or papers, would be that they should not be popular, but the result of careful thought and study, the subject being one which the writer had either previously made, or would undertake to make, his specialty.

It may perhaps be felt that our busy lives here, knit together as they are by many social and spiritual ties, are but seldom brought into contact on strictly intellectual ground. Intellectually we are tempted to live apart, thus depriving ourselves of a most powerful stimulus to systematic mental culture.

It would seem that there is no limit to the range of subjects on which it would be open to us to express our thoughts. Theology, Metaphysics, History, Literary Criticism, Political Economy, Physical Science, Art, might each from time to time be adopted by some one member of our body as the topic to which he intended to devote a special study.

The series of discussions was opened by Mr. Henry Nettleship; and Mr. Bosworth Smith contributed a paper on Islam, which was the nucleus of his first book, 'Mohammed and Mohammedanism.' Thus Dr. Butler's scheme produced one gain at all events to English literature. There were doubtless other papers, but no record of them has been preserved. Nor do I know whether the request in the following letter was successful.

To the Rev. Canon B. F. Westcott, D.D.

Harrow: April 27, 1872.

Do you remember a proposal of mine that we Masters should from time to time read before one another a careful paper on some not 'popular' subject? Well, to-day for the first time the proposal is to bear visible fruit, Nettleship kindly giving us a reading in the Vaughan Library on 'The Religion of the Romans in the time of Cicero.' Pray think what delight would be caused by a paper some day—on the Council of Nicæa or otherwise—from an ex-Master and present Governor!

The temptation to use 'cribs' in the preparation of construe-lessons has always been a recurring difficulty at schools. The matter had often been discussed at Masters' meetings; but in 1870 more elaborate papers were read by Steel and Bowen advocating that the temptation should be cut at the root by freely allowing the use of translations at least in the higher Forms. Good translations, they argued, would foster and train a nice discrimination in the choice of language. There was nothing inherently immoral in the use of 'cribs,' while it was distinctly immoral on the part of Masters to confuse a boy's sense of right and wrong by fixing a stigma of dishonesty on a harmless practice which they could never hope to suppress.

Dr. Butler consulted the experience and views of other Head-Masters. Only three were in favour of the licence, on the ground that a much wider range of the Classics

might be got through, if lame dogs were thus helped over the stiles of difficulty. Ten Head-Masters, on the other hand, gave their adverse experience and advice. Some had tried the use of 'cribs,' only to find that they made shipwreck of classical education. Construe-lessons would be robbed of their chief value, which consisted in the very difficulty of translating words and thoughts from one language to another. 'Free licence to use cribs,' wrote Dr. Temple, 'would tend to increase the quantity of superficial knowledge at the cost of getting rid of almost all the discipline of intellectual and moral training: as Euclid without problems, so classical reading would be a failure were all its difficulties removed.' Edward Thring of Uppingham wrote: 'True work cannot be encouraged by legalising unsound work.' After hearing the case stated from both sides, the Harrow Masters were equally divided. Dr. Butler summed up against the innovation. He would not sacrifice the ideal of the value of sound work. For ordinary school lessons the prohibition would remain in force; but for more advanced scholars in the Select Division, or for older boys in private reading with their tutors, he left a discretion to the Masters concerned.

As the three hundredth anniversary of the Foundation approached, Dr. Butler's thoughts became more and more centred on a plan for celebrating worthily so great an occasion in the history of the School. His objects were twofold: first to extend the range of patriotic devotion which already bound many, but not all, of her sons to their *alma mater*; and secondly to make a practical use of that devotion for equipping the School, whose endowment was so small, with the buildings and plant still necessary for the development of her activities. The first of these objects might be forwarded by a great gathering of Harrovians for a service of thanksgiving and praise. The second might be attained by raising a fund which should surpass all previous contributions from the generosity of Old Harrovians and other friends of the School. Feeling the necessity of a clearly-defined and acceptable policy, he prepared a paper of suggestions and submitted it privately in 1868–1869 to his more intimate friends, who were also representative of Harrow thought. Should the object of the proposed fund be a general one for permanent endowment? Or should he appeal for more particular and detailed requirements, such as a new speech room, buildings

for educational purposes, some commemoration tablet or statue, the purchase of land to check building beyond the control of the School, and the increase of scholarships, to enable Harrow to compete more successfully with other schools? The answers were generally in favour of the second alternative, though naturally the detailed suggestions were not equally approved by all his correspondents. After weighing these opinions, he decided to appeal for buildings, leaving endowment and scholarships to be supplied by the generosity of future generations.

The first 'Tercentenary Meeting' was held at Willis's Rooms in London on March 30, 1871. The chair was taken by the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, and all Old Harrovians were 'invited to attend for the purpose of considering the best means of commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the Foundation, and of appointing a Committee to carry into effect any decision that might be arrived at.' Dr. Butler in his speech reminded his audience of the large sums which had been contributed by the voluntary subscriptions of Masters, Old Harrovians, and parents of the boys from 1819 to 1871. No less than £59,000 had been raised and expended on the newer wing of the Old Speech Room, the first and second Chapels, the Head-Master's House, the New Schools, the Vaughan Library, the Rackets and Fives Courts, and the Philathletic Field. The Scholarships and Prizes which had been founded represented a capital value of another £20,000. He proceeded to explain the immediate requirements of the School, naming in the first place a larger speech room to supersede the present one, which was 'not only too small for our annual gatherings on Speech Day, when numerous visitors and all the boys are obliged to be excluded, but also too small for our own uses, such as lectures, concerts, and occasional gatherings of the School.' In addition to that a museum, science laboratories, and lecture-rooms, new class-rooms, a large and well-lighted room for art, and a gymnasium were necessary, if the School was to keep abreast with the demands of the times. 'Nothing,' he added, 'on a large scale can be done at Harrow without considerable previous demolition, and this of course adds largely to the cost.' Finally he appealed for a sum of £30,000, to provide for all, or the greater part, of what was so urgently needed.

In addition to the stereotyped method of asking for money by circular, there was a more playful appeal

contained in a song, 'The Harrow Grenadiers,' published anonymously in the 'Tercentenary Book,' but known to have been penned by the Head-Master :

But now, to turn to business,
Before your ears are stunned ;
You've heard, no doubt—if the lists went out—
Of the 'LYON MEMORIAL FUND.'
We want to build, extensively,
But, to keep the thing in bounds,
Our present task is merely to ask
Some £30,000.

You know whom we rely on
When rather short of pelf ;
And I fancy old JOHN LYON
Takes round the hat himself.
Some say *Subscription's* all a snare,
Some vote a *Test* a bribe ;
But the only plan to *test* your man
Is to ask him to *subscribe*.

To secure the largest possible attendance of Old Harrovians for the Thanksgiving Service, it was decided to celebrate Founder's Day on June 15, instead of the usual date in October. The proceedings of that day have already been recorded *in extenso* in the 'Tercentenary Book.' Here it will be sufficient to say that the Chapel was seated to accommodate three hundred Old Harrovians in addition to the Masters and the School, and that the sermon was preached by the Head-Master. Dr. Butler had generously invited his predecessor to occupy the pulpit, but Dr. Vaughan replied that no other voice than that of the Head-Master must be heard on such an occasion. The preacher took as his text Psalm ciii. 1, 2: 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise His holy name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.' After tracing some threads in the past history of the School, he devoted the greater part of his sermon to 'some of those influences which exercise so potent a spell over all ages and every variety of taste and pursuit' at school. First, there were the intellectual associations, the instinct acquired at Harrow to do work as well as it could be done in every department of school life. Secondly, there was the charm of pure disinterested friendship, rendering studies alike and amusements infinitely more interesting from being shared with others. Thirdly, there

was the growth of public spirit, the consciousness of belonging to a body greater than ourselves, of having a part to play in it which affected the happiness and welfare of others. Fourthly, there was the testing and strengthening of character in the well-chosen battle-ground for inward moral struggles which school-days afforded. And fifthly, to pass to yet more holy ground, there was the first call to the higher spiritual life, when boys found 'within these walls the visible centre of their Harrow life,' and 'learnt to bless God for having here surrounded them with Christian ordinances and Christian counsel.'

True to his early and lifelong admiration for the writings of Burke, Dr. Butler quoted a sentence from the 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent' (1771):

> To cultivate in our minds, and to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature; to bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots, as not to forget that we are gentlemen; to cultivate friendships and to incur enmities; to have both strong, but both selected; in the one to be placable, in the other immovable.

'Tell me,' asked the preacher, 'if that does not fairly express what you would wish to be the ideal of a Harrow man?'

The great luncheon, held under canvas in the School yard and on the 'milling ground,' with the Duke of Abercorn, K.G., in the chair, was attended by two ex-Head-Masters, Dr. Wordsworth and Dr. Vaughan, by many of the Governors and other best representatives of the Harrow community. The House Choirs, under the direction of Mr. Farmer, interspersed the excellent speeches with School songs; and all went well except the weather: for oratory and songs were punctuated with deafening salvoes of thunder. It was one of the red-letter days in the calendar of Dr. Butler's long life.

To Charles Dalrymple.

Harrow: June 17, 1871.

Your kind words fell very gratefully on the ears of a wearied man the morning after the battle

Yes! It was a strangely happy day. For years I had looked forward to it—almost daily—longing to be spared life and strength so long, and caring little for what might come after. A foolish feeling, but strong enough to have helped in carrying me through more than one dark hour.

It is seldom that hope so little disappoints. One can scarcely doubt that the dear School starts on a fresh renewal of youth, more amply equipped materially, and God grant with no less 'faith and zeal.' . . .

Eight days later, on June 23, the tradesmen and farmers of the parish were entertained to supper in the same tent. Those of my readers who have had the patience to read the chapter on the Public Schools Acts, and the storm which they raised, will realise that this was a politic, as it was a graceful, act of courtesy.

And then, on July 6, the Tercentenary Commemoration was completed by a visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales for Speech Day. The *Prolusiones* and the *vers d'occasion* contributed for Founder's Day will be found by those interested in the 'Tercentenary Book.' Mr. Walter Sichel's Prize Poem on the Tercentenary deserves special mention for its graceful allusions to the past history and the future aspirations of John Lyon's humble Foundation.[1] After the speeches His Royal Highness, in proposing 'Prosperity to the School, coupled with the name of Dr. Butler,' expressed his appreciation of the important anniversary, and of the Head-Master's efforts to turn its commemoration to the best account for the future welfare of the School.

The years that followed were crowded for Dr. Butler with business that required delicate handling. He was a member of the Committee and of every Sub-Committee of the Lyon Memorial Fund. He was ably assisted by his colleague and brother-in-law, the Rev. J. A. Cruikshank, as General Secretary, by the Hon. Edward Stanhope as General Treasurer, and by the Chairmen and officials of the Committees for Land Purchase, Building, and Finance. But a mass of correspondence, enough to 'snow under' any ordinary man with no other occupation, fell to his share. There were difficult negotiations with the owners and tenants of the sites required, with the lawyers, architects, and contractors. There were the appeals for subscriptions to be written to his personal friends, and the letters of thanks for their generosity. There were the soothing letters to be written to various objectors to this or that design, or about the order of precedence assigned by the Committee

[1] H.R.H. sent his congratulations to the youthful poet through Dr. Butler, who qualified the message with a playful severity: 'This is what the Prince of Wales has been gracious enough to say. Whether he is a good judge or not is, of course, another matter.'

to this or that building. There were the constant financial problems to solve, as estimate after estimate was exceeded, and design after design had to be modified. But still the work went on, and he was cheered by the sympathy of the Harrow world with his aims, as evinced in the most practical—the pecuniary—way.

By 1873 the Committee for Land Purchase were able to announce to the subscribers that they had, after prolonged legal difficulties, secured 'Ivy House' and the adjoining garden on which the Speech Room stands, as well as the sites for the Science Schools and the Gymnasium. The Building Committee announced that they had selected Mr. Burges as architect for the Speech Room and Mr. C. F. Hayward for the other erections; that the Gymnasium (with workshops underneath it) was all but completed, and the Laboratories to be immediately started. The Finance Committee added the information that of the £30,000 asked for, £25,000 had been subscribed.

On Speech Day, July 2, 1874, the first stone of the new Speech Room was laid by the Duke of Abercorn, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and a member of the Governing Body. Immense difficulty was experienced in excavating the side of the hill for the foundations, owing to the presence of a bed of shifting sand below the clay. This necessitated the outlay of £4000 above the estimate, and the consequent abandonment of the towers and a *loggia* outside, and of the decorations of the interior, which had been included in the original design. But the main outlines of a semicircular building, with an orchestra to hold a large choir, were preserved. Mr. Farmer's established popularity enabled him to raise an additional fund for a large organ, and the whole structure was opened for use on the Speech Day of 1877. It has remained unfinished to this day and is undeniably an ugly building—some call it 'the eyesore of Harrow.' Mr. Burges' design was forced upon the Building Committee by its imperious Chairman, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope, perhaps the only man who really professed to admire it. Dr. Butler did not offer a sufficiently strenuous fight, though he was pressed by practically the whole staff of his colleagues to get the plans rejected. He was probably weary of repeated delays and changes, and anxious to get something accepted and done. The interior he always considered to be a great success, and he was proud of its arrangements, its good acoustic properties,

its commanding view of the dais from all parts of the room, its convenience for rapid and orderly filling and emptying. For the exterior he did not care so much, hoping that future generations might add such decorations as would remedy the defects attributable to the financial and other difficulties of the moment. It is always easy to be wise after the event; and indeed there were faults of taste and judgment not a few. It may be urged that the Committee attempted to accomplish too much with their available money; that the architect selected for the Speech Room was better known for his decorative skill than for his capacity to foresee architectural difficulties and frame his estimates accordingly; that, speaking generally of all the Tercentenary buildings, the beauty of exterior elevation was sacrificed to interior convenience. But that immense pains were taken by Dr. Butler and his Committees is proved by the existing minutes of their meetings and the files of correspondence which I have seen.

The Gymnasium was opened for use in 1874, and the Science Schools in 1876; with the completion (so far as was then possible) of the Speech Room in 1877, the objects of the Lyon Memorial Fund were realised: it amounted in all to £38,000.

The following letters bear upon this part of our subject. The first two are specimens of conflicting opinions. Mr. Burges' original design of the Speech Room provided only a narrow dais for the performers. Mr. Farmer was pressing for a wide 'orchestra' capable of holding large choirs.

From a memorandum of Dr. BUTLER.

October 3, 1872.

The Speech Room, as at present designed, will take not less than £13,000 out of the £18,000 available after purchase of the sites. If a new orchestra is added, capable of holding nearly 400 boys, the additional cost will be, in Mr. Burges' judgment, between £3000 and £4000. In other words, the enlarged building would absorb virtually the whole sum.

It will be for the Committee to decide whether this large expenditure upon one, though of course the chief, object of our efforts can wisely be sanctioned. For myself, I cannot think that the advantage gained for music by an addition so costly is of a kind to justify us in practically postponing indefinitely the execution of all, or almost all, the other buildings of which the need is so urgent.

Moreover, the enlarged Speech Room would be a building of enormous size, making it most difficult for the young speakers on Speech Day to be heard, to say nothing of certain sacrifices of beauty in the interior of the room, which the change would necessitate.

I believe therefore that our wisest course, and that which will do most justice both to our own varied needs and to the views of our numerous subscribers, will be to accept the proposed design without the addition of a new orchestra, and to arrange our large body of singers in such part or parts of the room as shall by experience be found to give the most effective results.

From the Rev. F. RENDALL
(member of the Sub-Committee for Land Purchase).

Harrow. [No date, but probably October or November 1872.]

As you are about to see Mr. Burges this evening, it may be well to let you know the intensely bitter feelings of disappointment produced in a very large circle of the subscribers by the proposed sketch. Architectural beauty is a matter of taste on which everybody may have his opinion; but the *form* of the room is a vital question on which the Committee are pledged to the subscribers. An orchestra of 300 boys is a minimum requisite of space for a School Concert. The ideal of a School Concert-room is that the *mass* of the School should address the audience, and I need not say to you that it is the essential principle of Mr. Farmer's teaching. To me, who am no musician, who look on music as a moral engine for the education of the mass, the attraction of Mr. Farmer's system is that he cuts away display, and cultivates a disciplined and organised public spirit instead of the ostentatious display of a few brilliant performers.

Now to all this, morally as well as musically, the proposed sketch is the direct antithesis. It is a beautifully decorated theatre for the performance of a select body of actors, fostering, to the utmost extent that a building can foster it, the spirit of theatrical display. That Mr. Beresford Hope should have suggested such a building is no surprise to me; that *you* should have given it your sanction fills me with sorrow. For my own part my pledges to the subscribers whom I have solicited leave me no option but to retire from my connexion with the Fund, and state to them my grounds for doing so, if you persist in pressing a building of this description, as you probably can by the weight of your influence, to acceptance by the majority of the Committee. From my point of view, it is a distinct breach of faith, apart from the practical inconvenience and moral mischief attendant on the exclusion of the School for the glorification of a select few, and sorrowfully I must act according to my conscience.

From the Rev. E. M. YOUNG
(expressing the dissatisfaction of the Masters with Mr. Burges' design).

Harrow: July 8, 1873.

Perhaps I was the more induced to put myself forward in the matter of our discussion to-night from a feeling that our friendship could bear a little strain. But I think that you will readily believe that nothing would have led me to do so but a very grave sense of the evil that was smouldering, or a belief that no good could grow out of a wide-spread dissatisfaction which was disturbing our peace and engendering distrust where all should be harmony.

I do not ask for an answer to the question, but will you put it

to yourself, whether you could have any satisfaction in seeing a building rise which all your colleagues but four feel to be unworthy of our Tercentenary ?

I cannot tell you how much it has cost me to follow my sense of justice in the matter rather than my instinct of loyalty. And had one word ever escaped you to the effect that you really thought with Mr. Beresford Hope that the building was beautiful, I should have felt more diffident than I did. But it has been your silence from the first which made me feel that other considerations weighed more with you in support of the design than your own admiration for it. And knowing of old how well able you are to express your enthusiasm for a building you admire, I was encouraged to hope that in the end you would not regret what now causes you annoyance.

May the foundations of the new building, by whomsoever planned, be set up in the cordial and outspoken harmony between yourself and us, and may the shadow of Mr. Beresford Hope never again intrude between my loyalty and your good will !

From the Rt. Hon. T. Sotheron-Estcourt.[1]

Estcourt, Tetbury : June 29, 1874.

I never felt more keenly how Old Age places a gulf which cannot be passed between Will and Deed. The scenes which your kind Letter recalls, of a Date between fifty and sixty years ago, stir my Heart by the Remembrance of the laying of the first Stone by Lord Clarendon, when I stood foremost in the Throng of youngsters who dutifully surrounded our respected Governour, and I fancy nothing can prevent me from enjoying a similar Spectacle next Thursday, attending as a Spectator *rude donatus*, whilst my former Colleague, the Duke of Abercorn, commences another half-century by laying another first Stone for a larger, more important, and more suitable Building devoted to a similar purpose.

But hardly has the wish been formed, when Nature thrusts herself forward, with an imperious warning that she will not undertake to carry my frail Body through the Scene.

Non meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusant.

No, I will enjoy the Memory of past days, and apply it in Fancy to your Proceedings on Thursday. I will join in the hearty cheers for the Duke, the Head-Master, and our Dear Old School. I will augur for the Captain,[2] what his Concio proclaims to be deserved, all the success which a public Life under his Father's eye can realise. I shall thank you for your most obliging Letter, without a Fear of breaking down, and pray that Harrow may never fail of *Alumni*, to keep up the old Glories, and to transmit our traditional Character to succeeding Generations. All this I can do, but, alas, no more ; and I trust to your good Nature and that of the Duke of Abercorn to believe in the Heartiness of my Good Wishes on this eventful occasion, although I cannot be present to express them in person.

[1] As T. H. S. Bucknall-Estcourt, he had been Head of the School in 1819, when the first stone of the new wing of the old School building was laid. He was Home Secretary in 1859, and a Governor of the School from 1841 to 1870.

[2] R. J. E. Childers, son of the Rt. Hon. H. C. E. Childers, M.P.

In the very midst of the Tercentenary rejoicings a sorrow fell upon the School. On June 24 George Clement Cottrell, a Home-Boarder, while umpiring in the Sixth Form game, was killed by a blow from a cricket ball. His funeral on June 29 was attended by the whole School, the Head-Master taking part in the service in the Parish Church. In his Founder's Day sermon, a fortnight previously, Dr. Butler had spoken of the early death of friends; he could hardly have anticipated so speedy and tragic an example.

In the next year death was to affect him still more closely. His mother had lived since 1860 at Julian Hill, Harrow, with her two unmarried daughters. She died, after a week's illness, on February 24, 1872. For her funeral he composed a short hymn based upon 1 Thessalonians iv. 13 to 18.

Jesus died for us and rose again:
Therefore are our hopes no longer dim;
Therefore know we that to die is gain,
For we sleep in Him.

Therefore father, mother, sister, brother,
Still are ours, for all are still the Lord's:
Wherefore let us comfort one another
With these blessed words.

She was buried in the churchyard at Harrow, and the following inscription, composed by her youngest son, is on her grave:

In loving memory of
Sarah Maria Butler,
Daughter of John Gray of Wembley Park,
And widow of
George Butler, D.D.,
Formerly Head Master of Harrow School
And Dean of Peterborough.

She was born June 24, 1796, and died Feb. 24, 1872.

'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

His sisters moved, a few months later, to the Woodlands, Harrow, their brother Spencer taking their place at Julian Hill.

To the Misses Emily and Gertrude Butler.

Whorlton Grange, Darlington: August 22, 1872.

I must send you both these few lines as a last greeting at dear Julian Hill. It has been the scene surely of much quiet happiness

and much to be thankful for. The future is necessarily in cloud, but we will not doubt the abiding truth of the words that have been engraven on the dear mother's tomb.

I am glad that your first move is to be to Seaford, as you will still have about you so many reminders of home: also, that you leave the old house while its beauty is still untarnished. . . .

We are just starting for a day with Lord Charles Russell and George in the Rokely Woods, bringing them back here to lunch. It looks 'Pell'[1] weather, but no drops have yet fallen.

On Arty's birthday we made a specially delightful expedition by Brignall and the upper parts of the Greta. The names themselves have a perfume about them. The day was one of the finest of the whole year—'hot, but not too hot,' as good Dr. Wodehouse might say.

God bless you both everywhere and always.

As if preoccupations at Harrow were not enough to tax his energies, Dr. Butler found time for some activities outside.

On January 24, 1873, he delivered an address before the College of Preceptors at Birmingham, choosing for his subject, 'Training and Examinations.' How was it, he asked, that for two important callings, Education and the Church, no direct preparation had hitherto been required? The error (for that he conceded it to be) was not simply and entirely stupidity, for it had just this element of truth, that sensible people felt that what was best, richest, and most vital in either of these two professions was not mechanical, and they were suspicious of all that is mechanical. Still, very little reflection was needed to see that the educator stood in need of being taught how to teach. The amount of his knowledge might be great, but it was wasted without the arts of teaching, and teaching many together, of governing, and above all of inspiring a belief in learning for its own sake. An educator must himself learn what to avoid—impatience, temper, evasion of difficulties; and what to accomplish—the pupils' delight in the widening horizon, and the moral sense which must accompany all the best education. He must learn to understand children, those complex, unstable creatures, so dependent on what they last saw, read, played—ate! He must meet them with a mixture of humour, tenderness—and eccentricity.

With regard to examinations, he could not agree with some cynics that they were a necessary *evil.*

[1] Pell was one of the Gayton retainers. Consulted about weather prospects, he would opine, 'Fine day: may be two or three starms.'

They had a value in the stimulus given to work in preparation for the test. Their effect therefore was better when extended to the whole body of a school, though the examination of select candidates was not to be despised. The prizes awarded to successful pupils not only represented the gratification of the recipients, but extended the interest, among parents and relations, in good work truly done. His moral for teachers alike and taught was, 'Enjoy your work.'

On March 7, 1878, he delivered an address at the Annual Meeting of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, entitled 'Hints on the Teaching of the Scriptures.'

> The principal business of the teacher [he said], in dealing with young and unripe minds is first to produce a care for the Scriptures, then to show what they mean, and, lastly, to help the children to carry away with them at least a part of what they have been taught. Assuming that these are the main object of the Sunday School teacher, there are two other conditions which he must satisfy; first, that he shall understand the children; and, secondly, that he shall understand his subject.

Quoting the story of a lecturer on anatomy, who apologised for his deficiencies by saying that he always kept a bone ahead of his class, Dr. Butler said, 'I maintain that it is impossible to teach in an interesting manner, unless the teacher is a whole skeleton ahead of his pupils.' Another hint was the importance of finding the simplest diction.

> Lord Macaulay in his essay on Bunyan observed that in several pages he could not find a single word of more than two syllables; and Mr. Bright in a passage which is said to have drawn tears from that most un-tear-shedding assembly, the House of Commons, used words, seventy-five per cent. of which were not of two syllables, but one syllable.

Two more hints were, to awaken a desire for more light, and never to disguise a difficulty. 'The great conditions of success in teaching the Bible are reverence, experience, and honesty—and the greatest of these is honesty.'

It will be remembered that, in deciding on buildings as the object to be realised by the Lyon Memorial Fund, Dr. Butler confidently left Scholarships to the generosity of friends of the School in future years. His confidence was not belied. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing these new Leaving Scholarships founded: the Douglas

Anderson Scholarship in 1871, the three Baring Scholarships at Hertford College, Oxford, with preference to Harrovians, in 1874, and the Clayton Memorial Scholarship for modern studies in 1878. He was further gratified by the foundation of these additional prizes: the two Cyril Flower Prizes for translation into French and German in 1873, Viscountess Strangford's three Prizes for Geography in 1876, Mr. Briscoe Eyre's two for Music in 1877, Jane Lady Bourchier's four for good reading in English in 1878, and Mr. Edward H. Pember's three for Greek and Latin Grammar and Classical Philology in 1879. The offer by one of his dearest friends of yet another prize for the study of Scott's novels he declined as a permanent foundation, though he gladly accepted it for one year.

To Charles Dalrymple, M.P. for Bute.

Harrow: July 19, 1871.

At last (in the Speech Room, while an examination is going on) I sit down to have a real talk with you about your delightful offer. I could not bring myself to answer it hurriedly, and really till this morning I have hardly had a single moment when I was not cruelly hurried. I mean to take Lockhart's Life abroad, as one of my few travelling companions, so that if any doubt lingers in your mind as to my reverence for Scott—'*solvatur ambulando.*' There is no healthier food for young people, and hardly for old either—so manly, so human, so reverent, so pure, and—so deliciously amusing. Lockhart's new edition has the additional advantage—which you and Mr. Disraeli will doubtless appreciate—of gently leading its readers to give their hearts to a certain high-tempered statesman. It will be curious if Harrow dates her devotion to Gladstone from the summer holidays of 1871, and the gift of the Member for Buteshire.

Now to talk sense: Seriously, I value the prizes as much *for once* as I should feel forced to deprecate them if the proposal could have been to make them perpetual. We are fairly over-run with prizes, literary as well as Classical. The Beaumont and the Bourchier foundations have greatly modified the balance of power 'since we were boys together.'

It is true I admitted Shakespeare's imperial claims last year when Lord Charles Russell proposed his Medal, but even a trans-Tweedian will admit that *he* may be allowed to stand alone in literature.

But an occasional act of special homage to another great writer is, of course, not open to the objections I have indicated, and where could we find a better occasion or a better occasio*ner* than the present? . . .

The want of valuable Entrance Scholarships, to enable the School to compete in any measure with wealthier Foundations, had long been felt and often debated by the

Masters. In 1879 Dr. Butler submitted to the Governors a scheme which was mainly devised by Edward Bowen. An Entrance Scholarship Fund was then started, to which the Governors and the Masters of Large Houses contributed in about equal proportions. The elected scholars were distributed through the Houses, the Head-Master being entitled to four, and each Large House Master to two apiece. By this arrangement it was felt that the leaven of intellectual boys would best permeate the School. Subsequent additions to their endowment have enabled the Governors to relieve the House Masters of their contribution, and several new and valuable Entrance Scholarships have been given or bequeathed. Dr. Butler always took a chief share in the task of examining the competitors. He presided over the Committee of Selection, often convulsed with laughter at the whimsical questions by which Bowen used to test the general knowledge and common sense of the candidates.

And what was the effect of these encouragements to learning upon the standard of scholarship in the School? There were two periods in 'the seventies' which seemed to Dr. Butler to fall little short of the *annus mirabilis* of 1866. Not of course that the intervening or subsequent years can be called barren: that would be to forget scholars like Dr. Walter Leaf, Senior Classic in 1874, Bishop Charles Gore, Professor H. F. Pelham, Sir A. J. Evans, Dr. Gerard Rendall, W. A. Meek, Mr. Justice Dunbar Barton, Canon J. O. F. Murray, G. M. Edwards, Canon G. C. Joyce, W. G. Headlam, G. Townsend Warner, and many others. But these intervening years were marked rather by individual quality than general quantity of scholarship.

The years 1873–74 Dr. Butler always placed second in his list of admirable periods, when S. G. Hamilton, W. S. Sichel, R. J. E. Childers, A. D. Godley, G. W. Tallents, Hon. W. N. Bruce, H. J. Foster, H. W. Greene, H. C. F. Mason, and the Hon. R. O. A. Milnes (now Lord Crewe) were members of his Sixth Form. Hamilton was probably the best composer of all Butler's twenty-five years. Some choice specimens of his Greek and Latin verse were printed in 1873 'for the Masters and Sixth Form,' and sent privately to several of the best judges of the day. The Rev. B. H. Kennedy expressed his 'real pleasure in reading the brilliant compositions' of Butler's pupil. Dr. C. B. Scott wrote: 'These are most remarkable productions of a schoolboy and

do his teachers great credit: but no teaching can develope such results from an unkindly soil.' Bishop Wordsworth wrote: 'I thank you for Hamilton's "Primitiae." It is very refreshing to see such pleasant passages, and that the spirit of Greek and Latin verse still lingers among us.' Canon H. G. Robinson wrote:

> The composition is very good, indicative of taste and scholarship of no common kind. . . . Honours are coming thick and fast on the School, and you are, if I may take the liberty of saying so, justifying a statement which was repeated to me the other day as having been made by one of the Heads of Houses at Oxford best capable of judging, to the effect that Harrow is taking its place as one of the very first of the Public Schools in Scholarship no less than social rank.

Probably the Oxford authority referred to was Jowett, who wrote on July 13, 1874:

> It is seldom that three such scholars as Hamilton, Godley, and Childers are contemporaneous at any Public School. It certainly appears to me that the moral character of Harrow has also very much risen in the last fifteen years.

The third place in rank of excellence was assigned by Dr. Butler to the years 1879–80, when R. B. Benson, J. A. Platt, A. Macnamara, F. W. Pember, J. L. Fish, F. S. Stevenson, F. C. Burkitt, G. W. Blenkin, E. Stewart-Brown, E. F. Every, M. J. Rendall, and J. A. F. Peile formed a galaxy of talent in the Select Division.

From the Rev. B. Jowett.

Balliol College: November 27, 1878.

Let me congratulate you on the success of Pember, who has been elected to our second Scholarship, and in the opinion of some of us stood first. He is certainly a remarkable scholar, considering his age. In composition I thought him by far the best, and he was very good in translations. His Greek Iambics were some of the best which I have ever seen done in an examination.

This decade was not marked by any great number of reforms in the system of the School, but a few miscellaneous changes, or discussions about change, may here be grouped together. The opening of the Science School in 1876 necessitated alteration in the curriculum. The new statutes of the Governors enacted that every boy should receive instruction in Natural Science and in French or German for not less than nine consecutive terms of his school life

Dr. Butler memorialised the Governors in the interest of the best classical scholars.

> Is it desirable for *any* boy to be engaged at the same period of his life in so many and such multifarious studies as Classics, Mathematics, Divinity, History, Geography, one Modern Language, and Natural Science? Our constitution as it stands allows any degree of exemption from Classics, but none during the long period of three years from either Modern Languages or Science.

He pleaded for a partial relaxation of the particular statute, either by substituting six terms for nine, or (better still) by providing that the regulation should not apply necessarily to the Sixth Form. The Governors would thus place themselves more in harmony with the Special Commissioners, who expressly exempted 'senior boys' from their requirement. The Governors exempted the Sixth Form, and allowed some general elasticity of routine, in the direction of specialisation, for boys for whom the Head-Master deemed it desirable.

Music too obtained a constantly increasing hold upon the interest of the boys. 'The Whole School' was a phrase constantly on Mr. Farmer's lips. It was to the mass, rather than the individual musicians, that his appeal was made. In 1869 the first edition of 'The Harrow School Song Book' was published, with this dedication:

> To the
> Reverend H. Montagu Butler, D.D.,
> Head Master of Harrow School,
> Under whose encouragement
> Singing
> Has become a part of our School Life,
> These Songs
> are
> Dedicated.

In 1870 for the first time the Speech Room was used for a concert given by visitors, as opposed to the terminal School concerts already introduced. It was Mr. Farmer's conviction that the whole School might be inspired by hearing the best music from the best artistes; and for his first venture he secured the services of Mme. Schumann and Herr Joachim. The custom, though not always with the attraction of performers of the same calibre, has been continued steadily to this day. Once Mr. Farmer had obtained his 'large orchestra' and the organ in the new Speech Room,

oratorios and concertos on a more extended scale became possible. One of the most interesting of these productions was his own Oratorio, 'Christ and His Soldiers,' on March 27, 1878. The dedication of this work again shows Farmer's personal devotion to the Head-Master and his family :

To
Agnes, Edward, Edith and Hugh Butler
This Music is dedicated,
The progress of which they have watched,
and
Helping perhaps unconsciously,
Have helped the more.

It may be explained that, while the Oratorio was in process of composition, Farmer would take the airs to Dr. Butler's drawing-room and sing them to the children. He was often guided by their appreciation, or led to make alterations if some phrase in the music failed to catch or touch the fancy of his young audience.

No account, I think, has ever been published of the following discussions about the match at Lord's. Up to 1855 this match was played at the beginning of the summer holidays. It was attended by comparatively few members of the Schools—those whose homes were in London and the enthusiasts for the game who could persuade their parents to let them stay with friends for the occasion. The majority of the boys went straight home and were content to read the account of the play in the papers. Those who did attend were under no School control, term being over, and there was some disorder which led to the match being abandoned in 1856 and 1857. In the next year it was resumed, but at a date in term-time, the second Friday and Saturday of July, and the School was allowed a 'Lord's exeat' from Friday morning till the following Monday.

In the years 1860, 1861, and 1863 bad weather interfered with play, and the matches were unfinished. Consequently a memorial was got up by Sir Thomas Gladstone, signed by many peers and gentlemen of importance, and presented to Doctors Balston and Butler, the two Head-Masters, praying that the match might begin on Thursday and be continued till Saturday, only the two Elevens being allowed an exeat on the first day. To this Dr. Butler replied (Dr. Balston 'concurring in the opinion so admirably expressed'), that when the match was over in two days, as generally happened, the Schools would only see one day of it ; that

the Head-Masters would inevitably be pressed to extend the exeat for the third day; and that therefore they must respectfully decline their consent. At the same time they pointed out the danger of the growing excitement over the match, and thought that the true remedy was to return to the old arrangement for having it in the holidays.

During the ensuing years Dr. Butler constantly sounded the opinion of friends on this subject. In 1868 the Hon. F. Ponsonby wrote to him:

> I feel sure that the change to the holidays must be made sooner or later, as the excitement is increased every year, and the chance of drawn matches only makes it hotter. Last year's match being again unfinished gives a good opportunity of facing the small amount of unpopularity which the change would temporarily entail—not more than that caused by the change to the present time when it was made.

In a subsequent letter of the same year he wrote that Mr. Mitchell of Eton agreed with him in desiring a return to the holiday date, and that Mr. I. D. Walker was strongly of the opinion that the fortnight or so after Lord's was the worst thing possible for the character and the cricket of the Elevens.

As Dr. Goodford, the Provost of Eton, was resolutely opposed to any change of date, Dr. Hornby, the Etonian Head-Master, successor to Dr. Balston, asked Dr. Butler to state in writing his views, to be placed before the Eton authorities. This produced a memorandum of reasons, which may be summarised as follows:—

1. If, owing to bad weather or a marked superiority of batting to bowling, matches were unfinished, great disappointment was inevitable. But there were insuperable difficulties to adding a third day in term-time.

2. The over-crowding of the ground at Lord's, caused by the match being played in the height of the London season, was detrimental to good batting and fielding.

3. The present system had given to this delightful match a dignity and *éclat* greater than fairly belonged to it. Boys felt a kind of idolatry for it, as the one great event of the summer term.

4. Great pressure was brought to bear upon parents to come up to London for the occasion. It was all much simpler in old days, when only cricket-lovers attended.

5. If the moral danger, incident to boys being left alone in London for the match, was felt to be serious, then the only alternative would be to find some neutral, private ground. The match must not be played at Eton and Harrow alternately, as they were both

too near London, and the occasion would draw a great concourse of the least desirable spectators.

'This memorandum' [Dr. Butler concluded] 'is drawn up by an earnest lover of cricket, and of the Eton and Harrow match in particular. I heartily desire its perpetual continuance as a powerful fosterer of manly games and a delightful link of friendship and courtesy between the two great Schools. But I believe it has of late assumed too ambitious proportions, and that the proposed change, while acceptable to all true cricketers, would place it more in harmony with the higher aims of Education.'

After a good deal of intermediate discussion, the matter came to a head in 1877. Dr. Goodford was at last induced to allow it to be submitted to the Governors of Eton. On July 10 that Body resolved that they saw grave objections to the match as played in term-time, but still graver ones to the change suggested. They desired a conference between the Governing Bodies of both the Schools, and this was held on November 12.

From C. S. Roundell.

November 13, 1877.

The result of a full conference was a Resolution *nem. con.* by which you and Hornby are requested to meet and consider whether an arrangement can be devised which may be free from the objections to the present system.

You must not look at the logic of the thing, but at what lies behind it. What it comes to is this:—Strong opinions were expressed by several members of both Bodies in favour of giving up the match. Still no Resolution on this point was passed, that being not properly before the Meeting. A neutral ground did not find favour.

Practically therefore, unless you can induce Hornby to agree to some such proposal as yours, viz. to play the match at the beginning of our holidays and within the last day or two of the Eton term, it will be likely to go hard with the match. . . .

You will observe that care was taken not to devolve the responsibility upon you and Hornby. Purposely you are asked to *advise* the Governing Bodies. There was a full attendance on both sides.

The question having been thus referred to the two Head-Masters, they met, with the negative result described in this letter.

From Dr. Hornby to Dr. Goodford.

Eton College: February 5, 1878.

I write to let you know how the question of the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match stands at present, as between Dr. Butler and myself.

Dr. Butler very kindly came over to Eton on Nov. 27, and we discussed the subject very fully for nearly three hours.

We were quite agreed upon two points:—

1. That notwithstanding objections that have been raised, it would be very undesirable to abolish the match.

2. That for various reasons it is practically impossible to play the match at Eton and Harrow alternately.

Unfortunately we were not able to agree on any new arrangement which we could jointly submit to the Governing Bodies of the two Schools.

I need hardly say that Dr. Butler was most considerate and most anxious to remove difficulties, and to meet the wishes of Etonians, as far as it was possible to do so. But I did not feel able to assent to his proposal that the match should be played at the beginning of the holidays under certain restrictions and with certain safeguards which he suggested. It seemed to me that the plan would be one which would be practically impossible to carry out. Further, it did not seem to me to promise the advantage which he expected from it. Failing this, no plan presented itself to us which we were prepared to recommend in preference to the present arrangements. Dr. Butler's proposal has, I believe, in substance come before you and the other Members of the Governing Body already. I have not therefore dwelt upon it now, nor upon the ground of the difficulty which I felt in accepting it. But I can give full explanation to the Governing Body, if they desire it.

And so the matter was dropped, and the matches, so nearly abandoned, continued on old lines. In 1908, when the Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton revived the discussion, I was one of a deputation that waited on the Master of Trinity to represent the strong opinion of the Harrow House Masters adverse to Dr. Lyttelton's project. We then found that Dr. Butler had considerably modified his views about the match. Perhaps the unforgettable victory of Harrow at Lord's in 1885 had, in part at all events, contributed to this change.

In 1875 there were some stormy debates among the Masters on the demand of the Governors to have the Boarding Houses inspected by a sanitary officer appointed by themselves, who should report on the water supply, the ventilation, and the drains. Edward Bowen led an opposition to this on the ground that the Assistant Masters were responsible to the Head-Master alone. Dr. Butler felt that if *he* had to enforce inspection and insist on improvements, he would be brought into unhappy relations with his staff, and warmly supported the Governors' claim, as being consistent with the Commissioners' recommendations and the statutes based thereon. This contention, though it was considered by many at the time to be high-handed and injudicious, carried the day.

His fame as a preacher was recognised when he was

appointed Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria in 1875, and Chaplain in Ordinary in 1877. Mr. Quick, in the Memoir by F. Storr, is represented as saying that Dr. Butler 'nearly wrecked his worldly prospects by preaching to the Queen a eulogy of Lord Lawrence in 1878': but Quick exaggerated the effect of an unimportant violation of royal etiquette. On another occasion Dr. Butler was informed, just before entering the Chapel at Windsor, of the death of a Princess of the Royal House, and that he would be expected to preach on that event. The sermon he had prepared was useless, and he had to find fresh thoughts and words on the spur of the moment. He was frequently Select Preacher before two Universities. When he preached at the afternoon services at St. Paul's, he would occasionally take up a Sixth Form boy from Harrow. I remember how on one such afternoon he talked about Plato to me in the carriage the whole way up to London, and how on the return journey he peacefully slept.

Preferment might on two occasions have given him change of work and scene. In 1871 Lord Spencer offered him the important living of Battersea, and Archbishop Tait that of Croydon in 1879. Butler did not, however, think that the time for relief had yet come. Additional work he never shrank from, and in this self-sacrificing spirit he accepted the post of Examining Chaplain (for Cambridge) to the Archbishop. At the same time he accepted a Prebendary Stall at St. Paul's.

To Earl Spencer.

Harrow: September 23, 1871.

Need I say how deeply grateful I feel for this fresh proof of friendship and confidence? None the less so because I am quite clear that it is my duty to stay here for the present? If my own health and the prosperity of the School continue, I feel that I can, for two or three years more at all events, be of more service to the School than a new-comer could be, whatever his abilities.

The Tercentenary building operations, and the opening legislation of the new Governing Body, make it desirable that there should be no immediate change in our administration, to say nothing of the fact that there are several new masters for whom it would be a pity to change (just yet) their official chief.

I seldom allow myself to look much into the future; otherwise the ideal of early days still haunts me, and makes me hope that the time may come when I may see an opportunity of devoting such strength as Harrow may leave to humble quiet work among the poor of London. Your great kindness would have given me this opportunity now, though on a scale perhaps beyond my strength and experience.

I do hope indeed that you may succeed in finding some man thoroughly well fitted for so important a post. He ought to have a large heart, and a hundred pair of hands.

From Archbishop TAIT.

Addington Park, Croydon: April 10, 1879.

I have two things to bring before you; but first let me say how earnestly I hope that you are now completely restored to health.

The first matter is this. Will you become my Cambridge Examining Chaplain in succession to the Bishop of Durham? Bradley[1] examines as the Oxford Chaplain. He finds that he can manage to attend in September. Could you undertake the work for a week in Lent? The work could be done at Harrow, except the personal communication with the candidates, which might require one day besides the Sunday. Cotton found it consistent with his work at Marlborough, and Stanley with his Professorship at Oxford.

The second is a matter which I scarcely venture to mention. It may be that, like Vaughan, you are beginning to wish for a change from Harrow. The great Church at Croydon is now vacant—a beautiful Church with a tolerably moderate, though large and most important, Parish. The House is an excellent one. The Income, I grieve to say, not much more than £400 a year, after all deductions. Is it possible that you might think of this post? I need not say how much I should rejoice to have you here so near me and yet so near London.

To the Rev. Canon B. F. WESTCOTT.

Freshwater, Isle of Wight: April 22, 1879.

I cannot feel quite easy in my mind without confessing to *you* that I have accepted the post of Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. I wish you to know that I did not do so till after I had made the very fullest avowal of my entire lack of all solid theological or ecclesiastical learning. It was only when the Archbishop, after reading what I had written, renewed his request that I felt it my duty to serve him.

I do not think even you can more truly regret than myself that some real theologian has not been found to follow such a man as Lightfoot. No man could even approximately replace him, but I should have liked to see in his successor some approach to the same kind of gifts that were so consummate in him.

If your experience at Peterborough has led you to *print* any papers likely to guide me in my dealings with Candidates for Ordination, it will be a very great kindness to let me see them. I have the one qualification of wishing to be teachable.

From Dr. J. JACKSON, Bishop of London.

Riseholme Rectory, Lincoln: April 14, 1879.

I do not know whether the acceptance of an empty stall may not be below the dignity of the Head-Master of Harrow; but it would be a great gratification to myself personally, and it would add to the honorable character of the great Chapter of St. Paul's, if

[1] Rev. G. G. Bradley, then Master of the University College, Oxford.

you would allow me to collate you to the Prebend of Holborn in succession to the late Dr. Kynaston.

The following letters, of miscellaneous interest, were written by or to Dr. Butler in this decade :

To Mrs. George Butler.

Whitby : August 22, 1870.

. . . It is difficult to think of anything but the war. All my sympathies have gone with the Germans, and would have gone still more heartily, had they been unsuccessful. It seems to me that they are clearly in the right as regards either the ostensible or the real cause of the war,[1] and that no greater curse could have been let loose on the world than a return of the old Napoleonic days. Military glory during the last 200 years has sadly demoralised the French nation, and leaves them with no sort or 'conscience' in matters of public right and wrong.

Still, though heartily German in sympathies, I can feel with all my heart for the unhappy conquered in this tremendous hour, and I trust they may be spared the humiliations either of an occupation of Paris, or the cession of Alsace. The cession of a narrow *strip* of Alsace all along the Rhine would be another thing. It would be a bitter pill for the national pride to swallow, but it would be no appreciable wrong to the inhabitants. . . .

The accounts of Prussian organisation, dash, and courage against artillery are *exactly* what I am reading in Carlyle's 'Frederic the Great.' They were then far the finest soldiers in Europe. How they came to be let down between Frederic's death and Jena in 1806, I do not know. Their cavalry, too, was then, as now, the astonishment of soldiers, and their marching power was marvellous. So the world repeats itself.

It makes one tremble to think what must be the issue of the Metz investment. An army of 150,000 men can never capitulate Yet is it possible for them to cut their way westward ? Will they by sally after sally be cut to pieces in detail ? Of course if the Crown Prince were defeated at Châlons, there might be more hope for them, but this seems improbable, and there are still disciplined myriads on their way from the Rhine.

As to the poor Emperor, surely he had better die heading a charge, his wife and son sent safe to England. Then in a few months his good deeds, as well as his sins, will be remembered—his liberation of Italy, his friendship for England, his rebuilding of Paris, etc. The secret treaties, however, just unearthed, are hard to digest. . . .

To Archdeacon F. G. Vesey
(on his resignation of the living of Huntingdon).

Folkestone : January 16, 1875.

I will not let the New Year grow older without assuring you that your laying down of the Pastoral Staff has not been unmarked

[1] An opinion modified later on the publication of Bismarck's Ems telegrams.

by your old Harrow friend. The double work you would have found too hard, as I suppose one of an Archdeacon's special duties is to be ubiquitous, whereas a Parish Priest cannot well be long from his flock. May all blessings still cling to the beloved Parish, now that you have formally handed it to another. I suspect your voice will still be heard in the Pulpit much more often than dear old Gladstone's at Westminster.

If I could in some way follow your example for *just six* months! I don't wish to run away from Harrow—very much the reverse—but I do long for a real rest, away from letters and worry, for six months instead of an outside of six weeks. After 15 years the *unbrokenness* of the strain begins to tell.

We have been absent from each other far too long lately. Could you not really manage to give us a visit, and see some of the new buildings, and the changes in Oxenham's House? I leave these purposely in mystery to whet your curiosity.

I trust all has gone happily with you at home since that most sad Easter—O, how could Abp. Tait ever have borne to see five of his darlings[1] swept away in three weeks?

To the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Head-Master of Marlborough (on the offer of the living of Halifax).

Harrow: June 12, 1875.

It is a very solemn question, and I would answer it as in God's sight—thanking you much for this fresh proof of affectionate confidence, and begging you not to attach too much weight to my poor counsel, for in truth I see but darkly.

I shall try to keep steadily before my mind the plain question—'How can an influence, clearly intended by God to be most richly blest for His Service, be most influential—most influential at once, and also in such years as may be to come.'

All questions of income, health, Mrs. Farrar's health, the children, &c.—questions which must necessarily engage much of *your* thoughts—I put aside, because of course it would be at once impossible and impertinent for me to estimate them.

The gift which specially singles you out from all other public men is the astonishing power of putting in a popular shape—I use the word in a good sense—the best thoughts and the richest stores of the best minds, and thus awakening a fervour and enthusiasm, intellectual and spiritual, which quickens and elevates a society. You would do this *anywhere*, far beyond almost any man I can think of, but you would do it most where people's minds are comparatively fresh and simple, not chilled by 'oppositions of culture falsely so called.' Therefore when I have allowed my dreams affectionately to dwell on the rich future of influence that probably lies before you, they have turned to great cities and especially to the *North*. If I could place you during the next ten years, I should think of the Deanery of St. Paul's in the South, or a post like that of Bp. Fraser—whom God preserve!

This feeling gives me a bias in favour of Halifax. I know nothing

[1] When Tait was Dean of Carlisle, he lost five out of six daughters from scarlet fever between March 10 and April 10, 1856.

of the particular town, but I presume it must be the centre of much life—with many analogies to the far greater Leeds, where Hook did such a splendid work. If you were there, I think you would soon be a Church power—representing the English Church not primarily as an opponent of Dissent, but as God's most potent instrument of light and brotherhood and progress. The experience gained in such a large society would strengthen you greatly for yet wider duties of government hereafter.

The publication of your 'Life of Christ' and the astonishing circulation it has had seem to me, so to speak, to shift the poles of your working life. Hitherto, always manysided, you have primarily been a School teacher, even as Blomfield was for some years primarily a Classical Scholar and Editor. Henceforth it appears to me that you must primarily be a theologian, preacher, and directly Christian teacher, not of the young only, but of the many thousands of men and women who will catch up eagerly anything you may utter.

Thus you see that I incline to say, '*Accept*'; and it cuts me to the heart to think that you may possibly believe that the counsel is sound, and that so many ties, most sacred and most endeared, may have to be severed.

It is no light matter to believe that the most brilliant ornament of our branch of the profession may perhaps be leaving us. As to poor dear Marlborough, what would she say of me if she knew what I was writing![1]

To Oscar Browning.

Harrow: October 16, 1875.

I have received with the greatest pain the announcement that you are required to give up your mastership at the end of this year.

It is of course as impossible for me, as it would obviously be improper, to presume to enter into the merits of the case as between yourself and Dr. Hornby. So far, the charge is made against you in general terms. You do not yourself at present rebut it in detail. You naturally reserve what you have to say for the consideration of the Governing Body to whom you appeal.

Still less do I feel justified in offering any remarks on the very painful interview between yourself and the Head-Master. That also will be considered by the proper authority.

But there are some things which I can say without impropriety, and which you may fairly expect me to say after our long friendship of more than twenty years. At Cambridge I learned to know and value the force and range of your intellectual powers and the warmth of your affection. We entered upon our respective scholastic careers at almost the same time, you at Eton, I at Harrow. For more than fifteen years I have been accustomed to regard you as one of the most accomplished members of our profession, gifted, far beyond most men, with a taste for Art, History, General Literature, and Modern Languages; and eager to devote all the treasures of a highly cultivated mind to the service of the great School to

[1] Dr. Farrar did not accept the living of Halifax: see the letter of Dr. Butler on p. 246.

which you are attached. Evidence has not seldom come before me proving that your efforts were appreciated by your pupils, and that you were able to inspire them with your own enthusiasm for thought and knowledge.

Further than this, I have always regarded you as deeply anxious for the moral, no less than for the intellectual, welfare of Eton. We have often talked over the moral dangers of Public Schools, and the close connection, in all large masses of boys, between intellectual ardour and moral purity. That you were unmistakably in earnest on the right side was a conviction very dear to my heart—a conviction which added very much in my eyes to the value of your friendship.

That your connection with Eton should now be severed, and severed in this distressing manner, is a thought on which I do not like to dwell. I must not criticise the controversy which has arisen, but I cannot withhold the avowal of the high esteem in which I hold your character and your services to the cause of Education.

From Lord LYTTON, G.C.B., &c.
(Governor-General of India 1876–1880).

India Office: February 4, 1876.

I am sensibly touched by your kind letter received this morning.

Emotions, said Goethe, are like oysters and will not bear keeping: so I respond to your friendly greeting, though I can only write in desperate haste, for I have to get through in three weeks the work of six months before starting for Calcutta on the 1st of March, and can only say, like poor Hastings in Rowe's Play of Jane Shore, 'I have business that would become an ass, and not a minute's time to do it in.'

To be the cause of a whole holiday at Harrow is an instalment of posthumous fame of which I feel very proud: for the young are the *avant-garde* of posterity: and of all the many kind letters I have received in reference to my present appointment none has given me so much pleasure as yours. Its precious enclosure is a valued document which I hope my children will treasure when I am gone.

It was at Harrow that I first had Lord Wellesley's poems—a copy of them, given me by the Harrow printer, I still have by me, gorgeous in green and gold. I like your paraphrase [1] better than his own of the Latin lines, which are beautiful.

He was an exceedingly remarkable man—in some respects a more interesting figure than his great brother,[2] I think. I heartily share your appreciation of him. The details you kindly give me about his boyhood are exceedingly curious.

Pray remember me affectionately to Hutton, Middlemist, and Rendall. And may I ask you to give my love to all the dear Harrow boys? I am still one of them, though my place is no more among them. They will doubtless find hereafter, as I have found, that the good opinion of the old School is not a slight incentive to exertion in after days.

[1] See page 415 of *Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life*, 1914.
[2] The Duke of Wellington.

Forgive this very hasty scrawl. I am overweighted with grief as well as work: for I have just lost the dearest and truest friend of all my life from its earliest years, my dear John Forster[1]:

illi parta quies:
Nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.

To George Otto Trevelyan
(who had sent to Dr. Butler a copy of the Library Edition of 'The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,' just published. The passage on which Dr. Butler comments is affixed).

Harrow: March 28, 1876.

Your gift has already half demoralised me, and how will it be when I have fairly read it? It reached me two hours ago, when I was looking over one Grenfell's elegiac translation of Byron's lines on 'Jephthah's Daughter.' In a moment the parcel was cut open, and in another moment I was at page 81, with which I did not attempt to damp my young friend's enthusiasm.

Then, after I was alone, I read on and on with infinite delight, feeling Harrow & Cambridge return, and one's earliest reading, and one's old hero-worship. How much I have to thank you for! I never was worth anything as a critic, but I shall be greatly surprised if people whose judgment is solid don't cover you with applause. The book *lives* wherever I have opened it—*i.e.* in a great many of its various limbs, both head and tail—and the tenderness of the man comes out in a way which does not surprise *me*, because I have heard you speak of it, but will surprise and touch many.

I am inclined to think—you will say wrongly—that some considerable extracts from the Reform Speeches might have been inserted. Among your many readers there will be not a few who do not possess the speeches separately. May I say a word for one of my oldest heroes, whom your Uncle calls in the Warren Hastings article, 'that good and great man, the late William Wilberforce'? At your page 93 of Vol. I. you quote one of his sentences sarcastically, as if it was cant. It would be odious cant with most men, but it was not with W. W. It so happens that on Sunday last I ran through large masses of the five volumes of his life and Harford's reminiscences, as I wished to give the boys a long history of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. This reading confirmed my old conviction, formed here as a boy, that W. W. never cants. The language of his *letters*, as opposed to his *talk*, is often feeble and wordy, and has an odour that strikes our age as musty, but there is no falsetto in the voice.

As to his politics, do you remember Stephen's words, 'A Tory by predilection, he was in action a Whig. His heart was with Mr. Pitt: but on all the cardinal questions of the times his voice was given to Mr. Fox'?

Pitt's attitude to the Slave question was truly remarkable. What you say upon it interests me much, though I a little doubt whether it quite explains it. I happened on Sunday to be looking up Pitt's speeches on the Slave question, *i.e.* three of them, when

[1] Editor of the *Examiner*, biographer of Charles Dickens, &c.

his heart was thoroughly in the good cause. They are April 1791, April 1792—the famous 'nos primus equis' oration— and (specially interesting) a third just a week later, in which, in the strongest language, he expresses his shame at not having been able to induce the House to abolish *at once*.

But the way in which he allowed Dundas and others to thwart him is certainly extraordinary. I think it was in 1804 or 1805 that Wilberforce says (in substance) to, I believe, H. Thornton, 'He whom you used to call "the General" is getting more and more the slave of procrastination.' Is it not possible that Pitt's failing health and the nervous tension of long office may account in *part* for his apparent coldness during the later stages of the Slavery Campaign?

I have often asked myself whether there are signs of a moral deterioration in him during his later years, and have never satisfied myself that the case against him was made out. Wilberforce's testimony to his moral worth is given on many occasions between 1806 and 1833, and with great earnestness.

But here am I writing on and on about Pitt, instead of about Macaulay, who has been occupying my mind almost all day. You bring out very powerfully the extraordinary *brilliancy* of his career from childhood to old age. His character lacks the peculiar pathos arising from blunders and inconsistencies. I suppose hardly any man ever had so little to retract or grow out of. Possibly if he had been less flawless, he might have developed even wider sympathies as his life drew to its close. During the holidays, happily only a fortnight distant, I shall plunge deeper and deeper into the book; not least into the chapter which deals with India.

You may like to know that not many weeks back I ordered a number of copies as Sixth Form Prizes, so that our abler fellows will soon be getting some notion of what manner of man your Uncle was.

Please give my very kindest regards to your wife. I sometimes think that her one trial as a wife is that she never knew your Uncle.

The passage on p. 93 of Vol. I runs as follows:

In this heated state of the political atmosphere the expiring Toryism of the Anti-Slavery leaders flamed up once again. 'I declare,' said Wilberforce, 'my greatest cause of difference with the democrats is their laying, and causing people to lay, so great a stress on the concerns of this world as to occupy their whole minds and hearts, and to leave a few scanty and lukewarm thoughts for the heavenly treasure.' Zachary Macaulay, who never canted, and who knew that on the 16th of August the Manchester Magistrates were thinking just as much or as little about religion as the Manchester populace, none the less took the same side as Wilberforce.

To the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.
(on his appointment as Canon of Westminster and Vicar of St. Margaret's).

Harrow: April 17, 1876.

'Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch *men*'—That is the first thought that occurs to me on learning your acceptance of

this great trust. It is a very great trust; and whether it lasts for a long or a short time it will give you the means of immense usefulness, both in the Abbey and in the Parish. I was reading yesterday (in bed) the account in Norman Macleod's Life of the Special Services which he instituted at Glasgow for the *bona fide* working men. I can wish you no happier success than that you may be to Westminster what he was to Glasgow, the true friend, the comforter, and often reclaimer of the poor.

Then I have visions also of the Abbey becoming even more 'popularised' than at present—with Lectures like those given at St. Paul's and all the etc. etc. that the teeming brains of poor Stanley and yourself may concoct together.

Your coming will be a ray of light to him in this his dark hour;[1] for it will assure him that he has one more ally of extraordinary vigour in compassing all the high aims that were so dear to his noble-hearted wife.

I don't like to think of Marlborough. It was inevitable that the parting should come soon. It is a blessing that it should take place when all is so peculiarly radiant—no cloud, either private or public, dimming the splendour of a nobly won success. For the dear children I confess I do feel. It will indeed be hard for them to find any equivalent for the garden and the forest. Possibly you may find yourself driven to a suburban residence. And how will it all tell on Mrs. Farrar's health? We must hope that the pressure upon her will be somewhat lightened, and that the London air—which suits some people admirably—will not prove an enemy. Much of your happiness will depend upon this element which cannot be foreseen. We can only hope and trust.

With my whole heart I say, may God's blessing go along with my old friend, and make him an ever increasing blessing to the Church, which is the Nation.

From Anthony, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury.

[Lord Shaftesbury's son, Anthony Francis Henry Ashley, died and was buried at Harrow in 1849. It was during the walk referred to in this letter that Lord Shaftesbury pointed out the spot on Church Hill where as a boy he had witnessed the pauper's funeral. As to the grave, Lord Shaftesbury's memory was proved to beat fault.]

June 26, 1876.

First let me thank you for your hospitality, and for the interesting walk you took me over all the modern Decorations of Harrow.

I am in strange perplexity. The tombstone which I saw in the Church-yard is not the one that I myself put up very many years ago. Who could have changed it? Could you ascertain for me from the Custodians of the Church-yard when and by whom the present stone was erected? If it turn out that the one now standing is the same that I placed there, my memory must be in a queer state. But I am all the same perplexed, as I have a drawing, made by Miss [name illegible], of the spot and what was on it, which squares altogether with my recollection.

Pray excuse the trouble I give you.

[1] Lady Augusta Stanley died on Ash Wednesday 1876.

To his sister LOUISA, Mrs. GALTON.

Harrow: July 3, 1877.

Your loving greeting gave a great charm to me yesterday. It was a happiness to remember that another year had been granted, still leaving us all an undiminished and undivided family.

I am so thankful that you can enjoy the pure country air. Would that you could get a gulp from our new topmost window[1] that looks out over the highest elms on the Crystal Palace, Westminster and St. Paul's.

On Sunday Georgina went to the Holy Communion in the Chapel, the first time she had entered a Church since last August. Yesterday she even ventured—on the sly—into the new Speech Room for the Preliminary Speeches, and seems much the same after it, but she is still of course sadly weak.

The great European event of the last ten days is that I have really got a Secretary! You should see the effect on my table and room. I see no papers, no dust, no anything—nothing but pleasant, clean leather and space on my oak table.

He is a believer in Frank's copying machine, which now at last, after years of inaction, wakes up into an honoured and vigorous old age. I whistle to him through my tube (when Hughie is not using it) and feel like a French Prefect. It is really quite a new sensation.

On Speech-day the Tom Hugheses are to bring one old Harrow man[2] of 90. Fancy Baron Heath's jealousy! He is only some wretched 86. Truly we will do our best to make the two good old men happy and comfortable. The singing of favourite School songs from 6 to 7 P.M. will be the novelty of our day. I hope a good many parents and sisters will stay for it.

From the Rev. E. M. YOUNG
(Assistant-Master at Harrow 1863–1877, afterwards Head-Master of Sherborne School).

The School House, Sherborne: January 19, 1878.

I have once or twice taken up my pen and tried to say something of what was in my heart, but have been obliged to give it up. And now the parting must more or less be realised, and I cannot let you begin the old work without a few lines of affectionate farewell.

And yet it is 'farewell' only to the constant meeting face to face, and the continual pressure of hand to hand; for in all my movements in this new sphere you are with me more than you know. I feel at every turn the strength of your example, the stimulus of your success. It is no exaggeration to say that, whatever ideal I may have formed of what a Head-Master should be, a very great part is occupied by your own figure, and I know that to realise that part will give me more than enough to do for any length of time I am allowed to work.

I do not suppose there was ever a closer relation between Head-Master and Assistant than that which has existed between us. Whether such intimacies are of too tender a nature, ordinarily

[1] Some new rooms were added to the Head-Master's House in 1876.
[2] Mr. William Lacon Childe.

speaking, to stand the rough strain of Public School life, I know not: but this I know, that the confidence you have always reposed in me, and the kindness with which in later years you have borne with me, even when you must have thought that sometimes I trespassed overmuch upon it, have been truly wonderful to me. From the bottom of my heart I thank you, and I know that never again shall I taste the peculiar sweetness of such a friendship. . . .

To H. G. Hart
(on his appointment to the Head-Mastership of Sedbergh School).

Harrow: October 24, 1879.

Your announcement gives rise to very mixed feelings. We shall sorely miss you here, not only for all you have been in the past, but for what you would have become, could you have remained among us. Each fresh vacancy on the Staff would have found you visibly advancing in influence and effectiveness.

ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ.

We shall not grudge you to the great and, I believe, happy work which lies before you. You will, I know, 'make full proof of your ministry' in the honest northern soil in which all seed faithfully sown is sure to bring forth rich fruit.

You do not need me to tell you what a blessing you will always have at your side in your most dear wife. In dealing with boys, colleagues, and parents she will infinitely lighten your burthen.

If you were destined to go, your departure just now seems in one respect well timed—just after Herbert[1] Lawrence's Harrow life has come to an end. I always felt what a blessing you and Mrs. Hart were to him. If only he can get in some way annexed to India! With such a boy—

Quem pater Aeneas et avunculus excitat Hector—

a non-Indian career seems a sort of treason to history.

Heartiest good wishes and confident prophecies for you both.

[1] The Hon. Herbert A. Lawrence, now General Sir Herbert Lawrence, son of John 1st Baron Lawrence, and cousin of Mrs. Honoria Hart, daughter of Sir Henry Lawrence.

CHAPTER XIII

HEAD-MASTERSHIP (*continued*)
1880–1885

THE closing period of the long Head-Mastership was not, it must be admitted, so bright and happy as the twenty preceding years which I have attempted to describe. It was not that any lassitude was apparent in Dr. Butler's zeal for enhancing the welfare and usefulness of the School. There was no loss of interest in his surroundings, no stooping from the high ideals. Indeed he was encouraged to ever fresh efforts by the growing appreciation of his work and of himself among the community of Harrovians, men and boys. His courtesy, humour, and personal charm had by now dispelled the awe which he had at first inspired. His long and devoted services were recognised: he was given the credit due to him for the successes of Harrow: he was respected and loved, no longer only by the more intimate members of his Form, but by the rank and file of the School. There was still work to be done, and he was never the man to fold his hands or cry 'Enough.' But the long strain was inevitably beginning to tell. For a time he was ill and restricted by medical advice to a life of half-activity. Many of his earliest and closest friends on the Staff, men on whose judgment and co-operation he had most relied, had passed away. Ardent spirits among the younger Masters were clamouring for further changes in the list of studies, and he doubted whither their zeal would carry them. Influential friends from outside were hinting that the time had come for him to devote to the service of the Church and its men the splendid powers that he had so long centred upon the School and its boys. Above all, the romance of his life at Harrow was shattered by the death of his beloved wife. A closer examination of the main incidents of this closing period

will show, I think, that during the whole of it the impending change was casting its shadow before.

In 1881 he was seriously ill, the symptoms including loss of voice and taste and general derangement of the bronchial system. On his partial convalescence Sir Andrew Clarke strictly forbade all such work as sermons, speeches, or chair-taking outside Harrow, and all early Schools outside his House. To complete the recovery next spring, he was sent for some weeks to the seaside. Edward Bowen described the position at Harrow during his absence as 'Government of a Deputy tempered by post-cards from Brighton.'

As soon as he was well again, he threw himself with characteristic vigour into a new departure, which was to crown his own work and extend the beneficent influence of the School—the Harrow Mission. He had long felt that Harrow lagged behind other great Schools, Eton, Winchester, and Marlborough, which had already started clubs or settlements in the poorer districts of populous towns. The earliest indication I can find of his wish to establish such a connection between boys of comparative wealth and their poorer brothers—a connection which he thought so valuable to both parties—is in a sermon which he preached on Founder's Day, October 10, 1867.

Sometimes I ask myself whether that spirit of intense union which binds together the boys of a great School during their school life might not naturally take the form of co-operation afterwards. Whether they might not in after years draw the tie yet closer, and give it a fresh dearness and stringency by associating together, either by themselves or with kindred spirits of other Schools, for works conducive to the public weal. It sometimes seems to me as though from the peculiar constitutions of these Schools—the wealth of many of their members, their generosity, their chivalry, their great social ascendancy, their habits of self-government, their love of liberty and their reverence for order—they enjoyed very peculiar advantages for working out with wisdom and vigour the remedies which our times demand, and as if in them the grand language of the Prophet might be conspicuously fulfilled, 'They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.'[1] No more glorious future for any Public School could be desired than that its scholars might become distinguished, singly and in co-operation, for works of this exalted type—men 'leaders of the people'[2] . . . rich men furnished with abilities, living peaceably,' but not idly, 'in their habitations,' men who

[1] Isaiah lxi. 4. [2] Ecclus. lxiv.

were honoured in their generation ' and were indeed the glory of their times.

The heavy occupations of the intervening years, and the claims of the Lyon Memorial Fund on the liberality of Harrovians, had postponed the realisation of his vision. Meanwhile the School had, with his warm concurrence, been encouraged to interest itself in philanthropic work. Mr. H. B. Cotterill was for some years on the Harrow Staff. He was imbued with Livingstone's idea that the best way to kill the slave-trade in Africa was to plant legitimate trade in its place. In 1875 he lectured to the boys on this subject and appealed for their help. A small steel launch, which the boys combined with Haileybury to give him, was constructed in sections at the Isle of Dogs, transported to the upper waters of the Shiré River, and made her way safely to Lake Nyassa with Mr. Cotterill on board. Before leaving the Thames she had been christened ' The Herga ' by Mrs. Butler, who herself presented the burgee-flag, blue with crossed arrows in white. Butler was a close friend to Cotterill (they corresponded regularly till 1917), and was keenly interested in his African project both for its own sake and for its good effect in elevating the sympathies of the boys. Another appeal to their generosity was made about the same time by Mr. Hallam on behalf of the Industrial Schools at Liverpool founded by his uncle, Canon Portance. To Hallam's request for a sermon Butler replied, ' No ; I will back you up to the best of my power, but you must preach your own sermon.' And preach it he did in the Houses and by a circular to the boys, who responded with money enough to build a Dormitory and provide a new (printing) trade to the lads on the Mersey.

But these were transitory calls. Butler wanted to establish a permanent bond of sympathy and mutual helpfulness between the classes : and the very closeness of Harrow to London seemed to provide a good opportunity. A preliminary meeting was held in the Speech Room in June 1882, when Dr. Billing, Bishop of Bedford, Suffragan for the East End of London, addressed the boys, pleading for a mission or settlement in his portion of the Diocese. There and then Dr. Butler pledged the School to put their hands to the plough. A Committee of Masters and boys was appointed, with Mr. Davidson as Secretary, and their first instruction was to find a Missioner and a site

for his activity. Their choice fell upon the Rev. William Law, an old Harrovian of truly noble character, who had always kept in close touch with his old School. He had been a member of both the Elevens at Harrow and of the University Cricket XI at Oxford. He was at this time Senior Curate at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, and knew how the outlying portions of that reputed wealthy district were even more in need of help and civilisation than the East End. Moreover, the West side of London would afford greater facilities for the periodical visits of Harrow boys. It was therefore resolved, to the unavoidable disappointment of the Bishop of Bedford, to select as the scene of Mr. Law's work a site in Latimer Road, known, from the occupation of many of its inhabitants, as 'Piggery Junction.' Dr. Butler introduced the new Missioner to the School on February 6, 1883, at a moment, as we shall see, of intense personal anxiety. Two poor houses in Wood Street were acquired, and in a makeshift room the first Mission services were held, with Dr. Butler as one of the earliest preachers; and in the month of March the first visit of Harrow boys to 'their' district was paid.

So far the Mission had been supported by the modest contributions of Masters and boys: but Dr. Butler's project had a wider scope. On June 12, 1883, a meeting was held at St. James' Hall, to which all Old Harrovians were invited, and at which Dr. Vaughan took the chair. The Head-Master, addressing a large audience, said that the question before them was not so much the raising of a particular sum of money (*that* the well-tried liberality of Harrovians would easily effect without such a meeting as the present), but that the strong tie of brotherly love which linked together successive generations of the School should now be introduced into a region which had not yet been explored. Let a fresh direction be given to Harrow sympathy, and as in the course of the last fifty years vast sums had been raised for the special purposes of their own School, so let Harrow men combine to do what they could for those who, as the Christian conscience averred, had the highest claim upon them.

Lord Shaftesbury entered the room just before the proceedings closed, and complied with a request that he should add a few words:

I feel proud [he concluded] of the old School to which I belong, and I pray that it may ever flourish and abound in such men as

I see before me, furnished with such principles, and bent upon such objects, as will tend to the real interests of the country, by advancing its moral and spiritual condition, and by doing everything to make it great and good among the nations.

I must pass rapidly over the early history of the Mission, how a permanent site was acquired and a large Mission Room erected upon it and used, not only for religious purposes, but also for meetings devoted to instruction and amusement; how the Head-Master was President of the Mission Association, and Chairman of both the Council and the Local Committee at Harrow; how he frequently visited the district; how he entertained parties of women, children, and invalids in his garden; and how almost every term he presided over a meeting in the Speech Room, when the Missioner and his fellow-workers, or some visitor competent to speak with authority on social movements, would address the School. Of such occasions Dr. Butler's felicitous little speeches of introduction were not the least memorable features. He cherished a peculiarly binding tie between himself and the Mission, for one of Mrs. Butler's last requests in February 1883 had been that, if any memorial of her Harrow life should be contemplated, it should be in connection with the work at Latimer Road.

To Mrs. GALTON.

Harrow: July 8, 1883.

I have indeed been tardy in thanking you for your loving remembrance of me on my birthday. . . . A 50th birthday seems a clear landmark in life; it seems to say so plainly, 'Two thirds at least of your life has gone, and probably far more. Make the most of what remains!'

But *this* birthday, whether 50th or marked by any other year, would, as you divined, have had a sacredness of its own. Dearest Georgina had a special love of birthdays and made them quite a festival among us. Never was the love of her loving spirit more richly poured out. Agnes and I spent the evening by going to hear some of our leading boys, including Ted, sing to William Law's poor people in London. I felt I could not be nearer in heart to the dear Wife than by taking the two children to this Mission, which I told her was to be my chief outward memorial of her. It was a touching sight to see the intense delight of the poor women, many of them with babies in their arms. To-morrow Law brings 65 of them, babies and all, to spend a long afternoon in our garden, and we shall do our best to make them happy with tea, cake, fire-balloons, etc. Before they start home, some of the boys will sing to them again in the Speech Room.

You may imagine our thankfulness that Queenie's[1] 'Peach

[1] His youngest daughter, Maud.

Day ' is over, the more so as I was seriously unwell and so unable to give Agnes any help in making arrangements as to seats. She did and looked her part charmingly—utterly self-oblivious and with a quiet dignity which her dear mother would have loved.

But though the work spread and flourished, it was not free from difficulties. Before two years were over it was found to be necessary, in order to secure a legal right to the control and the patronage of the Mission, to convert the district into a separate parish, and for that purpose to erect a church. In the negotiations, often delicate and complicated, Dr. Butler's practised hand played a leading part. There were misgivings in the Council, as a church would require the raising of a large sum of money, and that at a moment when the Head-Master's resignation had just been made known to the world. But nothing daunted Butler's faith ; indeed he seemed to welcome the opportunity for addressing a 'Farewell Appeal to Old Harrovians and Friends of Harrow.'

Now that my own official connection with this deeply interesting work in London is about to be severed, I must hope to be forgiven for making *one last appeal* on behalf of the poor people whom we are trying to befriend, believing that our enterprise is rich in blessings both to them and to ourselves, and that the completion of it on a worthy scale will be a lasting and increasing benefit to Harrow.

The sum he asked for was £7000, and though a concurrent appeal was being made for a worthy commemoration of his own services to the School, within three years the money was raised and the church completed. It was consecrated on Trinity Sunday in 1888 by Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London. The spirit of that great man will pardon me if I say that in the eyes of all who attended the service the central figure was not so much the Bishop as the Master of Trinity, to whom the inception and the realisation of the Mission enterprise was due. At the luncheon after the ceremony of consecration Dr. Butler offered the thanks of Harrow to Dr. Temple.

In this vast metropolis [he said] there is an ever-growing need of sympathy on the part of those who have the means and the culture at their disposal ; and while the Bishop of London must hail in every Church, which it is his privilege to open, the determination on the part of men to do their duty as Christians in promoting Christian brotherhood, he must, not only as Bishop of London, but as a former Head-Master of another great Public School, be profoundly impressed with such work as this, which testifies to

the determination of the great Public Schools of England to use that brotherly spirit which binds men together, and their vast resources—moral, material, and social—for doing their duty by those classes less able to help themselves.

One personal tribute may close the account of the early days of the Harrow Mission. A serious accident soon deprived us of the services of Mr. Davidson as Secretary, and Dr. Butler invited me to replace him. This brought me into specially close relations with the Head-Master, and I can tell, from inner knowledge, how indefatigably he worked, and how deeply he thought, for every development of this scheme for enlisting the sympathy of the School with the lives of the poor in London.

Allusion has been made to the great sorrow of 1883. Mrs. Butler's health had long given cause for anxiety. In 1876 and 1877 she had experienced a spell of delicacy and confinement to the house; and though she partially recovered strength, she was not again able to share completely in the life and entertainments in which she had once taken so keen an interest. Through the year 1882 her weakness and attacks of pain increased; and in January 1883 Sir William Gull was called in for consultation. He pronounced the opinion that, though life might be prolonged for some months or even years, her recovery was impossible. Mrs. Butler insisted on hearing the whole truth, and bore her sentence bravely. For herself she had no fears; only for her children's sake she prayed that her life might, as far as possible, be prolonged. Those friends whom she could see she begged to spare her husband the pain of allusion to her condition, as he was constantly on the verge of breaking down.

The end came with startling rapidity. A week of intense pain and exhaustion set in on February 4. She could see nobody but her own family and Miss Emily Butler from the Woodlands. To add to the pathos, her sister, Mrs. Cruikshank, was lying seriously ill in her house on Church Hill, only a hundred yards from the Head-Master's, and they could not meet to say farewell. Mrs. Butler's thoughts were for her husband, her children, the recently-founded Mission, and the boys. There was a suggestion that the chime of the Bell, which she had only on the previous Founder's Day presented to the School, should be stopped: but she would not hear of any such interruption.

GEORGINA ISABELLA BUTLER.

From a Portrait by George Richmond, A.R.A. About 1863.

Meanwhile the Head-Master continued his School duties. It was only when he learnt that the invalid could not bear to think he was out of the house that he consented to let a colleague relieve him of attendance to his Form. During those hours of suspense which could not be spent in the sick-room he read a few pages of Mr. Bosworth Smith's 'Life of Lord Lawrence,' which had just been published, and found that they soothed him and helped him to rest when he could lie down.

Early in the morning of Sunday, February 11, just as the Bell was ringing for the early service, she passed away. Almost her last words, as her husband held a Cross before her eyes, were 'Ah, we have had so few crosses in our lives.' The funeral, which took place on Thursday, February 15, was attended by the Masters, the Sixth Form, Dr. Butler's House, and a large number of Old Harrovians and other friends. In all the gathering which filled the Parish Church there were singularly few spectators or 'respectful mourners.' It was a bond of personal sorrow which brought that concourse to the grave-side. The opening sentences were read by the Rev. F. Hayward Joyce, the Vicar, the Lesson by the Rev. W. D. Bushell, and the Committal Prayers by the Dean of Llandaff. When all was over, Dr. Butler turned and, with a smile, thanked the officiating clergy as he shook their hands.

For two days he went away to Folkestone with his elder children, Agnes and Edward, but returned before Sunday to take his part in the Chapel, where he preached at the evening service from the text, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, . . . nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

Miss Emily Butler to Mrs. Galton.

Woodlands: February 19, 1883.

A noble sermon from Montagu last evening (I wish you could have heard it), and delivered in a firm voice. It will never be forgotten by the older and more thoughtful boys. He did not spare himself, speaking of death dividing us from those we love. It seemed as if he had been behind the veil, and had come back with a clearer vision and stronger faith and warmer love to God; and as if he felt he had a message to give, and one that would abide with his hearers. I thought how Georgina would have thanked God for enabling him so to trample his private feelings down. . . .

At the Masters' meeting on Monday, February 19, he addressed his colleagues, telling them not to think of him as a crushed, broken-hearted man. He had a living sense of the years which he and Mrs. Butler had spent together, of her enjoyment and happiness in them; and with that feeling he could face the future. It was no astonishment to him to find how widely her influence had been felt, but *she* would have marvelled had she known it. He promised them to brace himself to cope afresh with certain reforms which had been so often urged, and which he knew to be required.

The Times of February 12, 1883, published an appreciation from which I may quote a few sentences:

> Many who have been schoolboys at Harrow during the last twenty years will recall the bright smile of greeting always ready for any Harrovian visitor, or the kindly cheering visit, often with a young child as her companion, to the sick-room of her husband's House. . . . Her work did not lie before the world in public movements, but her position brought her for twenty years into close relation with a large and important section of English society, with many boys themselves destined to play leading parts in the world, and with many friends and dependents in other paths of life. The continual, steady effect therefore of her brightness, her welcomes, her counsel, her insight, her indefatigable kindness, both in cases of joy and of sorrow, most be looked upon as a cumulative influence, such as ladies can but seldom have either the opportunity or the ability to exert.
>
> Fewest words are perhaps most fitting, and certainly her Christian example in her family relations is too sacred a subject for our columns. Yet something may be pardoned to those who had the privilege of her friendship, and who wish that others should learn how great was its value. They know something of the mind in which rare though unobtruded accomplishments were united to an unwonted capacity for affairs; of the bright charm of manner recalling sunny climes, yet adorning a truly native thoroughness and sincerity; of the warm heart which could hear of no fault without pity, of no bitterness without sweetening it, of no distress without comforting tenderness, of no need or sickness without prompt and hearty help. These are some of the graces in which all good women have a share, but which do not often leave so harmonious a memory in so many hearts.

I cannot close this episode without quoting some words on the ennobling effect of sorrow of which Butler wrote in November 1861, when his marriage was approaching:

> I have seen real suffering in the death, during the last two years, of two very dear friends. This has enabled me to see what grief

may be. I have tried to think (but it is of no use) how I could live on if my dearest Georgina were snatched suddenly from me. And yet she might be so easily snatched from me, and it would then be my duty to live on. Till some awful agony of this kind breaks in on my wonderful prosperity, my Christianity will not be fully tested.

Mrs. Butler lived long enough to see the beginning, but only the beginning, of her elder son's brilliant career in the School. Edward Montagu (known to many grateful generations of Harrow men and boys as 'Teddie' Butler) came from Elstree Preparatory School, with an Entrance Scholarship, in 1880. In his first year he won a second prize for Latin Prose in the Fifth Form, and in the next year the second Bourchier Prize for History. It was largely due to his mother's encouragement and help that he was successful in winning the Lower School Prize for Shakespeare in 1880, followed by Lord Charles Russell's Medal for the same study in November 1882. This was a deep satisfaction to Mrs. Butler, and the last she was destined to feel in his many achievements: but imagination would picture, if correspondence did not show, what an intense pride and solace his father experienced in the son's further successes of the next two years and a half. To the intellectual rewards already mentioned, 'Teddie' added the Head-Master's Prize for an English Essay, the Beaumont Prize for Scripture, and the Ponsonby Prize[1] in three successive years. By vote of the Philathletic Club, he was elected Captain of the Football XI, and was twice winner of the Public Schools Rackets Competition, as partner with C. D. Buxton in 1884 and with Eustace Crawley in 1885. Admitted to the Cricket XI in 1883, he was acting captain in the next year, and captain in his own right in 1885. The dramatic close of the match at Lord's in that year, when he won the victory for Harrow by a 'fourer' to the boundary just before time, will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it. He was a monitor, of course, Head of his father's House, and second in order of the School. To crown all, he won the coveted Gregory Scholarship and passed, with an Exhibition at Trinity, to a career of still greater athletic distinction at Cambridge.

[1] This prize, of the value of £5 in books, was offered by Lord Bessborough to the member or members of the Cricket XI whose general conduct and school work should in the estimation of the Head-Master (after consultation with his colleagues) be deemed most satisfactory.

To Lord Charles James Fox Russell.

Harrow: November 18, 1882.

We have received this morning a piece of news which will, I know, please your kind heart. The 'Shakespeare Medal' this year falls to Teddie. He comes, as you will see from the enclosed list and marks, much ahead, though his opponents are considerably older.

I will not deny that for more than two years it has been a hope very near to our hearts that he might be fortunate enough to win your medal. He worked hard in his first year and won the Lower-School Prize. Last year he was well prepared for the Fifth Form Prize, but was prostrated by his serious illness just on the eve of the examination, and could not go in.

I sincerely trust and believe that your Benefaction has been the means of laying in our boy's mind a fairly solid foundation of real study and yet more intense enjoyment of the great Poet hearafter. He will be only one of the many who will have cause to remember your name with gratitude, but few can ever have so much cause as our boy for mingling with his gratitude real affectionate regard. . . .

The result will be announced to the School on Monday morning. It reaches us to-day when we are having a holiday for the appointment of my old pupil Henry Pelham, son of the Bishop of Norwich, as the successor to Mr. Montague Bernard in the office of Governor. This is, I think, the first occasion when a Head-Master of Harrow has seen one of his own pupils thus exalted.

To Mrs. Galton.

Harrow: March 27, 1885.

You will both rejoice with us at our dear Ted having won the 'Gregory Scholarship,' the same which fell to his poor Father in 1851. We regard it as the bluest of our 'blue ribands,' and its pecuniary value is £400, no slight help to a starving Dean of Gloucester! Such honours as he may henceforth win (or lose) at Harrow will be chiefly athletic. . . .

To the Rt. Hon. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P.
(who had sat during part of the match at Lord's in the Head-Masters' gallery with Doctors Warre and Butler and Mr. Welldon, all speechless with interest, and with little Hughie Butler, still at Elstree School, who was loud in his remarks, in boyish disregard of Dr. Warre).

Harrow: July 13, 1885.

Your words go to my heart. I shall never forget those awful moments just at the close.

7 P.M.

will always be to me in July a sort of hour of doom. There is no doubt Ted possesses in a rare degree the quality of coolness at a crisis. He showed it markedly in the Racquet contest two years in succession, and I hope it may yet find grander fields for its exercise. I own I felt proud of him when he 'pulled' that last Fourer. Technically it should have been sent to the off, where all the fielders were, but of course this would have been pedantry. He was very wisely *super grammaticam*.

The Eleven dine with me to-night.

Meanwhile the stream of benefactions, always so dear to Dr. Butler's heart, continued to flow. During the last five years of his Head-Mastership new fives courts were built, largely by the energetic canvassing of Mr. G. H. Hallam. The bathing-place was more than doubled in size, the fund for structural additions being raised by the exertion of Mr. A. G. Watson. The Latin inscription affixed to the clock-tower in 'Ducker' bears witness to the interest of three great Head-Masters, with two of whom this memoir is more closely concerned.

Hae Balneae
Georg. Butler S.T.P. Magistri cura ac studio
A palude vetustiore transductae
circ. A.S. MDCCCX,
Postea Car. Ioh. Vaughan S.T.P. Magistri beneficio
Ab ingravescente iam squalore revocatae
A.S. MDCCCXLVIII–MDCCCL,
Scholae Hergensis amantium impensa
H. Mont. Butler S.T.P. Magistri auspiciis
Instauratae ornatae amplificatae sunt
A.S. MDCCCLXXXI.

A new pavilion was added to the Sixth Form ground, thanks largely to the energy of Mr. E. E. Bowen. When this was formally opened in 1883, Dr. Butler presented to it a book, sumptuously bound in blue morocco, to contain the autographs of all future members of the Eleven and of their visitor-opponents in all School matches. The book contains the following letter from the Head-Master to the captain of the year, H. Ernest Crawley:

Harrow: May 26, 1883.

PAVILION RECORDS.

E. E. Bowen's Match—Opening of New Pavilion.

As I am unable to be with you in person to-day, it has struck me that I might ask leave, as a little mark of heartiest sympathy, to offer a book, which shall in time have a collection of 'Pavilion Records.' I would suggest that it might be divided into two unequal parts.'

[Here follow elaborate instructions for the insertion of autographs of 'all those happy boys who are instructed to get their flannels,' and of all who play in matches against the School.]

Experience will show what is the best part of the day for inviting the signatures. Perhaps just before they begin their innings they might be best disposed to sign, before anyone has experienced misfortune which might lead him to prefer anonymity.

Lastly, I hope that the book may begin its course to-day by receiving the autographs of all the guests whom Mr. Bowen is so

kindly gathering round him in the Pavilion which owes so much to his energy. First among these autographs, heading the list, will clearly come those two honoured names[1] which have endeared themselves to so many generations of Harrovians, and to which Harrow owes so deep a debt for services not limited either to the Cricket-ground or to the building of the Pavilion. In placing the book in your hands, I like to think that I am entrusting it to one whose father thirty years ago received from them the same unvarying kindness and encouragement which you, I know, so gratefully appreciate.

I will only add that, had my dear wife been still among us, she would, I am certain, have heartily shared my hope that the new Pavilion may have a prosperous career, and that its 'Records' may be happy ones, for not a few of her own happiest Harrow hours for more than twenty years were spent on the Cricket-ground in watching the play.

That there had been some opposition raised to the demolition of the former pavilion, ugly and awkward, but honoured for its old associations, may be gathered from the following lines :

For fifty years the old Pavilion stood,
A little temple in its walls of wood ;
And timorous clingers to the sacred past
Might half have murmured, 'Let the ruin last.'
But GRIMSTON cried, 'The spirit, not the letter :
The old was good, but now we'll have a better.'
No sooner said—he gave, ere set of sun,
Three hundred reasons,[2] and—the thing was done !

H. M. B., May 26, 1883.

In the following year that devoted friend of Harrow, to whom such loyal testimony was borne in the letter and lines just quoted, died. To perpetuate his memory a large addition to the Philathletic Field was effected by his Harrow and other friends.

To Lord VERULAM.

Harrow : May 6, 1884.

I have been requested by the Masters to convey to your Lordship their respectful and heartfelt sympathy in the sorrow which has come upon yourself and your family through the death of your brother the Hon. Robert Grimston, and also to express their strong sense of the serious loss which the School has sustained by the removal of so old and tried a friend.

It has been impossible for us to witness year after year his extraordinary devotion to the School Cricket, and the hold which he obtained over many of our leading boys, without being convinced

[1] The Earl of Bessborough and the Hon. Robert Grimston.

[2] The Hon. Robert Grimston contributed £300 towards the erection of the new pavilion.

that his influence was in a high degree morally beneficial, exercised as it always was on behalf of thoroughness, earnest purpose, and steady perseverance.

As your Lordship is well aware, a Cricket Ground is no mean school of character, and many an old and present Harrovian owes valuable lessons in manliness and self-government to the genial and stimulating sympathy of Mr. Grimston and his dear friend, Lord Bessborough.

For myself I may be permitted to express my own grateful recollection of numberless acts of kindness on his part from the time that I first began to haunt the Cricket Ground nearly forty years ago.

To Mr. Frederick Gale, author of 'The Life of the Hon. Robert Grimston' (1885), Dr. Butler contributed two or three reminiscences of this old friend.

A little boy of fourteen, belonging as it happened to a cricketing family, had come up for our preliminary examination, and joined our family lunch. Mr. Grimston also looked in upon us, a *clarum et venerabile nomen* to this young novice. After a time the great man said to the little boy, with that intonation of voice that we all so well remember, 'How many are you at home?' 'Thirteen,' was the astonishing answer. 'Why, that's eleven to play and two to stand umpire,' was the instant rejoinder of the veteran cricketer, giving the little fellow food for profitable reflection on the providential proportions of his family.

Another day, when he came in to lunch, he was evidently not quite pleased with himself. He recounted slowly, and with many expressions of shame and remorse, how in an unguarded moment he had allowed a dentist to remove a large tooth with laughing-gas. He seemed as angry with the dentist for saving him pain as most men would have been grateful. There was a sort of blush through all his faltering confession which was irresistibly comical.

The last time I saw my old friend was when we met at Mr. Broughton's[1] to make over to the Governors the land purchased with the Lyon Memorial Fund, of which we were co-trustees. Someone had remarked playfully that, if trustees dwindled down to one, perhaps that one might be a rogue and alienate the ground. He replied gravely, as he sat looking into the fire, 'If any man ever turns that field[2] into any other purpose but that of cricket, I'll haunt him from my grave, I'll haunt him from my grave.'

Though not strictly a benefaction, the erection by the Governors of a new block of buildings, to contain a museum and new school-rooms, may here find a place for mention.

[1] R. J. P. Broughton, Head of the School and Captain of the Cricket XI in 1835, one of the original trustees of the M.C.C. and one of the founders of I Zingari. As solicitor he conducted much Trust-business for the School. He died in his ninety-fifth year, June 11, 1911, after having witnessed the reigns of eight Head-Masters, a man most lovable and beloved.

[2] The Philathletic Field.

The architect, Mr. Basil Champneys, was assisted in the assignment of space and the equipment of the rooms by a Committee, of which the Head-Master and Mr. F. E. Marshall were the guiding hands. Mr. Marshall's resourceful capacity for such tasks had been previously tested when the gymnasium was in course of erection: he remained till his retirement in 1904 the ever courteous and energetic secretary of the Museum Committee. The new buildings when completed were formally opened, in the presence of the Dean of Gloucester, on Speech Day, July 1, 1886. As the library bears the honoured name of Dr. Vaughan, so it was felt to be desirable that the new museum and schools should be known by the name of Vaughan's even greater successor. But the title 'Butler Museum' constitutes an anomaly, for that structure was not, as in the case of the Vaughan Library, given to the School as Dr. Butler's memorial. *That*, as we shall see, was the purchase of the football fields, which are not, as they strictly ought to be, known as the 'Butler Fields.'

It was not to be expected, after the severe medical warning of 1881, that he would indulge often during these last years in extraneous tasks. I find traces of only three public addresses. Of one of these, 'Christian Work in Public Schools,' I know only the title. Another was a short speech at the inaugural meeting of the Church of England Purity Society (the White Cross League) held on May 25, 1883, at Lambeth Palace, Archbishop Benson presiding. Dr. Butler moved a resolution, 'That it is expedient that there be a Central Church Society, with the objects of promoting Purity of Life and of Preventing the Degradation of Women and Children, in accordance with Resolutions of the Committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury.'

> Two voices are there; one is of the heart, one of the conscience. The voice of conscience says, 'Be pure, practise self-control.' The voice of the heart says, 'Look at the weak and degraded, who have none to help them and are beset with strong temptations. Let the feeling of pity and chivalry enter your hearts, to endeavour to save them from ruin.' Those who are deaf to other voices are not always deaf to this. . . . With these 'two voices' to stir us we go to meet one of the giant evils with which the Church of Christ is now called to measure her strength.

Not unnaturally in a schoolmaster, Butler treated the subject from the educational point of view, dwelling on

the importance of instructing young boys, and even children, in the elementary physiological facts of sex and birth, and the danger of leaving these phenomena to be picked up from the indecent talk of undesirable informants. From that he passed to the special temptation prevalent in the Army to think lightly of the sin of impurity. The time had come for a special effort, and it could best be made by the young men themselves, whether officers, N.C.O.'s, or privates.

> My belief is that in our gallant Army, to which we owe so much, there are hundreds of young men, officers and soldiers, who will be found ready to face ridicule and chaff in the attempt to bring about a purer state of things, and to establish a purer ideal in the society to which they belong.

The third address, entitled 'The Teacher as an Example to his Pupils,' was Butler's Presidential Address to the Education Society, delivered on May 29, 1884. Though he was supposed to be suffering from overstrain, and though he warned his audience to expect '*multa, non multum*, or chatter, not matter,' the discourse positively sings with light-heartedness and coruscates with valuable suggestions, some grave, some gay, to the profession. It ought to be handed at starting to all teachers, as a key to the office upon which they are about to enter. For teaching, he told them, it is 'the man that matters, not the system, *l'enseignement c'est l'homme*'; and what applies to man applies equally to woman, for between the sexes in teaching 'the mountains of partition are levelled, henceforth there are no Pyrenees.'

The 'example' he treats from the physical, the intellectual, and the moral aspect. The teacher must first 'have the look about him of open air, blue sky and north-easters, mountain and heather, cricket-ground and lawn-tennis.' There must be no suspicion of boredom, drowsiness, or pain. 'His face ought to attract and not repel, the voice ought to penetrate, to rouse, and to win.' Neither the raucous shout, nor 'the bumble-bee in a pitcher,' so familiar a sound in the pulpit, must be heard in the school-room.

To set an intellectual example, the teacher must bear in mind these four 'oughts': he ought to know his subject, to learn ever more about it, always to be learning something else, and to enjoy greatly what he teaches. 'There are few members of our fraternity who know many subjects

well, but we ought to know well the subject we do teach—and not only the subject, but all its environment, if we mean to keep abreast with the progress which the subject itself is making.' But (with all due deference to his hearers, who would tell him that 'the Pedant, like the Dodo, was, not is') if the teacher confines himself to one line only, he becomes a pedant. The remedy for him is to give a portion of his heart to other interests.

If his subject be Physics, let him etherealise his mind with Dante or Mozart. Granted again that there can be no such thing as 'Reading without Tears,' for natural tears, soon wiped away, must be so long as there are lessons to be learned, yet we must all prize as the Blue Riband of our Order the eager look up in our faces, the appreciative smile, the contagious laugh . . . when some unexpected *tournure de phrase* reminds teacher and class alike of their common human kinship.

And there is something deeper still, when the teacher can feel that 'his class-room is his scene of triumph.'

> High is our calling, friends! The *Teacher's* art
> Demands the service of a mind and heart
> Heroically fashioned.

As for the moral example,

we too may say to ourselves of the profession we have chosen, *Noblesse oblige*: it has its obligation. It warns us off from all that is petty because it is *unprofessional*, because it sets a bad example to the young. How *unprofessional* to lose one's temper! How *unprofessional* to come up with a lesson half prepared, to be dull or dreamy while we teach; to be sarcastic, or chilling, or unforgiving, or unsympathetic! How *unprofessional* to give the lie by our deeds and our omissions to half the lessons which issue from our lips! Let us try to think that what we are, that we teach. Character must out.

One extraneous post he held, that of Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the death of Dr. Tait, his successor, Dr. E. W. Benson, Butler's old friend from Cambridge days, asked him to continue the work.

To the Rt. Rev. E. W. Benson, D.D., Bishop of Truro, Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury.

16 Clifton Crescent, Folkestone: January 3, 1883.

It is not easy to acknowledge *two* such letters as yours. They shall be among my treasured κειμήλια. The second arrived this morning just as we were leaving Harrow for a short fortnight here. I could not have a moment's hesitation in accepting the honour so affectionately offered, but I feel that I owe you a few words of perfectly frank and unaffected explanation. When the good Arch-

bishop surprised me by a similar offer nearly four years ago, I felt bound to tell him in all simplicity of my thousand and one deficiencies —that I was in fact no real 'theologian,' entirely ignorant of Hebrew, and also miserably ignorant of many of the great standard works on Christian doctrine and Ecclesiastical order. Since then I have found the work a great delight, and certainly beneficial to myself, partly because it has led me to read more systematically in a theological direction, and also because it has given me the great privilege of making friends with the Candidates for Ordination. Westcott was kind enough to say, when I confessed to him my misgivings, that sympathy might be even more helpful to the young men than learning, and certainly it has been a great happiness to us having them with us as our guests for however short a time on the eve of the Ordination, and securing a quiet chat with each. . . .

And now let me entreat you on no account to acknowledge these few lines by even a postcard. I have had already far more than my due share of your delightful letters, and—forgive an impertinent 'must,' which Mrs. Benson would pardon—you *must* spare your strength.

Three incidents may be treated *leviore plectro*. In 1882 a visit was paid by H.R.H. The Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, for the purpose of hearing in the Speech Room the 'Vocalion,' an instrument invented by an Old Harrovian, Mr. J. Baillie-Hamilton, from which better results were then expected than have been realised. H.R.H. was accompanied by Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Butler thought that such an opportunity for the boys to hear the greatest orator of the day was not one to be lost, and he elicited from the Prime Minister a short address. When the visitors had departed, Dr. Butler was found by one of his colleagues convulsed with merriment over a letter from Mrs. Gladstone, which had just been placed in his hands, forbidding any call for a speech. 'And after all we got it!' was all that he could articulate.

About the same time occurred a difference of opinion between two old friends on the Staff, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Watson, who were in charge of two divisions of the Fifth Form. The former, the Senior Assistant Master, maintained that on the evenings of whole holidays no exercise should be required from the boys: his memory went back to Dr. Vaughan's time, when the conventional phrase was 'whole holiday without exercise.' Mr. Watson averred that the phrase was obsolete, and deplored the frequent loss of a useful exercise in Latin prose. After a courteous exchange of letters, the question in dispute was referred to the Head-Master, who gave his decision in the following lines to his senior colleague:

Amico cuidam venerabili
Et temporis acti se adolescente
Observantissimo.

Time levels medallist and dunce,
The laggard and the fleet one;
And he who set the fashion once
Becomes the obsolete one.

And, dreaming of the days that were
Ere memory tripped and faltered,
We're ready hastily to swear
The times have never altered.

So Beavers, when they leave their home
And cross the broad Atlantic,
And wistfully to England come
And drop their graceful antic,

Continue loyally the cram
They mastered when they'd more time,
And dam and hut, and hut and dam,
Precisely as aforetime.

So, if the Oracle is asked
To give a grave decision,
He answers, dull and overtasked,
And subject to revision,

'"Whole holidays" have never stopped,
But ripple on for ever;
But "without exercise" is dropped,
And now is mentioned never.'

Then, dear and venerable friend,
Forget your Consul Plancus,
And chivalrously condescend
To join and even thank us.

For evidently all we seek,
Before our journey closes,
Is to improve not only Greek
But chiefly Latin Proses.

Forget the legendary days
When first you won your laurels,
And tarnish not your later days
With inter-Formal quarrels.

Thus, with a tear in either eye
For fear I've roused the Furies,
'For auld lang syne' I forward my
Eirenicon to Druries.[1]

H. M. B., Oct. 5, 1882.

[1] Mr. Holmes' House.

In 1883 Dr. Butler consented to the request of many friends that he should sit for a portrait to be added to the row of Head-Masters and distinguished Old Harrovians in the Library. The choice of artist was left to him, and he selected Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., whose studio at Bushey was within an easy drive from Harrow. The sittings ripened an acquaintance into a close friendship between the two men. The portrait is generally considered to be one of the best in the collection.

Of Butler's chief coadjutors on the Staff during his closing years a few words must be said, for he would have been the last man to wish that the credit for his administration should be attributed wholly to himself.

Arthur George Watson was appointed, fresh from an All Souls Fellowship at Oxford, by Dr. Vaughan in 1854. He was an intimate friend of the Head-Master, and was privileged to express freely his opinions, as indeed he did in many lengthy letters. On one occasion we find him criticising the amount of preparation required for Dr. Butler's Scripture lessons and the dryness of Dean Alford's Commentary on the Epistles, which was then the staple text-book in the Upper Sixth. Mr. Watson will be long remembered for his services as custodian of 'Ducker,' but still longer for his government, from 1868 to 1891, of a Large House which seemed to monopolise the more intellectual distinctions of the School. Bishop Welldon once said that he regarded Mr. Watson's administration of a House as nearing perfection in that art, and Dr. Butler's high appreciation of his colleague is expressed in a letter which he wrote to him on his retirement.

To A. G. Watson.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: February 8, 1891.

And so it has come at last! I always had, perhaps selfishly, a lingering hope that you might see your way to hold on several years more, you kept so wonderfully fresh and sympathetic with all that is best in the 'coming age.' But doubtless you have acted wisely, and everyone who loves you and knows what you have done for Harrow will long that you may have many years of happy and perhaps fruitful leisure before the inevitable loosening of the limbs begins to set in.

Your departure, as you must be aware, is no common loss to Harrow. The tradition of your house, attracting so much mental ability and so much moral and social worth, had long become one of the pillars of our State, and it takes time as well as much else to replace such precious pillars. However, you will rejoice to

believe that the School just now stands very firmly in public esteem, and we must hope that while this confidence lasts younger men may succeed in winning the trust and affection which have been so long your happy portion.

You will find it hard—*crede experto*—to get on quite happily without the constant flow of young life. The October-Spring of each year is part of the permanent life-stuff of any man who has spent the best part of his life with boys at School. Even yet graver interests can never quite replace it. Its very crudities, immaturities, inconsistencies—I had almost said its disappointments—come in a measure to make up happiness, chiefly, I suppose, because they afford endless opportunities of offering helps and props.

Well, my dear old friend, you have fought the good fight. General consent will say that loudly, and those who look beneath the surface and know what has really passed will say it yet more solemnly and gratefully. May your last years, as dear Arthur Stanley said of himself, ' be your best.' . . .

My love to dear Mrs. Watson. My thoughts are carried back to a certain East Anglian home, a certain church, and a certain ' rumble-tumble ' drive [1] with a lady's maid.

Edward Ernest Bowen was the last of Dr. Vaughan's appointments. As he had been one of Butler's pupils at Trinity, they were no strangers when his Lecturer came as Head-Master to Harrow. An intimacy and mutual confidence ensued, which no divergency of views (and there were many) could ever cloud. The ' Memoir of Edward Bowen ' by his nephew (1902) contains a letter from the Master of Trinity, which describes the striking features of Bowen's personality and work at Harrow. He dwells on his colleague's love of games :

As to the educating effect of cricket and football, he (Bowen) did not care to preach ; but he would never have hesitated to avow, what his actions for forty years proclaimed, that in his deliberate judgment they were second to nothing in fostering a healthy, manly, unselfish, corporate life.

He dwells on the fascination of Bowen's history teaching, his Shakespeare readings, his lectures to the School, his creation of the Modern Side, his fertile suggestions for adding ' swiftness, ease, brightness, thoroughness, honesty, to the working of the School machine.' Of course Butler could not forget Bowen's School songs and the happy alliance they cemented between him and John Farmer :

No two men could be more unlike in original gifts, in education, in physical activities, in knowledge of the world. But love of

[1] See p. 147.

Harrow and of free boy-life revealed each to each, and made them brothers.

Perhaps it is better to say in the fewest and simplest words that we were all proud of him. As long as he was with us, we were privileged to see a very beautiful sight. We saw year by year his noble seriousness of purpose and his sweet tenderness of heart, set off, not in any way disguised, by his quick playfulness and piquant paradox. He found his happiness in habitual self-sacrifice. Always reserving a large tithe of his keenest interest for the gravest public questions, political and theological,[1] he gave himself with perfect devotion to his home, to the School as a whole, to the boys in his House, and to the other masters. It may safely be said that no master in a public school ever won more brotherly love from his colleagues. And if we are asked as to the value of such an example—where are the scales that can weigh it ?

In 1880 Bowen stood, half-humorously, half-seriously, as a Candidate for Parliament. When it was announced in 1884 that he would again contest a seat, Butler wrote to an anxious Governor who had inquired how the career of an M.P. could be combined with magisterial duties :

To C. S. Roundell.

Harrow : September 20, 1884.

It so happens that I know nothing more than what has appeared in the papers, but no doubt the statement is true. You are perhaps not aware that he has at least twice[2] before been a Candidate for Parliament. The first time I forget what happened, but at the last election he went to the Poll at Hertford and had a hard, though hopeless, fight with Mr. Arthur Balfour.

I cannot say that I have ever wished to put any check on the ambition of our Masters to obtain seats in Parliament. It is very seldom that any man would try, still more seldom that any man would succeed. But the ambition has a double value : it shows that a man's mind is not sunk in routine, but cares for the country at large as well as for our microcosm ; and, further, the knowledge that a man in such a position *may* obtain such a distinction gives dignity to the whole profession and helps to make it attractive to men of means and family. Of course it would be intolerable if a candidature led to any serious neglect of School work, but I can safely say this has never been, and never can be conceivably, the case with Bowen. If it were asked who is the hardest worker among us, and who covers by bodily presence and personal influence the widest share in our School life, my impression is that he would come pretty easily at the head of the poll.

It occurs to me for the first time as I write that, as Head-

[1] Bowen was for many years a constant contributor to the *Saturday Review*.

[2] Dr. Butler is wrong here. Bowen only went to the Poll once, in 1880. In 1883 he *nearly* stood for Leeds. In 1884 he was selected to contest the borough of Oxford, in the Liberal interest, but did not persevere with his candidature.

Masterships become less and less clerical, *Head*-Masters are by no means unlikely to aspire to seats in Parliament. If they do, it would of course be necessary to see that they did not neglect their duty by long absences, but probably it would be found that the cause of education gained rather than lost by their patriotic ambition. To say the truth, if I might dare to paraphrase the noble utterance of old, 'Would to God *all* the Lord's people were prophets!' I would say '*O utinam* a large and increasing number of my colleagues were possible M.P.'s.' Our real danger (I feel it for myself) is that μικροψυχία which comes from prolonged despotism on a small scale among young unformed natures—very delightful, but not without moral and mental peril.

It required pressure to make Bowen take a Large House, the Grove, in 1881, and he only did so when it was represented to him that refusal would mean a real loss to the School. He conducted his charge on lines and with rules peculiar to himself, but with the result that he secured to a marked degree the affection of his boys. To the more advanced reformers on the Staff he was for a long period an oracle of counsel. But in later years the subtlety of his mind developed, until it was difficult to follow him as he envisaged not two sides only of a question, but five or six objections to any policy advanced. For this reason the proposal of some influential colleagues in 1885 and again in 1898, that the Staff should join in recommending him to the Governors for election as Head-Master, met with only partial support. But no one who served with him would for a moment deny that, for originality, force, humour, and charm, Edward Bowen has never been surpassed as an Assistant Master.

Reginald Bosworth Smith was one of Butler's earlier appointments to the Staff. It was no small mark of the Head-Master's confidence when, within two years of that appointment, he invited Bosworth Smith to open a new Small House, and, four years later, to convert it into a Large one. Thus unshackled by inherited traditions 'Bos' (as he was familiarly known to every boy and Master) was able to create an atmosphere of his own. He gathered round him a class of somewhat unconventional boys, not interested only in the ordinary routine of work and games, but imbued with a share of their tutor's love of history, literature, and the study of Nature. By the wide range of his sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, women, and boys he fashioned links that bound him to a multitude of friends not only on the Hill, but among the literary and

political celebrities of the outside world. The success of his books on Mahomet, Carthage, and Lord Lawrence brought him justly a wide notoriety. He became a keen controversialist on questions such as the Near East, India, Uganda, and Disestablishment. Butler's warm pride in his colleague's independence of view and skill in controversy was unfailing. His only misgiving was lest Bos' health might suffer from the double strain of work for the School and the wider public, or lest his interest in House or Form might be superseded by the fresher and more absorbing occupations. Experience soon showed that the fears were groundless.

When Bosworth Smith's 'Life of Lord Lawrence' was first undertaken, his Head-Master wrote:

To R. Bosworth Smith.

Harrow: February 3, 1880.

I cannot feel quite happy after reading your kind letter. Of course we may any of us have a passing ailment and sometimes sleeplessness only 'endureth for a night.' Still it is so grave a symptom that I cannot help feeling you ought to take good advice, from your own mind as well as from a Doctor, even if it should lead you to poor Macbeth's short-lived repentance,

'We will proceed no further in this business.'

I know you cannot misunderstand my feeling about the biography. On every ground, private as well as public, I rejoice when any member of our Staff emerges from the local and the purely scholastic, and becomes in a true sense a national man; and in this particular enterprise my whole heart goes along with you with affectionate pride and sure confidence of victory, if only your precious health holds out.

But, after all, the biography, important as it is, can only be a *πάρεργον* to a man filling so laborious an office as yours, and the question seems forced upon you by this distressing sleeplessness whether the *πάρεργον* may not prove too heavy a burthen even for your mental and physical elasticity.

Do think the matter once more over before you are too completely pledged. If it is not one of the cases where

'Tis better to have tried and lost
Than never to have tried at all,'

it is rather a case of remembering the man who began to build and was not able to finish. *Absit omen.*

Yesterday at breakfast I was asking some boys whether they liked the character of the 'Croaker,' and professing my own horror of him: and yet here I am croaking away like an Eldon or—a *γραῦς*. But 'is there not a cause'?

In 1884 Bosworth Smith was approached by the family of the first Earl Russell with a request that he would write

a biography of that statesman. He consulted the Head-Master, who was not discouraging; but the offer was finally declined. In the next year, when it was known that Butler himself would shortly be released from the trammels of Head-Mastership, Lady Russell wrote a similar request to him.

To R. Bosworth Smith.

Harrow: March 31, 1884.

It is a great and thoroughly well-deserved proof of confidence to have received such an offer from the Russell family. Do not hastily decline, though the labour could not fail to be severe, involving not only Lord John's life, but minute acquaintance with the annals and principles of the Whig Party since 1688. If you can, in justice to yourself, face this labour, the work will be full of the deepest interest. Lady Russell, Lord Minto's sister, is very charming, and you would doubtless have all the secrets of the Woburn Archives at your discretion.

Lord John is scarcely a 'hero'—lacking in imagination somewhat and sympathy. He has some essentially Whig narrownesses, but I have a very warm admiration for him. His courage and patriotism are out of the common way, and he had a Christian gentleman's conscience.

I wonder whether the charge of 'non-lovability' would be concurred in by many. Do you remember his tears in the House of Commons when giving up his Reform Bill?

On Bosworth Smith's death the Master of Trinity wrote:

To Mrs. Bosworth Smith.

Trinity Lodge: December 8, 1908.

. . . All that is written in the paper you have so kindly sent me is no more than the truth. He was, far more than most men, 'a man born to be loved,' so true, so sympathetic, so loyal, so affectionate. The Harrow recollections are of course countless, and, I think I may say, all delightful. One of those which I cherish most is the brave 'venture of faith' which he made when first offered the opportunity of converting the 'Small' House into a 'Large' one. There had been some croaking owing to a decline in numbers in one particular house. Fully believing that the falling off was there alone, and therefore not significant, I put before him the prospect at once and the risk of building virtually a new House. He did not hesitate, and long before the House was finished his list was, as I knew it would be, full. How its prosperity was maintained no one now knows so well as yourself, and with what special love your House boys always regarded their dear Master. He will be long remembered at Harrow and by hundreds of families in all parts of the world. . . .

What a brotherhood we were years ago! Bowen, Bradby, Arthur Watson, Farrer, Young, Robertson, and then the younger men, Davidson and E. Graham! They were very happy years and

days, and I think we can see that God's blessing rested upon them. That blessing will not be wanting to you in the days that are to come, whether they be many or few. God sends His comforts in strangely unexpected ways and of a kind that we never think of before, but He *does* send them, and makes us know that they come from Himself.

Charles Colbeck was a man whose public spirit and acumen in business were highly prized by all his colleagues. His character helped Butler to understand the minds and hearts of those from whom he differed. Conversely Colbeck's own feelings towards men of greater 'orthodoxy' were tempered by the love and veneration he felt for one whose life made Christianity a potent influence with all who came into contact with it. When Colbeck died, the Master of Trinity wrote thus to his sister:

To Mrs. Frank Marshall.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: June 15, 1903.

. . . It must have been some slight comfort to you to see how deeply and how widely the dear Harrow brother was loved and respected, how high and how grateful a value is set upon all his long and faithful service, not only to the School, but to every good cause in Harrow. You will feel this comfort more and more in the days to come, and you will become, if possible, more proud of him than ever; but at present I know that the sense of bitter loss and strange silence must be benumbing.

I am tempted to send you a few words at page 183 of a little book.[1] May the text some day have its voice for you.

The recipient of that letter was as dear and valued a friend to Mrs. Butler as her husband was to the Head-Master. Frank Marshall was ever the liberal-minded advocate of sound reform, the man of business and progress on committees, the patient exponent of mathematical difficulties which puzzled Dr. Butler's classical mind. Mr. Marshall was once explaining the system of scaling the marks of the Sixth Form in different subjects. 'Now, Moss,' said the Head-Master to his secretary, 'don't *you* pretend to understand Mr. Marshall, if you can't, or, when he is gone, we shall be undone.' 'And yet,' he said on another occasion, 'I once took a mathemetical degree!'

Then there were the Rev. W. Done Bushell, devoted Chaplain and Commander of the Rifle Corps; the Rev. Thomas Field, a tower of strength for all too short a period at Harrow, a stirring preacher and inspiring teacher;

[1] *Belief in Christ*, Sermons in Trinity College Chapel.

Michael George Glazebrook, the able financier and tilter at all outworn shibboleths ; and Edmund Whytehead Howson, the graceful poet and idealist, soon to be more closely united to the Head-Master by ties of kinship. Separated as such men naturally were by differences of taste, capacity, and character, they were bound together by the ties of that common devotion to the School and that high ideal for their profession, with which it was the peculiar virtue of Butler to inspire his colleagues.

When Dean Stanley died in 1881, a notice appeared in the *Daily News* stating that Dr. Butler was to be his successor at Westminster. This brought upon him a shower of congratulations before the genuine appointment of Dr. G. G. Bradley to the post was published. Nobody wrote more generously than the Dean-Elect, to the effect that he felt in his heart that Butler would have been a more worthy successor, and that indeed he was the one man whose selection he had himself pressed upon the Prime Minister, knowing as he did that Stanley had wished it. But offers of Church preferment were not much longer delayed.

From the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

10 Downing Street, Whitehall: March 17, 1883.

With crowds of others, I have followed you in sympathy through your heavy bereavement, but have not expressed my feeling in words, for fear of reopening your wounds.

To-day, however, I have a reason which impels me to run the risk.

This morning's post brought me an intimation from the Dean of Winchester that he is about to resign his Deanery.

It has struck me as a possibility that at this moment you may have a desire, and even a paramount desire, to part from that Harrow which you have so much adorned and loved.

If this be so, and if you think the opening one which you could use, I shall be happy to submit your name to the Queen for the Deanery.

I have to add that, though I have not any precise information, I have been told that the rents and incomes of that Cathedral have suffered, and perhaps more than others, from the agricultural distress of late years.

I must further say that, were it in any manner likely that my own political life could be materially prolonged, I should not think I had done my full duty to the Church were I to view this as a final offer to you. There are other matters on which in other circumstances I might have touched, but which at present I waive altogether.

At the moment when that offer was made, Dr. Butler was preparing to launch upon the Harrow world his ' crown-

ing enterprise' of the Harrow Mission. Mr. Law had just begun his work in Latimer Road, the School was pledged to his support, and Dr. Butler felt that he could not leave him in the lurch. Moreover, he had pledged himself to the Masters to carry out changes in the School studies, and was reluctant to hand over to a successor a first task of reorganisation. He therefore refused the offer of the Deanery of Winchester in March 1883, and again, in the following December, declined another similar proposal in connection with Carlisle.

From J. A. Godley
(Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone, now Lord Kilbracken).

Betteshanger, Sandwich: December 23, 1883.

You know that the Deanery of Carlisle is vacant. I happen to know that Mr. Gladstone would be very glad to submit your name to the Queen for it: but he does not like to trouble you with the repetition of an offer very much like one which he has made to you already. If, however, you have the smallest doubt in your own mind as to the answer which you might give if such an offer were made to you, I beg that you will let me hear from you. . . .

Two years passed before a further offer was made.

From the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

10 Downing Street, Whitehall: February 4, 1885.

Some time ago you declined my offer to submit your name for a Deanery, on grounds which were altogether temporary. This may serve as my excuse for inquiring whether you would now permit me to have the satisfaction of placing your name before Her Majesty for the Deanery of Gloucester.

By that time the Harrow Mission was a going and a flourishing concern, though how to convert the district into a parish, and how to build the church which would be required, were problems still unsolved. I think, therefore, that it was at least doubtful whether Butler would even then have accepted Mr. Gladstone's offer, if it had not been for the following letter from his old pupil and valued counsellor, Dr. Randall T. Davidson, then Dean of Windsor and now Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose kindness I am indebted for leave to publish it.

From the Very Rev. R. T. Davidson.

Windsor: February 13, 1885.

I do not know whether you have yet before you—I fancy you have—the offer of the Deanery of Gloucester. . . . Will you pardon me if I say that very great issues to the Church seem to depend upon

your decision when this offer reaches you ? Not I alone, but scores of other people (all indeed whom one most trusts and honours) feel that *for the Church's sake* it is of real importance that your voice shall, as speedily as possible, have a leading place in her Councils. The Deanery of Gloster is not the right place (*that* everyone will agree upon), but it is a position eminently fitted for giving its holder an insight into, and an experience of, the Church's modern life in various directions ; and I suppose that kind of knowledge is becoming increasingly necessary (in these days of ' organisation ' and ' system ' and ' corporate action '), as a qualification for a successful and useful episcopate.

Quae quum ita sint, let me ask of you, with all the earnestness I can, not lightly to set this opportunity aside. The position itself is one of high usefulness, and is perhaps exceptional in the openings it presents. And it is a ' training ground ' of the excellence of which there can be no question. We are all earnestly longing to see you at the front in the Church's thickening conflict with the sins of English life, and it will be a bitter disappointment to very many if you cannot see your way to accept the call which is now made to you.

I say emphatically, that in the experience I have now for years had as to men's views about patronage, I have scarcely known of any other man about whom the best men of all sorts are so unanimous as they are about you. You *must* let the Church and Nation at large possess you now. Harrow has had too long a monopoly.

I am presuming largely on your own goodness in believing, as I do, that you will not be angered at my writing to you thus frankly. You have taught me not to be afraid of my old Head-Master ; and my keen anxiety that, for the Church's sake, you may be led to say ' yes ' must be my excuse.

That letter, following on some other private intimations that his powers should be exercised in a wider sphere, perhaps turned the scale. But his acceptance was made contingent upon fair and sufficient time being given not only for the Governors to elect his successor, but also for himself ' to wind up satisfactorily several important works ' at Harrow ; and of these we may be confident that the contemplated appeal for a Church in the Harrow Mission District had the first place in his thought.

To the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

Harrow : February 6, 1885.

I am ashamed to trouble you with any matters of mine at this time of public distress [1] and anxiety, and yet you would wish me to write.

Your letter of yesterday has cost me a very severe struggle, and I have not felt at liberty to ask counsel of any one. Two years ago the decision was easy because of temporary reasons, so that I hardly stayed to put to myself the question how far I was fitted for

[1] The news of the fall of Khartoum had just reached London.

the duties of a Dean in an ordinary Cathedral town. *Now* I have been obliged to examine myself on this head, and the answer is not very flattering, All my chief work, or nearly all, has for 25 years been with the young. With them and with Candidates for the Archbishop's Ordinations I have been on the most free and cordial terms, and have perhaps been able through sympathy to be of some little use to them. How it would fare with me when presiding over a Chapter, I can hardly judge; but I suppose it would be possible to get some hold of *young* life in such a city as Gloucester. Otherwise, I think my spirit would die out of me.

On the whole, I come to the conclusion that I ought not to decline your generous offer, provided that it can be accepted with due regard to what I owe to our Governors and to Harrow.

I am bound by Statute to give them three months' notice of resignation, and even if they were willing, with their usual kindness to me, to relax this obligation, it would be unfair to the School that my successor should be appointed at very short notice. And further, as it is by no means improbable that their choice might fall on the Head-Master of some other School, the inconvenience to that School would be still more serious.

Unless, therefore, it were thought inconsistent with what is due to Gloucester that my residence might be deferred till the beginning of August, I feel that I ought quietly to decline the proposed honour. The remainder of this Lent Term is very short. It ends on March 31st, and the Easter holidays last hardly three weeks. This interval is not sufficient for two important elections, the second being probably contingent on the first; and further, there are several important works here which I should find it impossible to wind up satisfactorily in six or seven weeks. If, therefore, the new Dean ought to be at his post by Easter, and then to be regularly in residence, I am clear that I should be acting selfishly and unfairly towards those to whom I owe everything if I were to accept the post so kindly offered.

If, however, it were thought to accord with propriety and with the interests of the Church at Gloucester that the new Dean's residence might be deferred till August, I might perhaps do well to spend our Easter holidays at the Deanery, and to preach in the Cathedral on Easter Day.

As I am not at liberty to consult anyone at Gloucester or elsewhere as to the propriety of such a postponement, I fear I can only leave the decision in your own hands, knowing that you will look solely to what is best for the Church, and assuring you that, if you leave me still at Harrow, I shall be at least as grateful as if you take me away.

If I am to go, I trust the announcement may be deferred till after the 15th, as I have important sermons connected with the London Mission and need leisure and a quiet mind.

From E. W. Hamilton
(Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone).

10 Downing Street, Whitehall: February 11, 1885.

Mr. Gladstone was much pleased to receive your letter and to learn that you are disposed to look favourably on the proposal, to which, subject to Her Majesty's consent, he desires to give effect.

Provided that the requirements of the law do not place any insuperable objections to your not taking up your residence permanently till after the summer school-term ends, he imagines that an arrangement would admit of being made whereby your appointment to the Deanery of Gloucester need not conflict with the duty which you feel you owe to Harrow.

It is probable that Mr. Gladstone will almost immediately communicate with Her Majesty; and, after Her pleasure is taken, it will be in your power to consult the Bishop of Gloucester and others, if necessary.

Meanwhile no announcement can be made; as you will no doubt continue to respect the strict privacy of Mr. Gladstone's offer.

Communications with the Bishop of Gloucester and other authorities led to a happy understanding that, though the ceremony of Installation ought to take place earlier, permanent residence in the Cathedral City would not be required before August.

The announcement that Dr. Butler was to succeed Dean Bickersteth appeared on Tuesday, February 17. The appointment was hailed in the Press with pleasure not unmingled with regret that he had not been preferred to a higher dignity. Indeed, for some years past almost every vacancy in a Bishopric had been connected in rumour with his name. The Harrow world too had begun to realise that the inevitable moment of his departure could not be long deferred. All unaware of the offers previously made to him and declined, they rejoiced that *at last* his claims to a first step in Church Hierarchy had been recognised. But dismay preponderated at the thought of Harrow without the familiar, commanding, and now generally beloved presence of one who had guided her destinies for a quarter of a century.

Of the resolutions passed, and of the letters which poured in upon him, I can select but a very few for reproduction: they must be considered typical of the many which it has been my pleasure to read.

To the Governors of Harrow School.

Harrow: February 21, 1885.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint me to the Deanery of Gloucester, it becomes my duty to announce to you that the post of Head-Master will be vacant at the close of the approaching Summer Term.

In making this announcement, I beg to be allowed to offer you my most respectful and cordial thanks for the generous kindness which you have uniformly shown me, officially and personally,

during a long term of office, a period which has witnessed events of more than ordinary importance to Harrow, including the Public Schools Act of 1868; the great Tercentenary Commemoration of 1871, which proved so signally the devotion of Harrovians to their School; the erection of many large and costly buildings; and the institution of numerous most munificent benefactions from Old Harrovians and others.

Permit me also to place on record my grateful recognition of the invaluable help which I have throughout received from a large and distinguished Staff of Assistant Masters, and my conviction that they will extend to my successor, in the interest of the School, the same loyal support which has been such a comfort to myself.

Trusting that the blessing of God may never cease to rest on this beloved School,

I have the honour to be, my Lords and Gentlemen,
With every feeling of deep respect and gratitude,
Your faithful Servant,

H. Montagu Butler.

The Governors' Resolution:

June, 25, 1885.

On receiving the resignation of the Head-Master, Dr. Butler, after a tenure of the mastership for more than twenty-five years, the Governors desire to place on record their sense of the inestimable services which he has rendered to Harrow during a period which has been marked by many important changes in the constitution and studies of the School.

They desire to acknowledge the singular generosity and absolute devotion with which he has always applied his powers and resource; to further the intellectual, moral, and spiritual good of the Schools the far-seeing liberality with which he has welcomed new studies; the watchful care with which he has regulated games; the unwearied zeal with which he has presented a lofty ideal to all who have come under his influence; and the success with which he has laboured to inspire Harrovians with enthusiasm for the fulfilment of public duties. In directing that a copy of this Resolution be sent to Dr. Butler, the Governors cannot but use the opportunity of expressing their confident hope that his future labours for the State and Church will be made not less fruitful blessings than his labours at Harrow.

To the Chairman of the Governors Dr. Butler replied:

To the Earl of Verulam.

Harrow: August 12, 1885.

I was fairly overwhelmed when your lordship first sent me that beautiful and far too generous Resolution of the Governors. I first read it and showed it to my two elder children, and since then I have not had the courage to look at it again. It seemed to sum up what I had wished to be and feebly tried to be, but what I had in many respects consciously failed to be.

The past is now over. It has in the main been strangely happy,

and the happiness has been very largely due to the belief on my part that my efforts, such as they were, were kindly judged by the Governors, and that errors were not ungenerously magnified.

To your Lordship personally I am under a very deep obligation. You have treated me from the first with an almost fatherly sympathy, as if you were yourself pleased to remember your own early days at Harrow and the hand that first inscribed your name on the roll of Harrow boys.[1] That sympathy has silently assured me that in any season of difficulty I might turn to you for help.

I beg to enclose a letter which your Lordship may, perhaps, think well to have read out at some meeting of the Governors. It expresses very imperfectly what I feel and what I should have liked to be able to say.

To the Governors of Harrow School.

Harrow: August 12, 1885.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Permit me to express in the most respectful manner my cordial and humble thanks for the Resolution forwarded to me on your part by the Earl of Verulam. I could not have looked for any such recognition of my efforts to serve the School; but your generous sympathy has led you to confer on me an honour which goes to my heart, and makes me long that I had turned more fully to account the great opportunities which have been granted to me.

The box containing your Resolution will be among my most prized treasures. I shall not dare often to open it; but the sight of it in the room of my chief daily labours will be, I trust, as long as life may last, not only a precious remembrance of Harrow, but an encouragement in every good work. Its value will not be lost when it passes as an heirloom to my children.

To-morrow I shall be quitting for ever the home in which your confidence has so long placed me. It cannot, I hope, be unseasonable to give utterance to the very earnest prayer that the blessing of God may long continue to rest on the Governors, the Masters, and the Boys of this beloved School.

From Dr. E. W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lambeth Palace: February 17, 1885.

Thank you for telling me of your acceptance of the Deanery of Gloucester. I wish you all to the full the great happiness of Cathedral life and work. We believe you will develop it on its own grand, half rubbed-out, lines—for the world has nowhere been busier—and not on parochial or personal models. You must make haste. I cannot think you will be long there.

A Dean can do simply anything with a City if he takes it to his heart; for he starts from such a platform in *their* hearts of rational pride in what gives their home its eminence.

We shall be anxious about your successor and the successor of your Dynasty in a place so dear to you.

[1] Lord Verulam, then Viscount Grimston, was entered by Dr. George Butler in 1823.

From Dr. C. J. VAUGHAN, Dean of Llandaff.

The Temple: February 16, 1885.

I was partly prepared for this, and indeed had been near writing to you to say that, displeased as I am with Mr. Gladstone for it, I yet thought it more than worthy of your careful consideration.

I have watched with painful interest a succession of appointments for each one of which common consent would have named you. A veil is upon his heart—and soon the time might have come when, your dear son and chief tie to Harrow being taken from it, you might have begun to feel that other work and a new career was desirable, and it might not have opened itself on the instant.

If, indeed, I had regarded the present offer as stopping with itself, I might have thought ten years hence time enough to think of it. But it is not so. The place itself is full of opportunity—you will so fill it as to make it impossible to leave you there. Meanwhile a new kind of work will be refreshing: a grand Cathedral, an important city, boundless powers of reaching forth in all directions beyond it, Convocation itself (*pace* our dear A.P.S.,[1] I will say it), a place in the organised counsels of the Church, all will be interesting and helpful to the development of a new set of activities: the very fact of the *choice* of departments of activity being much left to you by the comparatively slight demands of the office itself, will be pleasant and surprising to you: among minor, quite subordinate, motives may I dare to add that you will be between me and London, adding a bright spot to the remaining years of your old Master?

With regard to the one sorrow, the uprooting from our dear Harrow, so much more to you (in one single respect) than to me, as the home of your boyhood, as well as the arena of your long struggle as its Master—still you could not have grown old there—it could not have been the scene of your maturest toils of all—and, if so, it was high time that you should sever the tie while all the strength is still in you for the service of the Church in what are called its highest offices.

Thus all shall be well. For more than a quarter of a century you have borne the burden and heat of the day in an office (more than any other) full of what Demosthenes calls the ὀξύτητες τοῦ πολέμου; you have filled that office to the full; you have consolidated, enlarged, remodelled; you have guided the vessel through what might have been the shipwreck of the change to a 'Governing Body'; and now you will largely influence the choice of a successor—less happy than myself in this alone, that your successor cannot be you!

From the Rev. B. JOWETT.

Oxford: February 17, 1885.

It was very kind of you to write and tell me of your appointment to the Deanery of Gloucester.

I feel, and people in general will feel, that it is not a sufficient reward for your work at Harrow. But this may be mended by-and-bye: and I am glad that you have accepted it. For it will give you

[1] Dean Stanley.

rest and breathing time just when they are wanted in life. Three or four years of reading and thought will be no bad preparation for another beginning. Then, if you like, in Plato's language, you may go down 'into the den' and slave away.

Believe me that I always feel grateful for your undeserved attachment and friendship, and that of Mrs. Butler, whom I often remember with affection. Will you give my love to Agnes?

From Francis H. Jeune (afterwards Lord St. Heliers).

37 Wimpole Street, W.: February 18, 1885.

What I see the papers say this morning everyone must think —that it is Gloucester, and not you, who are to be congratulated. But I must say to you that, if it is to be a Deanery to which you move, I am truly glad it is at Gloucester. My father was a Canon there for many years, so that it was a part of my home; and I have just, by becoming Chancellor of the Diocese, renewed to some small extent a connection with Gloucester. It is a very great pleasure to think that Gloucester is fortunate enough to obtain you for a period which, however short it is, Gloucester will have good cause to be proud of.

All Harrow boys are under deep obligation to you for all you have done for Harrow. I must put my little stone to the cairn of gratitude by saying this. But if I write more on this subject, I shall only say what others will say much better.

I recollect as well as if it were yesterday your first coming to Harrow after your appointment. You spoke to me first after dinner at Dr. Vaughan's; and I wish, so far as I can, to be among the first to welcome you to Gloucester with the same pride and pleasure we all felt then.

From the Rev. F. Hayward Joyce, Vicar of Harrow.

The Vicarage, Harrow: February 17, 1885.

I sat and looked at your letter last night again and again, but I could not sit down to answer it. Of course we knew that the time must come when you would be called away to another post, and when you would feel justified in laying down the burden which you have borne so long. And yet, when the news comes, it strikes like an unexpected blow.

You know without my telling you how heartily we desire that you will find happiness at Gloucester and some respite from over-hard work; but, however glad we may be at the thought of your release, the thought of our own loss will press upon us.

Forgive me, dear kind friend, if I speak freely. I am glad to have for once the opportunity of doing so: and I speak now not under the influence of any sudden emotion, but as expressing my deliberate thoughts about you.

A Head-Master here might make the Vicar's position untenable. It is difficult for any Head-Master at times not to make the Vicar's position painful and embarrassing. You, from the first day of my coming here, have managed to do everything to help me and make my position the happy one it has been. And if ever our views on any point have been different, and we have taken up opposite

attitudes, the result has only been to make me admire more your generosity and nobility of character. There is no man living for whom I have a deeper respect, and in whom I place a more implicit confidence than I do in you.

This as regards your attitude in the Parish. It is still harder to say what I feel about your private kindness to us. During all these years past, and they reach almost to the quarter of a century, I do not believe that there is any possible act of courtesy and consideration which could possibly be thought of that we have not received at your hands. And over and above this there is your kindness to Gilbert,[1] which crowns the whole.

You cannot wonder if our hearts are heavy at the thought of losing you. I have never known Harrow without you ; and it will be a different place when you are gone.

May God bless you and yours at Gloucester, and wherever else you may go. There are none who ought to wish it more, and, I hope, will wish it more truly than we shall.

From Gustave Masson.

Harrow : Mercredi soir.

Je ne suis pas encore revenu du coup terrible que m'a fait éprouver votre petit discours d'avant hier soir. Une décision telle que celle que vous avez prise était inévitable tôt ou tard ; mais on se flatte toujours que quelque circonstance viendra à la remise des choses qui nous deplaisent, et on aime à conserver ses illusions jusqu'au moment où on se voit absolument constraint d'y renoncer.

Les vingt-cinq années de votre séjour ici ont été pour moi vingt-cinq années d'une amitié qui ne s'est jamais interrompue d'un seul instant, et qui m'a toujours été précieuse au delà de toute expression. J'ai trouvé en vous dans toutes les occasions appui et encouragement, et mon bonheur, depuis plus d'un quart de siècle est en grande partie le résultat de votre sollicitude pour moi. C'est ce dont je voudrais vous remercier sans cesse.

Heureusement que la distance ne diminue et ne saurait diminuer les sentiments de respectueuse affection que je vous ai voués, et partout où il plaise à Dieu de vous conduire, j'espère que vous me regarderez comme une personne dont le dévouement vous est acquis.

Puisse notre Père Céleste vous bénir abondamment à Gloucester comme ici, et vous accorder à vous et à vos chers enfants toutes les grâces spirituelles et temporelles que vous pouvez désirer.

To the Rev. Hastings Rashdall.

Harrow : February 20, 1885.

Your letter (as always) is helpful as well as affectionate.

Ah ! the wrench of leaving Harrow in July. When I put the letter which sealed my fate into the post, I came back to the dear study and sobbed like a baby. I seemed to have signed away youth and romance and sacred memories that are life itself. But—I believe it was right . . .

I have already had the kindest of letters from good Mrs. Harvey,

[1] The Rev. G. C. Joyce, Principal of Lampeter.

and my first call (at Gloucester) will be on her and her venerable husband.[1] Good old man! I will do my utmost to show him reverence during the short time that seems to remain to him.

We must try to meet at Gloucester, the oftener the better. Do you know any good laymen in the City with whom one could work happily?

From the Rev. JOHN SMITH.

St. Luke's Hospital, E.C.: February 17, 1885.

I am so very, very glad. Now you will have opportunity for a certain amount of rest, and for carrying out work of another sort, but which sorely needs to be done by a person of competent knowledge and delicacy of mind, both of which you possess in an especial manner for helping on the settlement of the great question of social purity. I hope, too, your influence will have weight in behalf of the children of the poorer classes, that they may be spared some of the terrible temptations to which at present they are heedlessly and fatally exposed. . . .

It is time, too, that your heavy work at Harrow should be ended. You have earned some rest; and it is a great honour to be allowed to retire from your post in the fulness of your powers, with the happy consciousness that the School has received nothing but advantage from your unwearied, loving devotion to its interests.

God has been very good.

As soon as he heard that a movement was on foot to mark the appreciation of his long services and the regret of all Harrovians at their approaching termination, Butler let it be known that he would accept no personal gift or testimonial. Strong appeals were made to him by Sir Matthew Ridley, representing the old Harrovians, and H. E. Hutton, representing his colleagues, to induce him to accept his portrait as an heirloom for his family. To the former he replied:

To the Rt. Hon. Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY, Bart.

Harrow: June 8, 1885.

I find it difficult to answer such a letter as yours. There is no doubt that I did mean literally what I ventured—not, I trust, indelicately, and most certainly very humbly—to confide to you, namely, that it was my inner wish not to receive any personal present on leaving Harrow. But your words, and some equally kind ones from Hutton, have made me doubt whether by declining the portrait—so full of precious meaning to my children—I should be dealing rightly with the loving friends whom you represent. So, if it be still your kind wish, and theirs, *do manus*. I prefer to be beaten by friends, with the loss of all my consistency, rather than to be quite consistent in the face of such generous kindness.

[1] A Canon of Gloucester.

Mr. Herkomer was again chosen as the artist, and preferred to paint an entirely new portrait rather than a replica of the picture in the library. The portrait is an inspired and speaking likeness, but the features show evident traces of the strain and sorrow through which the Head-Master had passed and was passing. It is now in the possession of his eldest son. It was engraved by Mr. Frank Sternberg, and copies of it were eagerly acquired by a host of Butler's old pupils.[1]

A wider scheme for a great Harrow Memorial of the Head-Mastership was discussed first at a preliminary meeting and then by a larger gathering of Old Harrovians at the Westminster Palace Hotel on June 9, under the presidency of Sir Matthew Ridley. The Chairman explained that of three objects suggested, (1) an endowment of the Harrow Mission, (2) the taking over from the Governors the cost of the Museum and School-rooms already in course of erection, (3) the purchase of the football-field, the third had been provisionally adopted at the preliminary meeting. In deciding to accept this recommendation, the General Meeting was largely influenced by a speech of Mr. Charles Colbeck, describing the rapid advances of the speculative builders at Harrow, and urging the necessity of securing such open spaces as were left. Cricket-grounds had been amply provided and belonged to the School; but the football-field was held on a lease which had only thirteen more years to run. There would be a special appropriateness in this memorial, as Dr. Butler had himself negotiated the lease, under which the School enjoyed the use of the field in question, free of rent.

Resolutions were unanimously carried that a 'Butler Memorial Fund' should be started, that the purchase of the football-field, if it could be secured, should have a priority of claim upon the Fund, and that an Executive Committee should be appointed to realise this or some other object. To quote the words of the List of Benefactions annually read on Founder's Day, 'To this Fund an Old Harrovian, from his gratitude to Dr. Butler and his love for the School, anonymously contributed the sum of £10,000. The Fund eventually amounted to £18,500, and the purchase of the football-field was effected.'

On May 1, the choice of the Governors, assembled to

[1] It is reproduced as the frontispiece to this volume.

elect Butler's successor in the Head-Mastership, fell upon the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon. There had never been much doubt about this result. Mr. Welldon's scholastic career had been highly successful. 'Newcastle Scholar' at Eton, he had won the Bell and Craven Scholarship at Cambridge, and to other University prizes had added the Senior Chancellor's Medal, the first place in the Classical Tripos, and a Fellowship at King's College. He had already shown remarkable powers as a preacher and as an administrator during his short tenure of the Head-Mastership of Dulwich College. He was not unknown at Harrow, for he had delivered in the Chapel there a striking sermon on the text, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' which caused many members of the Staff to turn their eyes towards Dulwich. As recently as 1884 he had stood as a candidate for the Chair vacated by Dr. Hornby at Eton, and, if report be true, had only just been beaten by Dr. Warre in that election. He was young, but youth was the tradition in selecting Head-Masters of Harrow. He was an Etonian, but that again was no novelty, for had not three Head-Masters of Harrow in the eighteenth century—Doctors Thackeray, Sumner, and Heath—been imported from the rival School? The support of his candidature by a large majority of the Harrow Staff was conveyed to the Governors, and their choice was hailed with delight upon the Hill. Dr. Butler had, of course, taken no overt part in the matter, though he was probably consulted in private. To his sister, Mrs. Galton, he wrote after the election: 'I confess that Welldon is the man whom for the last three or four years I have desired to be my successor'; and to the Chairman of the Governors he wrote: 'I am so deeply thankful that you have chosen Welldon. He will do great things for our dear Harrow.'

On Saturday, May 23, in Gloucester Cathedral took place the ceremonies of Institution by the Bishop of the Diocese and of Installation by the Chapter. The whole of the Cathedral Clergy were present, the Civic Dignitaries, and a large gathering of Dr. Butler's own friends. In the Chapter House Dr. Ellicott, in offering his congratulations and good wishes, referred to the long and deep friendship between the new Dean and himself, and his hope that they might together do their best for Cathedral and City. The Mayor added a cordial welcome. Dr. Butler, replying, said that his heart was full of two preponderating thoughts, a

deep sense of personal responsibility, and a reverent shrinking from any vague and hasty professions on that most solemn moment of his life. He knew that the large gathering betokened a brotherly sympathy with one to whom 'a sacred and grave trust' had been committed. That their magnificent Cathedral might be a fruitful mother of blessing to City, Diocese, and Church was a conviction to which thenceforward it would be his dream and prayer to give effect.

On May 27, the Head-Master announced to the School the news, as unexpected as it was dismaying, of John Farmer's resignation of his post as organist and music-master. Mr. Farmer's energies could never be confined to the narrow channels of routine. If a fresh idea occurred to him, he chafed at precedents which might impede its execution. He had relied on the patient friendship of Dr. Butler to smooth his path, and he doubted, over hastily, whether the successor would prove to be as tolerant. But there was also a more generous motive for his decision. A warm welcome given to him at Balliol by his friends in Oxford inspired the idea that the seed of his own conviction, as to good music being an education for the many, might be planted and fructified in a wider field. Using the slang of Harrow football, he said, 'I have kicked one base for Harrow boys, and I mean, before I die, to kick another for Oxford men.' The Head-Master's announcement was made in the following words:

I have been requested by a very dear old friend to make to you an announcement which he does not feel equal to making himself—an announcement which will cause not regret only, but real sorrow, in many a Harrow heart and Harrow home.

We are about to lose the incomparable services of Mr. Farmer. He has been appointed organist of Balliol College, Oxford, by the unanimous vote of the Master and Fellows, and after the close of the Summer Term we shall see him and hear him and obey him no more. . . .

We cannot and must not grudge Mr. Farmer to Balliol and Oxford. Though we know that he is passing to no stranger home, though we may be sure that in that great home of youth and ardour and cultivated intellect, he will find fresh worlds to conquer and fresh hearts to stir and soothe and quicken, yet we cannot doubt that our own loss is simply incalculable. We are losing not so much an eminent musician, whose fame is not limited to England, and whose genius has reflected so much lustre upon Harrow, but a dear friend, the friend of the oldest man in Harrow and of the youngest boy, of the most enthusiastic musician and of the most incurable 'talker'; who has made us laugh and cry almost at will; who has held us together by the cords of a man; whose wit and humour and

explosions and eccentricities and invariable kindnesses have made up so large a part of the charm and the romance of the last twenty-four years. Yes, the charm and the romance. Other teachers may bring us learning and wisdom and devotion and organisation, but who will bring us in years to come that enjoyment, that thrill of half-unconscious brotherhood, which made Mr. Farmer's entry into a room the signal for an excess of happiness, whether he entered the great Hall of Balliol or the humble Mission Room in London, or the hall of our own Houses on those happy evenings when House-feeling was at its purest ?

Mr. Farmer had the further satisfaction of being the only Assistant or ' Extra ' Master whose regret at leaving Harrow has been soothed by a Resolution from the Governing Body.

June 25, 1885.

In view of the approaching departure of Mr. John Farmer from Harrow, the Governors are desirous of putting upon record their strong sense of the invaluable service which he has rendered to the School by making the practice of Music one of its most valuable and popular institutions.

Truly the landmarks of Harrow might seem to be disappearing as if before a flood, when yet another departure was announced. The School Custos, Samuel Hoare, a lachrymose *Laudator temporis acti* known to many generations of Harrovians as ' Cussy ' or ' Old Sam,' was placed on the retiring list. In ' The Harrow Grenadiers ' Butler hit off in a word-vignette the foibles of this old friend.

Old faces still are with us,
  Though some have changed of late :
Poor Chadd's no more ; but Samuel Hoare
  Stat mole suâ at the gate.
New boy, no ' *Mister* Custos,'
  Or he'll ' roar you like a lamb ' :
' For forty years, in this vale of tears,
  I've sighed, and sold, as Sam.'

' Sam ' had faithfully served at his post for thirty-seven years, but his health was failing, and he was not free from the fault of ' independence ' common to old servants. Butler explained to his colleagues that, in spite of personal affection for the old Custos of his boyhood's recollections and the confidential friend of his long Head-Mastership, he felt that Mr. Welldon might find it easier to work with a less ' encrusted institution.' The old servant received a small pension from the Governors, but Butler

secured a further ' purse ' to help him by yet another appeal to generous and long-suffering friends.

July 2 was the date of his last Speech Day. A brilliant audience, which included the last and the future Head-Masters, attended in expectation of some crowning *tour de force;* and they were not disappointed. Head-Masters generally take the opportunity of such an assemblage of parents to record the successes, the improvements, and the incidents of the past school year. That had not been Butler's custom. But on this occasion, after distributing the prizes with his usual courteous greetings and flashes of happy wit, he turned to face the great audience, which rose tier by tier above his head, to speak a last farewell to his friends, and to thank them for the invariable support and kindness experienced during his long career. No fewer than 4200 boys, he recorded, had been entered by his own hand on the roll of Harrovians, and, counting from his father's Head-Mastership to the close of his own, no less than £130,000 had been contributed to supply the growing needs of the School. No one who was present can have forgotten the touching words in which he dedicated his own son to the service of Harrow, and prophesied a period of further prosperity under the rule of his successor.

From the Very Rev. Dr. C. J. VAUGHAN, Dean of Llandaff.

The Temple E.C.: July 4, 1885.

I blame myself for having left you to write first to me after that day of days never to be forgotten.

Wonderful, most wonderful, even to me who know you so well, *your* part in each single incident of so trying an ordeal! Each speech of yours so perfect—I know not which to single out from the rest, unless perhaps it were that most touching, most dignified farewell to the audience in the Speech Room itself. But even as I write of seeming preference, something else comes back upon me as rivalling it.

How charmed I was with Welldon! His speech was very perfect and full of bright promise for our dearly loved charge. He promises me a visit at Llandaff in August.

Of the match at Lord's and the lustre which so dramatic a victory shed upon the captaincy of his son, I have already spoken. Butler said of it that ' he enjoyed basking in the light of reflected glory.'

In the examinations of the last week of Term he took his usual, or almost usual, share, though there were a hundred other calls upon his time and thoughts. Nor did

he neglect a letter of praise and thanks to the Lower Sixth Form and their Master for good honest work revealed in the answers to the papers set.

From G. H. Hallam.

Harrow: July 27, 1885.

I cannot thank you enough for your kind and generous note of this morning. I need not say it is a source of the greatest satisfaction and delight to me to have earned your praise, and I am thankful you should feel that the work of the Form has not suffered in my hands.

The boys, to whom I read the part of your letter which referred to their work, will not readily forget your parting message of approbation. I am sure that to them, as to many another Harrow boy, the chief pleasure was in the thought that they have given pleasure to you in this your last Harrow Term.

It is useless to try to thank you in words for all that you have been to me in my happy life here. But you know that the memories of you and yours will always make up a large part of what is deepest and most cherished in my thoughts.

The concert on July 25 excited more than ordinary interest as being the last that would be conducted by John Farmer. There was an unprecedented scene at the close, when the conductor left his seat at the piano to join hands with the boys at they sang a verse of 'Auld Lang Syne.' After the National Anthem there was a dramatic pause, and then there burst forth cheer after cheer for the beloved musician. Mr. Farmer tried in vain to check by gesture the outburst, and then, to conceal his emotion, he fairly ran away into hiding. The ovation was diverted to the Head-Master. Enthusiastic cheers were given for him and 'Teddie'; nor could the School be satisfied without a speech—in those days they never tired of hearing the graceful words of their Chief. But it was for Mr. Farmer that Butler made reply. He spoke feelingly of the impending loss of the musician who for more than twenty years had attracted the esteem of young and old, and of the songs which had found their way into the very life of the School; John Farmer's name was inseparable from that of Edward Bowen, whose poetry had supplied the themes which Farmer's genius had wedded to delightful tunes; that last concert, with its unparalleled attendance, was a commemoration of the intense delight which the alliance of those two friends had afforded to all who knew and valued the power of song at Harrow.

And so he could not express Farmer's feelings better than by calling for yet three more cheers for his collaborator.

From E. E. Bowen.

Harrow: July 25, 1885.

Thank you for the over-warm terms in which you spoke this evening of my efforts in providing songs.

To be able to pick out and recognise merits in colleagues, when they either exist or seem to exist, has been not the least of the virtues of your administration. But I am afraid the mere fact that it is so ought to make them hesitate before fully appropriating all that you may kindly say.

I hope Farmer has been really pleased with the success of his last appearance and the welcome.

For the last sermon on Sunday July 26 the Chapel was, if possible, even more crowded than it had been for the Tercentenary Service. Trying as the ordeal must have been for the preacher, there was no break-down, hardly even a tremor in that voice which was ever audible, as few others have been audible, to every corner of the Chapel. His text was from Psalm cxxviii., 'The Lord out of Sion shall so bless thee, that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long.'

Whenever I try to think seriously and as a Christian of the prosperity of this School, I am always reminded of those simple words which were written to me by a good man more than twenty-five years ago, and which I have twice, at least, quoted from this pulpit. 'That school,' he wrote, 'is prosperous in which the Spirit of God dwells.' You may say, perhaps, that this is interpreting one somewhat vague phrase by another; but, at least, this second phrase lifts the whole matter to a higher level. The indwelling of the Spirit of God—the favourite doctrine, as many of you remember, of the heroic General Gordon—the indwelling of the Spirit of God may be a phrase which we cannot fully define; still while we think of it, while we try to be taught something by it, we feel that we have at least got far away from otherwise possible idolatries. If we are agreed that the presence of God's Spirit is the only true test of man's prosperity—as in a church or nation, so also in a great school—then we shall not for a moment imagine that numbers, or wealth, or any number of victories, intellectual or athletic, can possibly satisfy this exacting test. No! We are in a higher atmosphere. The presence of God's Spirit means the activity and purity of each man's and each boy's conscience; it means that we are all in our measure, men and boys, trying daily to become like Christ—to be absolutely unselfish, to be upright, and truthful, and pure in heart, jealous for Christ's honour, eager to put down all that disgraces or defiles the Christian body, and further, so training ourselves in habits of work for others that we cannot conceive of an attractive life hereafter which shall not range itself under one or

another of these banners—For the country, For the Church, For the poor, For the oppressed. That school is most prosperous where great desires like these are simply and naturally breathed. This is the spiritual target at which we aim by all that is best in our school life, by all that binds us together, by all that makes us feel as brothers, by all that makes us act as with one heart and with one soul. And if you once more ask me, How can we best judge of the School's prosperity? I will give you two plain answers. If I were to hear at any time of any school that its numbers were very full, and likely to continue so for many years in advance, that it was winning scholarship after scholarship at the Universities, that even in athletic contests it was almost always successful, I should know, of course, that it had much vigour in it, and I should be disposed to infer also that this vigour must imply some moral good; but of this last I should not feel sure. . . . But if I knew that one of the chief features of a school was its hatred of moral evil, its determination to have, at any cost, honesty, and purity, a reverent practice of quiet prayer, a brotherly spirit of fellowship among its members past and present, and a genuine respect for all honest work, then I should know that the prosperity of such a school was assured. . . . If the spirit of Confirmation and the spirit of Holy Communion continue to shape our spiritual ideal, if, as we think of our prosperity, we lift up our hearts to where alone true greatness is to be found, if we recognise that it is in the integrity, the purity, the devotion of each individual boy and master, and in the influences which go to make these graces possible and natural that the true prosperity of the whole body is to be looked for, then we may dare to take to ourselves the promise—yes, and to guarantee it to each one of those who is privileged to serve us—'The Lord from out of Zion shall so bless thee that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long.' 'O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity. Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good.'

From G. W. E. Russell.

18 Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place, S.W.: July 27, 1885.

When this reaches you, you will have performed your last public act as Head-Master of Harrow. I hope that my words may add nothing to 'the wild regret of the last good-bye.'

You have your consolations in your past success, in Ted's bright promise, and in the assurance of 'Jerusalem in prosperity' under that admirable Welldon. For myself, even if Welldon reforms exactly as I should desire, Harrow can never again be quite the same place.

Even when I have been conscious of that, in my own experience or in the general system, which I could not approve,[1] I have always felt that all that is highest and purest and most generous at Harrow is absolutely identified with you. I have told you before, twelve

[1] Mr. Russell wrote as a High Churchman, to whom the observances in Chapel and the religious teaching in the School were not wholly satisfying; cf. p. 359.

years ago, how much I owed to your sermons; and I desire now, looking back upon my schooldays, to re-assure you of that debt and of my lasting gratitude.

I shall always be thankful to Harrow for having given me the happiness of your friendship and example, and I most earnestly hope that all worldly and all spiritual blessings may accompany you and yours into your new home.

From Earl Spencer, K.G.

Spencer House, St. James' Place, S.W.: August 7, 1885.

I was very glad to have been at Harrow your last Sunday. I was much struck by the atmosphere of the place on such a day (it must have been pleasant to you), for it seemed to breathe the confidence in, and regret at losing, you.

Your self-command was truly wonderful to me. I liked immensely your sermon: it struck so grand a note, in admirable taste, and with real earnestness. It is presumptuous of me to say this, but I cannot refrain from making the comment.

The last public acts were not quite over. Prize-giving on the afternoon of Monday, July 27, was followed, as was the custom in those years, by a short final service in the Chapel about six o'clock. Dr. Butler himself read the prayers. As Masters and boys filed out of the Chapel, he remained long upon his knees, with buried head. At last, when he was quite alone, he rose, disrobed, and came to the door. To his surprise he saw the School assembled in the street, leaving between their serried ranks a narrow lane to the door of his own house. On his appearance wild cheers broke out and were continued as he slowly made his way down the lane. Then at last his composure gave way. He could not even falter 'good-bye,' but just held one hand to his head, while the unchecked tears rolled down his cheeks. It was an unforgettable scene, unpremeditated, unrehearsed, an instinct of the moment. But in all that crowd there was not a man or boy who did not feel that a great era in the history of the School was closing, that all that was noblest and best at Harrow was embodied in that lonely, departing figure of one who had endeared himself to every heart by his successes, by his sorrow, and by himself.

The following selected letters vary in date and subject, but all belong to this period:

To C. J. Longman.

[A venerable institution, Colenso's Arithmetic had been condemned by a vote of the Mathematical Masters.]

Harrow: November 3, 1880.

This is an ominous day for old institutions.

On Nov. 3rd met the Parliament which abolished the

Monasteries. On Nov. 3rd met the Long Parliament which abolished the Monarchy and the Church.

On Nov. 3rd comes this additional nail in the possible coffin of Colenso. I am bound to confess that these revolutionary growlings are as new to me as they may possibly be to you.

'What shall we abolish next?' was Wilberforce's question the night of the abolition of the Slave Trade.

'What will be abolished next,' if Colenso falls, is a thought that comes over me with a shiver. Linwood, Paley, Greek itself?

To Charles Dalrymple.

[Dr. Vaughan had preached in the Temple Church on the death of his brother-in-law, Dean Stanley.]

Harrow: July 26, 1881.

It is indeed a touching account of the sermon. I wish we could meet and talk it over, but I suppose this is hopeless.

I *knew* you would be present at the sermon, listening perhaps with an affectionate intensity beyond that of any single hearer. Charles Parker told me much of its beauty. Also, Matthew Arnold told me he had been much impressed by the report of his sister, Fanny. The face of the boy absorbed in Arnold's preaching, and then his retirement to his study—a little School 'study'—that he might keep the print of it clear cut upon him, is a trait that one would not lose.

The loss, so marvellously recognised by the whole nation and thousands outside the nation, must fall with special weight on our dear friend and master. It must tell on his imagination as well as his heart. He and his dear wife, the one inheritress of that much loved and almost romantic name, are now in a sense the only living representatives of one large part of the 'Arnold legend.' I do not forget that Lake, Bradley, Tom Hughes, Mat. Arnold, Simpkinson, etc., are still among us. Still Vaughan and Stanley represent something of Arnold—something in their *combination*—which does not attach to others. . . .

I am struck by what you notice in the special testimony borne to Stanley by both *him* and the Archbishop. A scene like yesterday's must make many people wish that they could recall their hasty judgments. It will be said of him hereafter, among many other grateful voices of praise, that he founded a new conception of the grace of Charity, and that he so filled every post entrusted to him as to raise permanently the popular ideal of its meaning.

To George Otto Trevelyan

(on his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lord Frederick Cavendish had been murdered on Saturday, May 6, and Trevelyan was appointed on the Monday. His brother-in-law, Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale in Warwickshire, had gone down his coal-mine to superintend the saving of miners after an explosion. A second explosion fatally injured him, and he died soon after).

Harrow: May 10, 1882.

I cannot tell you how deeply I am interested in your appointment. The vast importance of the post in itself, the extraordinary

difficulty of filling it without incurring obloquy, and the horrible tragedy which invests it with only too real personal danger, all draw me very close to you. I *know* you will be humane and generous and superior to all personal slights, wrongs, and insults. I hope also you will be stern where sternness is required, for I believe that at this moment the greatest of all needs to Ireland—greater even than justice and magnanimity—is a renewed dread of law, a conviction that crime and fraud will at last be tracked out and punished.

But whatever you may do in public, my heart will be with you, longing eagerly for a triumphant success. It is profoundly touching to me that at this moment, when all eyes are fixed upon Dublin, the two great posts of trust and peril are confided to dear old Harrow friends. When I meet the School to-morrow morning, I intend to say a word to the fellows about this, and perhaps you will not despise the knowledge, when anxieties thicken, that 560 warm-hearted ignoramuses are wishing you prosperity for Harrow's sake.

All that can be done by generosity and brotherly feeling you will find in Spencer. I don't know a more lovable and unselfish man, or one who has more visibly kept all the most attractive characteristics of his boyish days. If your joint rule continues for any length of time, I seem to see how strangely close you will be drawn to each other.

Poor, poor Mrs. Dugdale! I have just seen this great sorrow. It is a cruel moment for such a blow to fall upon you and all your family. But he seems to have died like a brave and good man, striving to save the weak. Your poor sister's heart will be sorely distracted between grief for him and proud anxiety for you.

Good-bye, my very dear old friend. I am thankful you accepted this heavy burthen, and every old memory will prompt me to pray that you may come forth from it elastic and victorious.

To Francis Galton.

Bournemouth: April 7, 1883.

I am indeed glad to know that Farlow [1] has won the Gold Medal, our first Harrow *Gold* Medal, unless I am mistaken. He won our School Geography Prizes besides the Silver Medal of the Geographical Society last year. Also he won our Shakespeare Medal, and one of the prizes for Modern History and English Literature. In short, he has for some years proved himself to us as one of the surest prize-getters in subjects requiring to be 'got up.' . . .

We miss you much in our daily expeditions. The weather continues flawless. On Wednesday we all went to Alum Bay, where the younger children stayed. We veterans walked along that noble down past the Beacon to Freshwater, lunched there, and then spent rather more than half-an-hour with the Tennysons. Mrs. Tennyson looked more really dead than alive on her sofa, though as kind and mentally vigorous as ever. The Poet, into whose sanctum upstairs we were all taken, was just his old self in face, brow, and voice, though perhaps rather shaky on his legs. He was

[1] S. C. King Farlow won the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

working up an old poem written originally at the same time as 'Ulysses,' and, with Euripides before him, was in rather anxious doubt as to the paternity of Creon! Just like his old passion for accuracy and detail.

On Thursday we had a perfect day at Swanage, and felt undeservedly repaid for our base desertion of you. The boat did not return till 5.30, so we had ample time both for Tilly Whim before lunch and then the much longed for expedition to Old Harry and down upon Studland, where a carriage awaited us. We fairly lost our hearts to the place.

To the Rev. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON, Private Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on his appointment to the Deanery of Windsor.

Harrow: May 11, 1883.

I have not often felt so much delight at any appointment. The welcome letter arrived just before our 7.30 First School, but there was time enough to kneel down and thank God and pray for His richest blessings upon you both.

Afterwards I sent round a notice to the Masters, and in our own Sixth Form School Room called the boys' attention to a certain English Poet of 1867 whose name was on the Board. Do you know that nearly ten days ago I prophesied to Agnes that so it would be—absolutely out of my own mind, without having heard a syllable on the subject from any human being? This will best show my own clear sense of the fitness of things. Apart from all personal feelings towards yourself and your dear wife's family, I rejoice to think—yes, to feel certain—that the good Queen will find in you during the evening of her life a real stay and comfort, replacing gradually in some measure the loss of the many old friends who have been taken from her. All your past training fits you for this peculiar office beyond any of your contemporaries, and I am certain that you will discharge it in a manner such as to win the gratitude of all who love and thoughtfully reverence the Queen. . . .

The only thought that troubles me is the loss—the almost immeasurable loss—to Archbishop Benson. He will indeed find it hard to supply your place, and the London Clergy will mourn. God bless you, my dear Friend, and make you even half as much to the Queen as you have been to the Archbishop! I can scarcely wish more.

From HALLAM TENNYSON.

Aldworth, Haslemere: January 4, 1885.

I cannot tell you how sorry we are not to be at Farringford now while you are in Freshwater. But can you not make up your mind to a little journey across the Island to Newport, get into the train there, sail over to Portsmouth, thence here, a short hour? Could you come on Saturday and meet Mr. Jowett? Or would you come next week and bring Agnes and Teddy? Then your children would hear my Father read some new, unpublished poem, and he would like reading it to them—or perhaps some Becket—and you would see Father and Mother alone.

We are delighted that Teddy has got an Exhibition at Trinity—

the old College so full of precious associations for England and the World.

Have you read ' Journal Intime ' by Amiel, a German professor who has lately died ? A most striking book.

To Earl Spencer, K.G.

[Lord Spencer, on his return from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, had received a public welcome from his County, Northamptonshire.]

Harrow : August 10, 1885.

I have been away for the Sunday, or your most kind letter should have been acknowledged before. In that case you would certainly have had to endure a *second* to-day, if only to add one more Northamptonian voice to the many that greeted you on Saturday. I should like to have been present on that County occasion ; for, apart from old friendship, I sincerely and profoundly feel that at this moment—Gordon being gone—there is no living Englishman more deserving of public honour than yourself. Political prophecies are precarious things, but I have a strong conviction that the future Macaulay or MacCarthy, whichever he be—and the difference is doubtless great—will emphatically endorse the grateful verdict which the conscience of the country has *almost* unanimously brought in.

I cannot say how much I wish I could have accepted your kind invitation to Althorp this Summer, but I am in many ways pre-occupied. Gloucester has been without a resident Dean for more than six months, and though one of my sagest friends observed in his letter of congratulations, ' I must say, a Dean does not strike me as a very necessary personage,' I am bound to do what I can to demonstrate his necessity to a sceptical generation.

Agnes and I are here till Thursday, then we make two short visits till Monday, and then—alas ! we make the plunge. We go down on the 17th to Gloucester and spend a horrible week with carpets, book-cases, &c. After that, she and Ted go off to Scotland, and I stay on alone to prove the necessity of Deans !

If we are both alive next year, do in your kindness renew your hospitable offer, and be assured that few things would give me more pleasure than to be allowed to see you again at your home and commend my dear Agnes to Lady Spencer. She, poor girl, is perhaps the one most to be pitied in leaving for ever this dear home, the only home she has ever known. It is hard to see how Gloucester, which will be full of interest to *me*, can find much to interest *her*, but she never speaks in this way herself.

I have endeavoured, with the help of a kind friend, to tabulate as accurately as possible the distinctions gained by Harrovians of these twenty-five years at the Universities and in the professions afterwards. Butler would have denied that the welfare of a School, or the success of a Head-Mastership, can be judged, more than superficially, by the number of such distinctions. But he was far too human to despise the ordinary criteria of success, and he

was genuinely proud of his pupils who rose to eminence and so brought honour to the School.

At Oxford, then, Harrovians of this period gained 9 Scholarships at Balliol and 32 at other Colleges, 19 Exhibitions, 37 First Classes in Moderations and 34 in the Final Schools, 11 University Scholarships, 19 University Prizes, and 18 Fellowships.

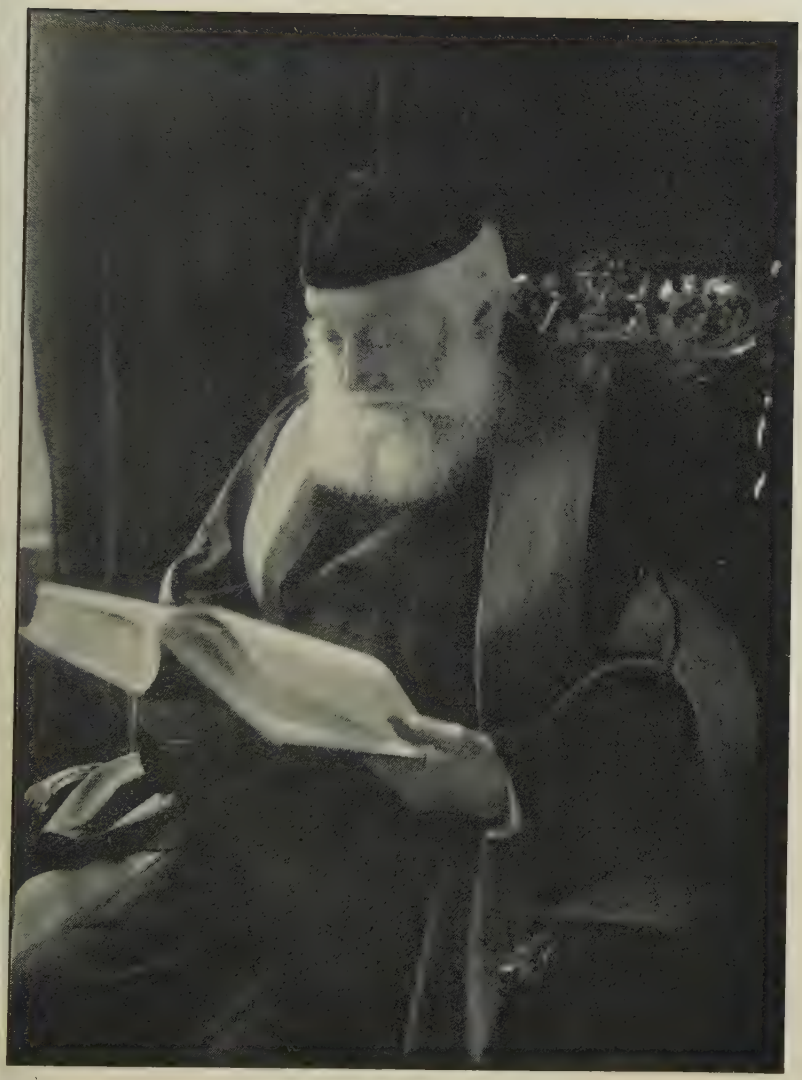
At Cambridge they won 38 Scholarships at Trinity and 20 at other Colleges, 12 Exhibitions, 58 First Classes in the Triposes, 9 University Scholarships, 25 University Prizes, and 15 Fellowships.

Thirty-three Harrovians represented their Universities at Cricket, 17 at Football, 8 in the Boat-race, 30 at Rackets or Tennis, 18 in the Sports.

Of the 26 matches at Lord's Eton won 7, Harrow 9. In the 25 Shooting Contests Harrow won the Ashburton Shield 9 times and the Spencer Cup 4 times. Of the 18 Rackets Competitions Harrow won 11.

Among Butler's 300 pupils in Holy Orders there have been 1 Archbishop, 9 Bishops, 2 Deans, and a Principal of Lampeter College ; at the Universities 5 Heads of Colleges, 9 Professors, and a Public Orator ; in the Public Schools 5 Head-Masters ; on the Judicial Bench of Great Britain 5, and in India and the Colonies 11. There have been 4 Viceroys and 9 Governors of the greater Dependencies and Colonies, 2 Lieut.-Governors in India, 12 Ambassadors or Ministers to Foreign Courts. Of the more than 100 Members of Parliament 30 have risen to Privy Council rank. In the Services there have been 1 Admiral of the Fleet, 64 Generals, and 4 recipients of the Victoria Cross.

This list, probably incomplete, forms no mean record. Judging by the accepted tests, intellectual and physical, it would be hard to convict the generation of Harrovians trained under Dr. Butler of inefficiency or stagnation.



THE MASTER OF TRINITY.
From a photograph by Ethel Glazebrook. 1911.

CHAPTER XIV

DR. MONTAGU BUTLER, THE TEACHER AND THE MAN

Of Butler's qualities as a teacher I have received several impressions kindly contributed by some of his most distinguished pupils at Harrow. The writers must pardon me if I cannot quote them all. I am none the less grateful for their assistance in support, extension, and in some points correction, of my own memories of golden days in his Form.

One striking feature was his power of getting work out of boys. The Upper Sixth consisted of some thirty pupils, not by any means all of them first-rate scholars; for the Form included a percentage of boys promoted for other reasons, such as character and influence. Butler thought that it was good for such boys, and good for the School, that they should rise to the top Form, and assist in the maintenance of discipline. Their presence retarded the progress of classical lessons, for he was ever patient in explaining the niceties of construction to their unretentive memories, and the better scholars chafed at the delay. Some of these less intellectual lads had hardly known what exertion meant in the lower Forms, but on their first promotion they found themselves in a different atmosphere.

It was part of Butler's character [says Mr. Bernard Bosanquet] to radiate a sort of spiritual energy and high seriousness, and most boys dimly felt it to be *wrong* to be lax in work for him, and also, no doubt, rather terrible to be caught out by him. Not that he did anything very awful, but there was a sort of grave surprise in his manner at your not appreciating your chances of contact with high values.

In his Form [writes the Dean of Carlisle] English literature was encouraged by allusions, exhortations to read for ourselves, and terrible Jeremiads when extreme instances of ignorance transpired in the course of a lesson. If he discovered that a boy had

never read, for instance, one of the greater plays of Shakespeare, or knew nothing of Scott or Macaulay, there would be a deathly silence for a few seconds, and then in a voice trembling with emotion, he would exclaim, 'I cannot tell you how much you lose by leaving whole fields of the most interesting literature entirely untraversed.'

And ashamed we were, not only of our own ignorance, but for the genuine pain we caused to the Master. We realised how hard he worked himself, and, with very few exceptions, we caught something of his passion for doing the daily task as thoroughly as our limited powers admitted.

To G. W. E. Russell.

Harrow: December 19, 1871.

. . . As to minute classical scholarship, it is of course one of my chief duties to hold it up before the eyes of those entrusted to my care, and to help them, if possible, to attain to it. But it never occurs to me to be even surprised, much less annoyed, when an able and hard-working boy is deficient in this respect. For his own intellectual improvement it is worth while to make almost any effort in this direction, because the effort is a training not in scholarship only or chiefly, but in habits of accuracy generally. The consciousness of having a key of his own which he can gradually bring to work easily among the complicated wards of Thucydides' or Sophocles' diction helps a student to distinguish between clear and hazy knowledge, and gives him proper self-reliance.

This particular kind of training does not, as we know, come very naturally to you. Your own taste would lead you rather, and will lead you, in the less thorny paths of general literature, including poetry, history, philosophy, and theology. The grandeur and the intense interest of these subjects must make the 'grind' of minute scholarship appear by comparison hard and dry. It has, I assure you, pleased me much to see how patiently you have worked on in this least congenial field. You have already made no mean way, and morally as well as intellectually you will have your reward. . . .

My impression is that you should both here and at Oxford make large use of the *pen*, not only for essay writing, all important as this is, but for making short abstracts in note-books and tabulating what you read. The analyses in Westcott's various books—all implying the closest and most discriminating thought—are a first-rate example of what I mean.

But with the demand for high effort and the scholarly thoroughness of all his lessons was combined the stimulating quality of interest. It must be remembered that Butler was, first and foremost, a teacher of the classics. And here he was a martinet for accuracy in the groundwork of grammar and syntax. He had a passion too for stock

quotations to illustrate unusual constructions, figures of speech like oxymoron, and, above all, ἅπαξ λεγόμενα. These quotations we got in the course of a few terms to know by heart, so that when Butler said, 'All,' there arose a general chant of εἴθ' ἦν ἐκείνης δεξιᾶς χειρὸς ἔπι or whatever similar illustration was required. It is true that he did not indoctrinate us with questions of scientific philology or textual criticism; but he did inspire a feeling for the fine diction, the deep thoughts, the music and humanity of an ancient author, whether poet or orator or historian: and he knew how to make what we read a living reality with a bearing on modern life and thought. 'The description,' says the Dean of Carlisle, 'which Renan applies to Dupanloup, like him a scholar and an orator rather than a thinker, might well be applied to Butler, he was an *éveilleur incomparable*.'

This effect was largely produced by his wealth of illustrations and apt quotations from parallel passages in modern authors. Were we reading Virgil, passages from Tennyson or Byron would be called for; Thucydides brought up Lord Macaulay; if a speech of Pericles, or above all the 'De Oratore' of Cicero, were in our hands, a perfect shower of Burke or Pitt or Wilberforce would be poured upon us. His own interest in the literature of both ages and in their common ground was so obvious that it could not fail to be infectious to all but the dullest minds.

He was anxious to impart a sense of form and clear expression in English composition. With this object he introduced the practice of making boys write out, at the beginning of each classical school, a translation of the first twenty lines, or so, of the lesson. Then he would select two or three boys, ask for their rendering and suggest improvements. Naturally with so fastidious a critic and twenty-nine other captious auditors, every boy tried his best. The results were often good, but sometimes hailed only with merriment.

And that word 'merriment' leads me to mention another feature of his teaching. With the exception of the Scripture lessons, there was never an hour passed in his Form Room, without at least one hearty laugh. He was so human in his appreciation of the author's humour, so delighted if he could elicit a parallel to it from Pickwick, or Mrs. Poyser, or the Heathen Chinee. The weekly lessons in Aristophanes

were a rollicking time. Sometimes, tired of stumbling translations, he would say, ' *Can't* you enter into the spirit of it ? ' seize the book and roll off an incisive rendering of the whole scene, brimming with wit.

There are many stories of famous jokes in his Form, stories that he loved to recall in after years : my Harrow readers must pardon me if they savour of ' chestnuts ' here.

On one occasion that brilliant son of Erin, Mr. Justice Dunbar Barton, was suspected by Butler of being asleep during a Horace lesson. A trap was set. ' How, Barton, would you translate *oceano dissociabili* ? ' ' The sea that objects to the Union,' was the immediate reply, that not only proved the suspicion to be wrong, but rocked both the Head-Master and the Form in unrestrainable laughter.

Yet another translation embarked on the Nurse's woes in Æschylus' ' Choephoroe ' : the words *νέα δὲ νηδὺς αὐτάρκης τέκνων* were rendered ' But the infant's belly is absolute,' and the Head-Master's face was bowed on his book, while general demoralisation prevailed. A Sixth Form boy, translating from the ' Ion ' a passage about the sacrifices bubbling on the fire, produced the words, ' They smoked and spat.' ' Oh, E——,' interrupted Dr. Butler, ' that sounds rather like a public-house.' Another pupil, in his very last school with the Head-Master, was guilty of some solecism. ' Your legacy to us, B——, on leaving Harrow.'

To a boy who had missed the meaning of a Greek word he put the usual question, ' Did you look it out—with *your own* eyes ? ' Then leisurely drawing his Liddell and Scott, he read the paragraph in it and added, ' Put a note to your edition, M——, put a *not*.'

For the following story I am indebted to the Warden of All Souls.

One playful habit of Butler's, a habit which even its victims enjoyed, was that of setting what I can only call ' booby-traps,' into which it was by no means only the duller members of the Form who fell. One ' First School ' we were pursuing our placid way through the Fifth Book of the Odyssey, and someone had just translated the lines where Odysseus clings for his life to the rocky shore of Phæacia. ' You will remember,' observed Butler, ' Pope's translation,

> " Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
> And stuck adherent and suspended hung."

Lord Macaulay says of the second line that it is absolutely the ——st verse in the English language.' Then he turned to M—— and said, 'M——, how do you supply the missing adjective?' Now, M—— was one of the two or three best classical scholars in the Form, but he had a curious dark spot in his otherwise very bright mind, consisting in an utter incapacity to appreciate the distinction between the good and bad in English poetry. 'Best,' said M——. 'Worst!!!' almost shrieked the Head-Master, and again laughter shook the Upper Sixth.

On another occasion a boy quoted Cicero as his authority for some solecism. 'I do not know, A——, how it is that you contrive to make even Tully seem canine.'

Sometimes the joke was at his own expense. A boy had rolled out a quotation from Young's 'Night Thoughts' as an instance of oxymoron:

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole.

'Ah, you've read the "Night Thoughts,"' said Butler; 'I confess that I remember no more than the line you have just given. The poem always produced on me the effect proper to night thoughts; it sent me to sleep.' The whole fun of this was not lost upon the boys, who remembered how the Head-Master had recently dropped off in a doze, leaving a boy to repeat the whole forty-eight lines of the Horace repetition; and how he had been roused by the silence at the close, only to say, 'Yes, B——, please begin.' They had heard too how Butler, when taking one of the lower Forms, irritably told two or three boys to 'remain standing,' and then, while a third, more nervous and far worse, translator was murdering sense and grammar, he had peacefully slumbered and awoke to say, 'Thank you, very nice.'

Butler knew how to 'touch' with the keen foil of irony the transgressor against the code of good manners in School. The Head Boy was leaning on his elbow and looking out of the well-known window into the Vicarage garden. 'How would you translate *cubito fultus*?' suddenly asked the Head-Master. 'Leaning on your elbow, sir.' 'Yes, and in what play of what author would you find the words?' No answer. 'Plautus, I think, and in the "Miles Gloriosus," shall we say the Swaggering Captain?'

A less trenchant instance of such 'scoring' is given me by Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. B. Heaton-Ellis.

One day he asked a senior boy to repeat that part of Byron's 'Dying Gladiator' which was suggested by a passage in the Sixth

Iliad. The boy gabbled it off without a pause. At the conclusion Dr. Butler said, 'Very nice, but perhaps those beautiful lines might be better repeated thus'; and he spoke the passage with all the sonorous dignity of which he was such a master. And when he came to the lines

> 'He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away,'

he abruptly stopped and said to Heaton-Ellis, who was looking out of the window, 'Just like you, Heaton-Ellis.'

If Butler loved humour, he hated balderdash. Once the editors of the 'Tyro,' a school magazine, deputed one of their committee to ask him to accept the dedication of a bound volume of their numbers. 'No,' he replied sternly and monosyllabically, pointing to a copy of the volume on his table, with its pages open at a *banal* parody of some great piece of literature.

Merriment then was a marked feature of his teaching, but there could be alarming incidents as well. The weekly lesson on Monday morning in the Greek Testament was a very solemn affair. It was called 'the context lesson' because he used to set three short sentences from the A.V., and require the boys first to re-translate them into Greek, then give in each case the *context*, and finally such exegetical comments as genius or a remembrance of Dean Alford supplied. But let me continue the story in the words of Mr. Herbert Greene.

On this particular occasion the opening sentence was, 'The law made nothing perfect.' The first boy appealed to had not done it, the second 'had only done the Greek,' and the Head-Master in some displeasure called upon a third, who with an air of conscious virtue rose promptly to his feet, while the form drew a breath of relief. '"Ο δὲ κύριος,' he proclaimed, 'οὐδὲν ἐτελείωσεν.' A hush fell upon the room, broken by the command, 'Read that again, F.,' which the slightly puzzled F. proceeded to do. 'What were the words you took down, F.? What exactly did you understand me to say?' F., vaguely conscious that something was wrong, but still buoyed up by an inner sense of rectitude, 'The Lord made nothing perfect.' 'Sit down, F., sit down,' which F. did, more puzzled than ever: and then the full enormity of the offence was realised. 'Leave the *room*, F., leave the *room*. I need hardly say' (turning to the hushed Form) 'how *alien* to the spirit of the whole Epistle, I might say of all Scripture, anything of that kind is.' Thanks to F. there were no more contexts that morning. It has since been a matter of regret that we were never privileged to hear the exegesis of that remarkable passage.

> 'Grant we had mastered learning's crabbed text,
> Still there's the comment.'

But none thought of asking for and recording it at the time, and now, I fear, it is lost for ever.

The Greek Testament lessons, then, were stern experiences. The subject chosen was always one of the Epistles; the commentary that of Alford or Lightfoot. Butler dwelt on the language, the sequence of thought, the diversity of interpretation. He treated the writings from the scholarly and historical point in view. From those aspects the teaching was thorough, luminous, informative. But there was, if my memory fails not, no application of St. Paul's thought to modern questions of the day, or to the religious difficulties which perplex many, but which Butler did not feel himself. I do not think he made St. Paul live for us as a thinker who has left so deep a stamp upon the theology of the Protestant Churches. The *knowledge* of the Epistles which Butler imparted must have been a useful groundwork for many Harrovians who have taken Holy Orders to build upon: but the application of that knowledge to modern needs he left to their own later and maturer thought.

Those with a taste for theology [writes the Dean of Carlisle] will feel more grateful for these lessons than for any other. No doubt, if he had been more of a thinker, he might have done more to help men to a definite theological position; but, as it was, he did much to prepare us for grappling with the difficulties that awaited us hereafter. He was absolutely honest. He rejected indefensible positions, told us definitely that St. Paul expected an immediate Parousia, and was mistaken, that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by St. Paul, and that the Second Epistle of St. Peter *might* not be St. Peter's (though personally he clung to the hope that it might be genuine). There was throughout all his teaching a marked absence of narrowness and zeal for orthodoxy, of insistence upon what was doubtful or unintelligible, or upon any strong views of biblical inspiration or infallibility. In this way I cannot doubt that he helped very many to retain their Christain faith in the more disturbing intellectual atmosphere of the Universities and the world, even though they may have felt compelled to give up some beliefs which Butler himself cherished. Much has been written of late about the unsatisfactory state of religious instruction in schools. For myself I cannot wish for anything better than the sort of religious teaching which we received in Chapel and the Sixth Form from Butler, though of course a teacher who should teach in Butler's spirit would now have to deal frankly and fearlessly with many questions that Butler left on one side.

The promising scholars of his Form heard him at his best in the 'Select Division.' Here, for two hours in the

week, he would pace to and fro in his dining-room, reading a classical author aloud with his peculiarly delicate expression and intonation. Now and then he would translate a beautiful or a delicate phrase, or stop to ask a question. But many passages which had puzzled us in preparation became lucid as he simply read them. The diction and style of the author began to find its way into our appreciation. On the subject-matter, as food for thought, he did not lay so much stress as on the outward form. 'In reading Plato's "*Republic*," ' says one old pupil, 'we were never led to suspect that the doctrine of Ideas was anything but an antiquated absurdity. "I must say Plato does quibble horribly," was almost the only comment I remember to have heard from him on the reasoning of that work.' But we made rapid progress, and, considering the short time allowed, covered a good deal of classic ground. Still Harrovians, on reaching Oxford or Cambridge, found themselves handicapped by the relatively small range of their reading when confronted with competitors for University honours from other schools. In later years Butler often spoke gratefully of the happiness he had himself derived from these lessons with his Select Division, and he liked to believe that the happiness was shared by his pupils. The following letter to Westcott outlines the scheme for starting this favoured branch of his teaching, and the date will show that it was one of his earliest innovations.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

Harrow : February 26, 1862.

I have been thinking that our few best scholars want something more in the way of tuition than I am able to give them in Form. No doubt the best scholars gain much by having to correct the errors of the less advanced, but still, allowing for this important function of the Form system, I cannot help feeling that boys like Ridley and Argles might gain much from something approaching more nearly to the Cambridge 'coaching.'

It has accordingly struck me that perhaps I might be of use if I could give an hour a week to any boys who had ever got a First Class, and cared to come to me, for the purpose of reading *rapidly* subjects like the chief speeches in Thucydides, the easier books of the 'Republic,' possibly selections—not of course mere 'bits'—from Cicero or Livy.

I should expect the boys to have prepared it beforehand—not forbidding even the use of translations—but the object would be not to construe every word, but to traverse a wide field with tolerable, but short of the most rigid, accuracy.

This system would partly add to their knowledge of language and literature, but it would also, I should hope, suggest to them what Harrow men at the Universities singularly lack—the very conception of the desirableness of reading widely. There is no doubt that the best Eton men surpass ours in this respect. The Newcastle examination is like that for a University Scholarship. There are no fixed books to prepare. The Candidates therefore read very hard, and read extensively. This is doubtless very bad for the Form as a body, but it must be good for the best men.

I am really very sanguine that the proposed hour with the volunteers will not be unfruitful, and if they can once be got to be a little more ambitious, I should hope to see the good contagion spread. I just sounded them yesterday through Ridley, and they seemed to catch eagerly, and even gratefully, at this proposal.

If you see any blots in this little scheme, pray be kind enough to point them out.

For a reminiscence of his teaching in composition let me quote the Warden of All Souls.

Butler was a great teacher of Greek and Latin composition. Elegance and faithful rendering were insisted upon as essentials : the avoidance of difficulty by the easy by-path of paraphrase was banned with bell, book, and candle. The chiselled perfection of his own versions would reduce one to despair one moment; but the next, by a few deft and rapid touches or insertions, he would work such a transfiguration of one's own poor efforts, that one went away from his room comparatively happy, and feeling as if one's copy of verse or prose had some quality after all.

To composition Butler attached a very high importance, as revealing, better than any other study, a boy's progress and development in the nicer points of accuracy and literary feeling. In private interviews with the composers he looked over every exercise of the Upper Sixth that was sent up to him as meritorious by the Composition Masters ; and those Masters have acknowledged, how much of their own scholarship they owed to the knowledge that emendations (or possibly the omission of them) had to run the gauntlet of the Head-Master's critical revision.

Of composition lessons in earlier days Archdeacon Brook Deedes writes his experience :

Each boy was supposed to have a quarter of an hour with him on Tuesday morning. My recollection is that I was generally fortunate enough to be the first comer at 10 o'clock, in which case one usually stayed for two hours. There would be general talk on public or private affairs of interest, or criticism of articles in ' The Tyro,' until two or three other boys had rolled up, when their composition might be considered together. I recall an occasion when Butler's marvellous memory made an impression on me

never forgotten. He was much pleased with some Greek Iambics of mine and grew quite excited. 'I do believe they are fit for the Book.' Then, 'Ah, st, st, st, a very clean construction, but I fear not classical. Wait a moment' (and his finger went to his forehead, and then pointed to a shelf). 'Run your finger along that shelf—stop—bring down that book and turn to page 143. Ah, I thought so: here is your construction in a Cambridge Prize Exercise, and what's good enough for that is good enough for the Book.' And he proceeded to tell me that he had not opened that book since he left Cambridge.

To the boy-scholar no honour seemed higher than to have an exercise passed as worthy of insertion in 'the Book'; and nothing gave greater pleasure to the Head-Master than to accord such an *imprimatur*. His marvellous memory retained for years instances of such pleasure given and received. When, in 1911, he received the honorary degree of LL.D. at the Quingentenary Celebrations at St. Andrews, he was able to quote from memory some sentences of an essay by the Chancellor, Lord Bute, on Wordsworth's lines,

We've heard of hearts unkind,

inscribed in 'the Book,' and that was nearly fifty years before.

The importance which he attached to classical composition, and the distress which its gradual deterioration caused him, are finely expressed in a paper which he wrote in 1902 on the subject of the Harrow Book and the Prolusiones.[1]

The Book was, I rather think, started by Dr. Wordsworth. What a proud delight it was to us boys to have the custody of it for even a few hours; to write out one's own laurelled exercise, and then to get a good quiet read of some of the past work of one's predecessors! Some of this past work became famous. We could quote much by heart and talk it over with our companions. I may note in passing that some of the exercises of F. Vaughan Hawkins (1847–9) were very remarkable. He left the School in 1849, being just 16, after being for two years *facile princeps* among our classical scholars. Both in the Book and the Prolusiones his work is wonderfully finished, considering his youth.

C. S. Blayds (afterwards Calverley) was nearly two years older. His translation of Coleridge's 'Address to Mt. Blanc', which was written in the Book very soon after he entered the Sixth Form in 1848, made a vast impression on us all. Dr. Vaughan was said to have shown it to J. W. Blakesley, the famous Tutor of Trinity.

But I must leave the Book, only just observing that during my

[1] The Prize Exercises for the year, printed for circulation among the guests on Speech Day.

(nearly) 26 years of office no effort was left untried to keep up its glory. Some of our best scholars wrote out in it an extraordinary amount of good composition. I used to reckon that S. G. Hamilton (*floruit circ.* 1871–4) had immortalised in it almost enough to fill an 'Antigone.'

But to come to the Prolusiones, the *mare magnum* of which the Book was the appointed filter. Almost every Prize Exercise was for a long time printed. I remember the sorrow with which gradually we made the discovery that we had in some *annus male-mirabilis* no Byron or Isaac Williams to produce a good English poem, no Horace or Virgil to produce good alcaics or hexameters. Reference to the Prolusiones will show how slowly these symptoms of 'fatty degeneracy' declared themselves. . . .

The printed exercise undoubtedly meant real intellectual enthusiasm, not merely ambition. There were of course various degrees of this, but I do not think there was a single year in which our better scholars were either too inert, or too indifferent, or too *blasés et lassés de victorie*, to shrink from writing and writing their best. . . .

I cannot help thinking that any sympathetic critic, reading the Prolusiones from (say) 1845 to 1885 (before and after that date I know them much less intimately), would form a favourable estimate of the scholarship, the literary taste, the moral feeling, and the range of reading of the upper boys of one of our great Public Schools. It would be invidious to pick out particular years: I am thinking rather of the average. It may be an old man's prejudice, but so far as literary, as distinguished from scientific, culture is concerned, I doubt whether more effective 'symbols and instruments' of such culture could be found than the Harrow Book and Prolusiones.

In January 1913 the Master of Trinity delivered the presidential address at the annual meeting of the Classical Association, held at Sheffield. The address bore the title, 'Some Remarks on the Teaching of Greek and Latin Verse, and on the Value of Translations from the Classics.'

The languages of Greece and Rome [he said] have in them both matter and form of unique and lasting value, and the teaching of these languages by translation both from and into prose and verse is, for those to whom it is well adapted, an admirable and priceless training, which it would be at once a folly and a calamity to destroy. . . . For a certain number of boys in the more leisurely classes translation into verse, whatever be the language, whether ancient or modern, will never fail to be one of the most effective as well as one of the most attractive and civilising exercises of the mind. It calls for effort, without daunting. It develops a sense of power generally, as well as of special aptitude.

His teaching of English history was doubtless limited in range and point of view. He never took an earlier period than that of the Stuarts, and latterly confined himself to the Parliamentary arena and the times dating

from the first Pitt to the mid-Victorian era of Gladstone and Disraeli. With that period he was himself fascinated, and he inspired some enthusiasm for it in the minds of his pupils. His memory for the oratory of Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Wilberforce, Canning, Peel, Macaulay was profound. He was absorbed in the great causes which they championed, and the abuses against which they thundered. He contrived to make debates and foreign politics, generally dry bones in the estimation of boys, alive and interesting.

I think [says Bishop Gore] that as I look back what I feel most grateful to him for was his appreciativeness, amounting to enthusiasm, for what is good and great in the human story. He hadn't the scholar's love of the byeways and neglected paths of history. He moved in the beaten tracks. But it was to me, and I don't doubt to many boys, an immense gain, at the age of hero worship, to have a great teacher, who bade us believe that human history is full of greatness and goodness. 'We live by admiration.' But modern scholarship is critical and very commonly cynical. It is apt to elevate the obscure and depress the pre-eminent, till something like a drab level is reached. Butler was a really considerable historian as well as a first-rate scholar who felt no shame in unstinted admiration for the heroes and saints and the strong men. I am quite sure that the power of frank admiration is a great qualification of the teacher: and most very clever men to-day are somewhat niggards in respect of it. In Butler there was not a touch of this sort of cynicism or iconoclasm.

Butler took these lessons almost as seriously as the Greek Testament. There are stories of his indignation when no boy could give the family names of the great Whig Houses of Devonshire, Bedford, Rockingham; when his question, 'Who were the parents of Monmouth?' elicited the answer, 'Charles I and Lucy Glitters'; when another duffer, questioned as to the last words of the martyr-king, began to stammer, 'He—er—said that he was very sorry —er—and hoped——,' and the pained Head-Master interrupted, 'Is it possible, C——, that you are *inventing* on so solemn a subject?'

It was not, I think, want of interest in the earlier periods of history, in the development of our Constitution, or in the wars of mediæval times, that made him restrict his teaching to the era and the oratory of Party struggles in Parliament. It was rather, I should imagine, his conviction that politics opened the highest path for patriotism, and his desire that Harrow should furnish in the future, as she had done in the past, a roll of statesmen

honoured in their generation. His own ambition for the political career had been set aside ; but he could still breed the ambition in others, and a training on great models of eloquence could not be begun too soon. With this object in view, he always selected a passage from some great English orator for delivery by the best speaker among the monitors on Speech Day. It was seldom that there was not present among the audience some statesman or diplomatist, to whose heart the passage would not come home and bring the cheering thought that the young generation was not left in ignorance of the value and power of ' winged words.'

To return to the general aspects of his teaching, there are two points which must be emphasised. Firstly, his object was not so much to impart information as to train the minds of his pupils to acquire knowledge by themselves. ' It is not,' he once said in a sermon, ' so much what we teach you here that matters as what we help you to learn for yourselves.' And if that acquisition is to be sound, the first essential is accuracy with no subterfuges and no self-deceptions. That was the meaning of the advice so often on his lips, ' What is our first lesson ? Never to say what you know to be wrong.' And secondly, Butler was one of the older school of Head-Masters who looked upon teaching rather than organisation as his first responsibility. By personal contact in the Form-room could he best gauge the thoughts of his leading boys : by teaching could he most surely mould *their* lives and interests, and so indirectly influence the rank and file. He may have tried too much, but that was his ideal ; and nothing could have induced him to forgo what he thought to be his duty, and what he found to be his chief pleasure, in his relations with the School.

Harrow differs from similar institutions in one respect. The Head-Master not only has a Boarding-House, but by far the largest House in the School. This practice has one advantage in that the Head-Master is brought into sympathetic understanding of the problems that face his senior colleagues ; but it has many obvious disadvantages. Unlike his successors, Butler did not, until quite the end of his reign, engage a colleague to act as his Resident House-Master ; but from time to time he would invite some member or members of the Staff to spend certain evenings in visiting the boys in their rooms. From his absorption

in other duties it might have been inferred that he could not really know his boys. And yet many correspondents, who were in their time Heads of his House, have assured me that his knowledge of the character of individual boys under his roof was astonishing. He placed great confidence in his Head Boy, gave him support and advice in difficulties, and expected much in return. The Dean of Carlisle writes:

> A characteristic feature of his government was that there was no 'winking at' practices which a Master could not sanction, but had not the courage to suppress. A thing was either allowed, or not allowed. If the Head of the House or a Monitor took a strong line, he would be supported through thick and thin. If he allowed a bad custom, no matter how traditional, to go on, he knew he would be held responsible for not stopping it.

And the Principal of Lampeter writes:

> Boys are, I suppose, as a rule unconscious of this watchful scrutiny. But during my last year, when I was Head of his House, I had reason to know how accurate was his judgment of individuals. At one time, when certain troublesome questions of discipline had created a strained situation, he extended to me a warmth of sympathy for which I can never be grateful enough. It was more than mere mechanical support. I remember his coming into my room one evening, when I was in bed, and telling me of somewhat similar difficult times through which he himself had passed. Naturally I learnt to know him better, and revere him more, during those last few months than was possible during the preceding years.

His Sixth Form dinner parties were sometimes alarming to ordinary boys. There were no awkward, chilly pauses, but he would start conversation by asking some Philistine, 'And what, A——, is your opinion of Rafaelle as a painter?' But he was by no means always so remote from the mind of a natural boy. He could talk naturally and racily of cricket with the Eleven, entertaining them with yarns of matches, scores and records from the storehouse of his memory. Once a conversational guest asked him, 'And what, sir, is your most lasting impression of your tour in Greece?' 'Oh, undoubtedly the fleas,' was the astonishingly human rejoinder.

Butler's successor in 1885 was much struck by the rigid and minute discipline of the School. He thought it excessive and even dangerous as tending to make boys live in a constant sense of having Masters' eyes upon them, with the result that they would take less good care of themselves afterwards at the University or in the Army.

This discipline was the outcome of that meticulous care about the observance of School rules which Butler impressed upon his Staff. The better side of it was seen in the good order preserved by the boys on public occasions and in the Chapel services. He was a lover of manly games, and often found time to watch the matches and practice, but he insisted that games should be restricted to their relative importance. He would have no matches in 'Trial Week' (examinations), no sacrifice of work to play, no waiving of the superannuation rules in favour of promising, but idle, cricketers. He was a natural hero-worshipper, where he found good cause, but he strongly repressed any approach to ὕβρις on the part of popular athletes. This gave the wrong impression that he stood aloof from games, that he was even hostile to the heroes of the Lower School. His real attitude is illustrated by the following incident. It was once proposed that the dullness of Speech Day for boys who had no friends present should be enlivened by organised games. 'No,' he said, 'any Harrovian should be willing to be bored for one day in the year, if that would conduce to the dignity of the School.'

The Public Schools [he wrote to a friend in 1898] will have much to answer for if for a time Athlete-worship makes boys impatient of other worship. It is not so at Winchester, or St. Paul's, or, I should think, at Rugby; but surely there is far too much of it at many Schools and at both the Universities.

He was absolutely fearless of consequences in his determination to eradicate vice. No recollection lives clearer in the minds of Harrovians of his time than that of mornings when the summons came for the School to meet the Head-Master in the Speech Room. Then, if there had been a scandal, his words of scorn and anger cut deep. It was a wholesome castigation, but it sometimes produced the effect of resentment, as well as of the shame which he desired to instill. I have heard boys say, 'He speaks as if we were all tarred with the same brush.' Such experiences contributed to the awe with which the School regarded him in his earlier years: but for popularity, the bait of weaker Head-Masters, he cared no jot, if it was to be acquired by any toleration of the baser sort of boy or practice.

On this subject Butler wrote to a Head-Master at a time of double sorrow—for the discovery of moral evil in his school and the death of a young boy.

To an Old Friend.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: April 2, 1888.

Your sermon has stirred my heart—'For the old sounds are in my ear, which in those days I heard.'

It has indeed been a touching and sacred, most sacred, time, and the powers of good have been near you as well as apparently the powers of evil. No boy who heard you will ever forget the thanksgiving that the little new boy, so early called home, had passed there untouched—so far as you could judge—by the breath of the furnace. No argument, no appeal, could equal such a fact of the heart as that. That dear little fellow, unknown to me, will by his very death at such a moral crisis have had a power for good which perhaps seventy years of conventional prosperity would not have given him. We almost want a separate Beatitude for the young children who speak to us across the grave.

As I read your touching words, and 'think of the days of old and the years that are past' I am inclined to believe that life seldom finds us on a higher level than when, in a loving chastened spirit, we are visibly fighting evil at school. Few fights in later life are quite so simple, and woe unto us if we give up fighting altogether, because, like so many in middle age, we see nothing to fight for!

When your time comes to lay down the burthen of government, you will be conscious of relief from an exceeding strain, but you will often feel also, 'It was good for me to be there; those were the Alpine days of life.'

One of the gatherings in the Speech Room had an unexpected *dénouement*. There was an old ruffian in the town, an Irishman of the name of Ambridge, who drove an illicit trade with the boys in tobacco and other forbidden articles. He was frequently 'put out of bounds,' and on this occasion sought restitution by sending to the Head-Master a list of boys whom (so he said) he had seen smoking. The School was summoned: Dr. Butler held up the letter, and described, without giving a name, its purport. 'This is the way *your friend* Ambridge, or "Bottles" as I believe you call him, repays your kindness'—and he tore the letter to shreds. "That is all; you may go." The 'friend' of the School found himself in Coventry, but took a dreadful revenge. Soon afterwards the Shooting Eight returned from Wimbledon with the Ashburton Shield, and the Head-Master repaired to the School-yard to welcome them. He got as far as 'This day sixty-three years ago Nelson——' when a shower of filthy abuse was heard from a wall to which 'the man Ambridge' had climbed. It was too much for even Butler's courage to face, and the speech was abandoned. Well might he write to his friend Archdeacon Vesey, 'Will you come and help me to get rid of Ambridge? I feel like

repeating Wellington's words to Napier after Chillianwallah, "Either you go, or I must." '

I have spoken elsewhere of the change of feeling towards Butler which came about in his later years. The fact was that, as the time came for losing him, the School and the Old Harrovians awoke to the sense of his value. 'They realised that he was in the truest sense 'Harrovian to the finger-tips, with the honour of Harrow dear to his heart and safe in his keeping.'[1]

If he was not popular, he was certainly no misty figure in the background. The talk of boys was full of him. 'What does the Head-Master think of this?' 'What will he do about that?' were questions eagerly and often put. At Oxford, too, in the conversation of undergraduates no Head-Master of any other school was so often discussed as Montagu Butler. Presumably this was still more the case at his own University of Cambridge.

The importance he attached to the arrangement of detail for any public function was a marked feature in his character. Week by week he coached the Monitors for reading the Lessons in Chapel. He sat at the furthest corner of the Chapel, beneath the organ-loft, punctuating the reader's efforts with cries of 'louder,' 'slower.' And then he would come forward and tell him where to lay the emphasis, and where to take breath. To the end of his time he continued to coach the Monitor selected for the English oration on Speech Day, and in earlier years he trained the actors in the dramatic scenes. The Rev. G. R. Woodward contributes the following reminiscence:

> Dr. Butler coached me in the part of Gripus, a disreputable old fisherman in Plautus' 'Rudens.' It was before the days of instantaneous photography, but I often wish that somebody could have snap-shotted the revered Head-Master of Harrow when he showed me how to put my tongue in my cheek as Gripus told a thumping lie.

Later he delegated the coaching in the Greek and English plays to Mr. Hallam or some other colleague, and he never omitted a graceful letter of thanks for a success.

To G. H. Hallam.

Harrow: July 6, 1883.

. . . Need I say how gratefully conscious I am of the immense value of your services yesterday, in providing what was evidently

[1] Archdeacon Brook Deedes.

a great enjoyment to many? I was particularly struck with the marked advance made by G——. Surely he may now be remembered in history as a really good 'Sneer.' You will be glad to know that Lord Dufferin murmured again and again, as they went through that scene, 'How well they do it!' and he, you know, is an expert in the matter, having given it at Constantinople,[1] with Lady Dufferin, a first-rate actress, as heroine.

Sir William Gregory, who loves and knows Aristophanes better than most trained scholars, was fairly delighted, as he well might be, with the *ragoût* provided for him. S—— seemed to me quite at his best in the table-scene, as he threatened to immolate the *βρέφος*—better on the whole than even in the best parts of his 'Sir Fretful'; but he was very good there also. 'How true to life!' murmured the great Diplomatist at, 'Rises, you mean; no, it don't fall off.' It seemed to me as if he implied, 'Some people may accuse my ancestor (Sheridan) of writing only burlesque, but this is certainly true to life.'

He gave us a charming speech in the Hall, of which I must tell you afterwards, full of impromptu wit, and admirably expressed. It helps me to understand the magic of his speeches in Canada, especially of the *fish*-speech. You ought to know it.

But delegation of duties was not to his liking; indeed the only other conspicuous instance of it that occurs to me was when he confided the modern side, with all arrangement of hours and studies, to Edward Bowen. Much congestion and delay might have been avoided if he had delegated more.

He never forgot an old pupil to whom he had once given his esteem. Any success or promotion, any notable domestic event, was sure to draw a sympathetic letter from him. Many he invited to the Lodge at Cambridge, taking pains to arrange congenial meetings of old school friends who could not forgather elsewhere. He seldom forgot a face. Old Harrovians who met him after an interval of many years at Harrow Dinners or on Speech Days, were astonished at his recollection of incidents in their lives, a recollection which showed with what interest he had followed their careers at home or in distant lands.

And then there was his princely generosity, amounting, as Dr. Vaughan once said, to 'an utter contempt for money.' A letter exists, written when he was first appointed, in which he states his sanguine hope of investing a considerable portion of the Head-Master's income, which was larger in

[1] In the original Dr. Butler wrote 'Constanipole.' He adds in a note, 'I have shown Bridgewater [the School Doctor] this sign of mental paralysis.'

those days than it is now. In practice he never did anything of the sort. He left Harrow a poorer man than when he went there. And yet he had no personal extravagances; he lived the simplest life; he was not a collector; his only indulgence was holiday travelling. But from his first days at Harrow till his last he was constantly taking upon himself expenditure which ought to have been borne by the Common Fund, for prizes, scholarships, the 'English Form,' and other calls. Every one of the many subscription lists which he started was headed by a donation from himself larger than those which followed from far wealthier men. By accident I happen to know of a few of his private acts of generous assistance to friends in difficulty, and they are doubtless typical of many more that were known only to himself.

An educational authority of the first water was recently discussing the character of the late Master of Trinity. Notes of his opinions were taken down at the time by a lady who sent them to me as an instance of faulty appreciation. He said in effect:

> The one accomplishment by which Butler will be remembered was his facility of expression. In that he excelled. In conversation he was short of sympathy, failing to enter into the thoughts and interests of his listeners: for instance, he once advised a rather illiterate lady to read Plato's 'Phaedo' in the original Greek! He had no ambition; he wrote nothing; he left nothing. All his life was passed in two places, and he knew nothing of the world outside them. He lived in an aristocratic entourage; he failed to understand the poor and could not talk with them.

The statements are sweeping, and, as is usual with sweeping statements, they contain germs of truth overlaid with misleading generalities. The 'felicity of expression' no one will be at pains to deny. He was one of the best after-dinner speakers of his time. The sequence of his thought was admirably clear and logical; and the choice of every word seemed exactly right. The only criticism of his speeches that I ever heard was that, in later years at all events, they were overladen with anecdotes, which delayed his approach to the point for which he started. And yet who grudges an anecdote or two introduced to enliven the most serious discourse? Butler's speeches were never trivial: they always ended on an elevated note, and left one something solid to think about. I believe that he carefully thought out the heads of his

subject, and left the words to come. There was never a hesitation or a sign of searching for a phrase. His impromptu replies, where preparation was impossible, were astonishingly felicitous. Once at a Commemoration Feast at Trinity an old member of the College indignantly asked the Master why a certain prize (the only distinction he had ever won) had been discontinued. The Master had not the least idea, had probably never heard of the vanished institution; but he shrank from hurting the feelings of his guest. Turning to the American Ambassador on his right hand, he replied, "I can only answer my friend's question in the words of the great poet who, sir, is your honoured compatriot:

> Cautiously replied the Beaver,
> With reserve he thus made answer,
> 'Let me first consult the others,
> Let me ask the other beavers.'"

Afterwards Butler explained to one of the Fellows that the lines had remained in his memory from boyhood as perhaps the most unmitigated balderdash in the English tongue.

A visitor to one of the Harrow Speech Days was asked how he had enjoyed the boys' performances. 'Very much,' he answered, 'but I never heard anything better than the Head-Master's impromptu speeches in delivering the prizes.' But no visitor ever failed to be struck by those little *tours de force*. One small instance will suffice. To a boy, T. de F. Maunder, Champion of the Gymnasium, Dr. Butler said, 'In handing you this prize, Maunder, I must congratulate you also on your early proficiency at the Bar.' Few men were more often asked to address meetings for religious, social, or educational objects; what Butler had to say to them was generally so weighty and eloquent that his address would be followed by the request that it might be printed for distribution.

Other writers have detected a want of heart-to-heart sympathy in his conversation. Quick said of it, 'Butler is so wrapped up in the image which his own mind calls up that he has no notion of what is going on in the mind of his companion.' It is true that he was sometimes so engrossed with the thought uppermost in his own mind, and the reminiscences which the thought entailed, that the time for conversation had elapsed before the real subject

of an interview was reached. But his conversation had delightful qualities. It never wearied; it raised topics to a high level; it was never ungenerous; it abounded with illustrations; it could be serious or gay, and with intimate friends it could be rollicking with chaff. As to his letters, which are real conversations on paper, the instances which I have quoted in other chapters give the clearest tokens of the sympathy with which he entered into the lives and hearts of his friends. His early letters often sacrificed pithiness to length—strange in a man who so hated verbiage in literature. He said of himself that he could not write a short note: 'The end of my pen is like a second personality, that runs away with me, and composes of itself.' In later years he acquired the art of rounding off a subject in a few telling sentences, or even a single quotation, by which the friend could gather his meaning in one delightful moment.

The story of the lady and the 'Phaedo,'[1] if true, I suspect to have been an instance of that solemn simplicity which he sometimes affected. For instance, he accused one Master after another at Harrow of introducing the reprehensible practice of smoking and teaching it to some other colleague, whom Butler knew to have been a confirmed smoker for years. When I returned to Harrow as a very young Master, he recommended me to wear a skull-cap in the Chapel as a prophylactic against the draught. And I once heard him advise a somewhat Philistine officer to take the 'Odyssey' with him, to read on an approaching voyage to India. It was just a little pose, and, as such, it amused us.

Ambition he consciously put away from him. In the political arena, had he followed the lead which took him to London in 1857, he might have achieved a very great position. But the call of conscience prevailed, and he took Orders and adopted teaching as the work of his life. He frankly confessed the limitations of his learning, his ignorance of metaphysics, of theology, and even of the science of education. In letters to two Archbishops he speaks of his unworthiness of selection as Examining Chaplain, and to a Prime Minister his unfitness for promotion in the Church. And this was no affectation. He had passed so early in

[1] Probably he pressed upon her the advice which he often gave to his non-classical friends, and especially to intelligent women, to read the classical masterpieces in translations.

life from Cambridge to the post of Head-Mastership, with all its preoccupations, that he never had the leisure to pursue studies, such as Hebrew and Greek Philosophy, which cannot be 'got up' in the few weeks of a School holiday. No man, then, had a humbler opinion of his own capacities, or a warmer admiration for wide culture in others. Once when Mr. Norman Lockyer had lectured to the School on 'Spectrum Analysis,' and Westcott expressed his enjoyment of the address, enjoyment heightened by the fact that he had recently read Roscoe's 'Chemistry,' Butler was lost in admiration for a colleague who could combine intelligent interest in Science with deep theological pursuits. The ingenious discoveries of his brother-in-law, Francis Galton, filled him with perennial, though mystified, delight; and to a Harrow colleague, who visited him at the Lodge, he pointed with awe to the figure of Sir J. J. Thomson, his successor in the Mastership of Trinity.

He left no *magnum opus*. There are men who have continued to combine the ceaseless duties of a schoolmaster, or the Head of a great College, with important contributions to literature; but they have not also been preachers and orators constantly in demand and ready to accept the call. The published *reliquiae* of Butler consist of volumes of sermons, some historical addresses collected under the title of 'Ten Good and Great Men,' the Romanes Lecture on 'Chatham as an Orator,' and a selection of his classical versions and other compositions entitled 'Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life.' He was delighted to learn that his writings gave enjoyment to friends and a wider circle of readers interested in scholarship, biography, and pulpit eloquence; but that they constituted any claim to immortality he would have strenuously denied. He lives in the memory of many grateful hearts for the spoken rather than the written word.

The habitat of a man must generally be the result of circumstances rather than choice. Butler's two homes were Harrow and Cambridge: in them his boyhood, youth, manhood, and old age were spent. But his interests were never 'cabined, cribbed, confined' to those two centres. It was an early satisfaction to him that his brother Arthur was sent to Oxford, as that supplied a link enabling him to make friendships with many Oxford contemporaries. Visits to Jowett at Balliol, and of Jowett to Harrow, were frequent.

Roundell and Brodrick, two valued and intimate friends, were Oxonians. With Stanley, Bradley, Max Müller, Warren (to mention only a few), he was on close terms. In his London days he breakfasted with Lord Macaulay. He knew Maurice, Kingsley, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Lord Houghton. Through his Secretaryships to a Minister and to a Royal Commission he was brought into contact with many distinguished lights in the world of politics and art. He was never a frequent diner-out in London, but he loved to gather round his table at Harrow men of mark in the outer world. At Trinity the official reception of Foreign Delegates, recipients of Honorary Degrees, and other visitors to the University constantly widened the range of his relations. The letters of no less than four American Ambassadors and five ex-Viceroys of India remain, among many others, to prove that acquaintance so formed led to future correspondence and friendship.

For distant travel he never had the leisure; but every School holiday or University vacation took him away from the groove to some new fields or favourite haunt where he could study men and things of unfamiliar stamp. On such excursions he loved to chat with peasants and employees. Courteous always, but most human, he set them at their ease and elicited from them information about their lives and occupations. Gayton revisited meant an eager gathering of old village inhabitants who remembered the Butler family, or, as time went on, of their descendants, to forgather with a son of the 'old Dane.'

With the tradesmen and farmers of Harrow, he maintained cordial relations. He provided a special entertainment for them at the Tercentenary celebrations, and they were grateful to the Head-Master who had secured for them the educational advantages of the 'Lower School.' To the School bookseller on his retirement Butler wrote:

To J. C. Wilbee.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: December 21, 1911.

So I hear that your working time for our dear Harrow has come to an end, and that you may now look forward to some well deserved rest. May not a few years of this rest be granted you, and may they be sweetened and cheered by good health and every kind of blessing in your Family.

As long as I live, and it cannot be very much longer, I shall always remember with pleasure the happy relations that existed between us. I knew that your heart was in the right place and

that in the management of your very important business you always desired to promote the real welfare of the boys.

Christmas is now close upon us. May it bring to yourself and all the members of your family many happy memories and hopes. You will have much to tell in years to come, perhaps to some eager listeners, of what Harrow was like during some 'thirty and forty' memorable years.

Mr. Wilbee did not survive long to enjoy his leisure. On his death in the following year, Butler wrote to his widow.

To Mrs. Wilbee.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: May 16, 1912.

I am indeed grieved to receive your very sad news. No rumour had reached me that your dear husband was in any way unwell, and I had hoped and almost taken for granted that he might have many years before him to enjoy his well-earned rest. Truly he has been a 'good and faithful servant' to the School. I always felt such perfect confidence in his rectitude and good sense, and I always felt that his kindly friendship was of no small value.

I shall be thinking of you all on Saturday, when the words of 'sure and certain hope' are being pronounced over his grave. Many Harrow men will think of him with respect and regard for a long time to come.

To his domestic servants, the faithful butlers Pope and Barnes, the gardener Spooner, Emma Wale, the nurse of his elder children and faithful friend of both his families, he was in every true sense of the word a friend. Mr. Spooner was for twenty years in the Head-Master's service. The first of the following two letters expresses thanks for a birthday present, the second sympathy on the death of a son.

To Mr. Spooner.

Harrow: July 3, 1881.

I was much touched by your most kind thought of me yesterday, and, if I had not been specially busy, I should not have waited till to-day to thank you. The Photograph is remarkably good, and shall at once be framed. It will always be to me a delightful reminder of your faithful and invaluable services during twenty years, and of the family that you have so well brought up.

To the Same.

Harrow: June 6, 1883.

Pray assure Mrs. Spooner of my deepest sympathy in this sad hour, but you have indeed many comforts. Your dear son died happily as a Christian, leaving you a thousand memories of tried affection. No suffering or anxiety can any longer trouble his

perfect peace. You will lay him in his grave, in the place which he had come to love, without one misgiving, though not without tears. Had my dear wife been still with us, you know how heartily she would have been with you all; but it has seemed good to God to try us both with grievous sorrow. He has His own purposes, and we must try to learn them.

And that was the man 'who did not know how to speak to the poor'!

His tastes in modern literature may have been, in part at least, inferred by my readers from previous pages. He was deeply read in some branches of history, chiefly ecclesiastical history, and that of English politics. The oratory of great statesmen and their biographies fascinated him. Burke's speeches gave an early and a very lasting trend to his thoughts. Out of the money won by his school prizes he purchased an edition of Burke in sixteen volumes; they were his favourite prize, treasured till he made them over to his son 'Jim' when he was elected to a Trinity Fellowship. Butler studied them with enthusiasm and made careful abstracts. To Burke more than anyone he owed his conservative view of society as an organised development, and his reverence for the sanctity of tradition. No other English author did he quote more often in his letters, sermons, and essays.

Macaulay was another potent influence over his mind. From him he learnt the attractiveness of the personal, chivalrous, and adventurous elements in the writing of history. This made him prefer Froude to Freeman as an English historian. Macaulay, too, inspired him with an admiration for rhetoric as a valuable persuasive factor in human intercourse, not to be despised because it falls short of the higher spells of poetry and philosophy. In a review of Macaulay's Speeches written for publication in 1853 he said:

It has been the fashion with some to speak of Mr. Macaulay's oratorical performances as mere displays of rhetoric. . . . Now if by a rhetorician they mean a mere man of words, one who can tickle the ears of his audience by a skilfully pointed antithesis, and conceal the barrenness of his ideas and the scantiness of his matter by the ample display of sonorous periods—if this be their meaning, we can only say that, whatever they know of the power of words, they know nothing of Mr. Macaulay. . . . What is rhetoric? We do not know that its province has been better defined than has been done by Bacon: 'the duty and office of Rhetoric,' he says, 'is to apply reason to the imagination, for the better moving

of the will.' With some men it is a trivial toy, with others a potent weapon.

Now what is the nature of Mr. Macaulay's rhetoric ? His speeches are distinguished by one great merit, not now very fashionable, that of being founded on some broad and comprehensive principle. . . . Whenever he speaks, he will bring the force of history and experience to bear upon the subject for discussion. . . . He reminds us of what we are too apt to forget, that the things which are happening now have happened aforetime, and that their records are written for our learning. . . . In short, to use his own words, he ' grapples with a subject like a great statesman, instead of pottering with it like a puny politician.'

To Hare's ' Guesses at Truth ' and to Sir James Stephen's Essays Butler acknowledged a peculiar debt.

To the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge : May 27, 1915.

Sir James Stephen is one of the writers to whom I owe most, and for whom at the end of my long life I feel a grateful and a loving reverence. . . . As to the piety and faith of this excellent man there can really be no doubt. In what sense the word ' sceptic ' can be used of him I cannot think. To me he has been a pillar both of faith and charity. I had some interesting chat with him in Rome in 1857–8, and could amuse you with some of his humour. Some day when we meet I may be allowed to be garrulous on the subject.

In poetry his predilections were for the great English classics. Shakespeare he studied constantly and with enthusiasm. One flaw, however, he found in Shakespeare's claim to be a ' universal ' poet : his conception of human love was inadequate.

Shakespeare's love [Butler wrote in 1854] is not that holy and sacred thing such as grave Milton delighted to paint it, refining the thoughts, enlarging the heart . . . the foundation-stone of all human society and of every family, a confession of weakness, a grasping after strength, in order that by the harmony of two living hearts, each invigorating and completing the other, we may

'Walk the world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end.'

It is no answer to say that in none of the known Shakespearian characters would any such emotion find a fitting place. Be it so. My reply is that Shakespeare was bound out of the inexhaustible treasure of his heart to bring forth characters with whom it would have been suitable.

Milton he revered. After him, he says, ' it is indeed a cheerless gulf that lies between Milton and Wordsworth.' For both the poetry and the philosophy of Wordsworth and

Coleridge he had the liveliest admiration. 'The ideal poet and the ideal philosopher are almost identical' is a pithy sentence in one of his Cambridge essays. Byron, 'the moody and cynical Byron,' he ranked higher in his estimation, and Gray's 'Elegy' he loved. He knew it by heart himself and recommended it to Canon Pemberton for repetition during an old man's sleepless hours of nights. Of Dante and Schiller he made careful and loving study. But when asked what great man with whom he had come in contact had most impressed him, he would answer unhesitatingly 'Tennyson.'

To the volume 'Tennyson and his Friends,' published in 1911, Butler contributed his reminiscences of visits paid to Farringford and Aldworth.

During my life at Trinity Coleridge and Wordsworth and Tennyson, but especially Tennyson, were the three poets of the nineteenth century who mainly commanded the reverence and stirred the enthusiasm of the College friends with whom I lived. 'In Memoriam' in particular, followed by 'Maud,' and the first four 'Idylls of the King,' were constantly on our lips, and, I may truly say, in our hearts in those happy hours.

The personal friendship began in or about 1859, when Butler was making an Easter walking tour with his brother-in-law, Francis Galton, and they went together 'with rather beating hearts' to call on the poet in the Isle of Wight. 'All I remember is that we left the house happy and exhilarated.' That visit was followed by many others. He records the walks on the downs, the poems which Tennyson read aloud, the topics grave and gay on which he descanted. On one occasion the poet consulted Butler's opinion on the choice of variants for the epitaph on Lord Stratford de Redclyffe for Westminster Abbey.

Tennyson was, and is, to me the most remarkable man I have ever met. . . . Simple, natural, shrewd, humorous; feeling strongly on a vast variety of subjects, and saying freely just what he felt; passing rapidly and easily from the gravest matters of speculation or conduct to some trifling or amusing incident of the moment, or some recollection of the years of his youth; he seemed to me unconscious of being a great man, though he must have known himself to be one of the foremost thinkers, and quite the foremost poet, of his day. . . . To go to either of his beautiful homes, to see him as the husband of his wife and the father of his sons, was to me and mine for many years a true pilgrimage, both of the mind and of the heart. That I was once able to feel this, and that I

am able to feel it gratefully even now, I count among the richer blessings of a long and happy life.

Butler once spent a long summer holiday in the study of Browning; but 'The Grammarian's Funeral' and 'A Death in the Desert' are the only works of that author from which I have found quotations in his letters. Swinburne was 'taboo' from libraries at Harrow. On the other hand, he would sometimes recommend the perusal of poets such as Southey, more esteemed in the days of his boyhood than in ours.

Of English novelists his favourites were Scott and George Eliot; but Disraeli's 'Coningsby' he ranked high. Though a quotation from 'Pickwick' would always delight him in School, he hardly appreciated Dickens at his true value. For the genius of Thackeray he had admiration; he eagerly welcomed the MS. of 'Esmond' for the Library, and a portrait of its author for the Hall, at Trinity. But he maintained that Thackeray had no conception of the best type of English gentleman, and for 'Vanity Fair' in general, and Becky Sharp in particular, he expressed unqualified horror.[1] In later years he made a real effort to acquire knowledge of more modern poetry and fiction; but, with all eagerness to appreciate them, he missed sympathy with their point of view, and constantly felt that 'the old is better.'

The coming Century [he wrote to the Rev. J. Robertson in 1898] will surely need trumpet tones. It never does to croak or to say, 'The last heroic, poetic, Sionic voice is dumb.' Matt. Arnold, in 1850, quietly ignored Tennyson, Browning, and many other true voices; but I fear we must own that as far as we can see—not a great way—our sons at least, if not our grandsons, will hardly be cheered by such voices as were granted to us.

Exception must be made in the case of R. L. Stevenson, one of whose novels at least made a remarkable impression on Butler's mind.

To the Very Rev. Randall J. Davidson (Dean of Windsor).

Deanery, Gloucester: February 26, 1886.

. . . Your gift of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' has had a strange effect upon me. It falls in with so many previous thoughts. It illustrates, and is illustrated by, 'the unclean Spirit goeth out of a man,' by Romans vii., 'Transformation,' Undine, Sintram, Tito in 'Romola,' the Clergyman in the 'Scarlet Letter,' the characters

[1] See p. 76.

of Byron, Faust—must we now add poor Dilke?—to say nothing of personal struggles. I do not remember that any writer before has ever attempted to describe the phenomenon of apparent Bi-personality by a concrete portraiture of two men who are nevertheless the same man. The conception is, to my mind, almost superior to the execution, and yet the execution is strangely powerful and haunting. The effect produced on everyone by the sight of unmixed wickedness, the careless glee with which brutalities are committed, the trampling on the victims whether old or young, the shrunk appearance of evil so long as good in any way preponderates, the goodness or, at least, philanthropy of poor Jekyll just after the murder—when he flatters himself he has parted for ever with his baser self—his fresh tampering with his conscience followed by the deeper though less *éclatant* fall, the gradual and rapid victory of the Hyde half, the hopelessness of finding *any* chemical process capable of restoring the better self, the final unification in irretrievable evil, and then—when detection beats its way in—the inevitable suicide—all this is a series surely of deep and powerful thoughts. They are more than ingenious, they have the theology of poetry in them. . . .

The incident of signing the cheque under the name of Jekyll struck me at first as a little inartistic, but perhaps it was necessary to arouse the curiosity and suspicion of Utterson. If you hear of any good criticism anywhere, do tell me. Agnes says that Judge Bowen was talking of it at the Godleys. He had read it twice.

In his choice of literary favourites, then, as in art, music, and many other subjects, he remained wedded to the predilections of his boyhood. His tastes were early and strongly formed: they were doubtless too eclective, some would call them 'Early Victorian' and even narrow: but at least they reflected a high standard, and they abhorred the defects of cynicism and *banalité*.

Of his flashes of wit I have already quoted some instances in this and other chapters: to his old colleagues and friends they were familiar; many of them would be 'twice-told tales' to my Harrow readers, and indeed I fear to tarnish them by repetition. But I venture on one or two.

At the Tercentenary Supper there was present a dairyman who had experienced trouble with the local authorities for watering his wares. Dr. Butler alluded in his speech to 'the unadulterated milk of Mr. S.'s human kindness,' and brought down the house.

At a Masters' meeting he closed a pedantic digression from the subject under discussion with the remark, 'And now suppose we turn human.' To his friend Archdeacon Vesey he wrote: 'I shall never get another photograph of you; one likes to hang early delusions.' To the same

friend, with an invitation to the Lodge, he wrote, 'We can give you a room on which, like the British Empire, the sun never rises and never sets'; and again, 'I am going to adorn the big Judge's bedroom in the Lodge with engravings of Trinity Judges: could I people the ante-room with Trinity Archdeacons, and the passage with Rural Deans?' At the Harrow Dinner given by Sir Joseph Savory to his old schoolfellows at the Mansion House, Butler adroitly complimented his host: 'A brother of my Lord Mayor broke a limb on the football-field at Harrow, and, so to speak, shed his blood in the service of the School. *Qui facit per fratrem facit per se.*' To a Railway Projector, who called with a plan for a new station to be erected on the Philathletic Field, he offered the advice, 'I recommend you to solicit an interview with Mr. Robert Grimston: but be careful that it takes place on the ground floor.'

It is not every humorist who can thoroughly enjoy the wit, often unconscious, of others. Butler loved the story of the boy whom Mrs. Butler had invited to breakfast, all unconscious that he was to receive a birching from her husband the same morning. At the table the hostess remarked, 'Montagu, you have not said good-morning to Mr. T.' 'The Doctor and I have met already,' was the happy inspiration of the guest on an uncomfortable seat. With another lad, famed early for his fearless riding in the hunting field, Butler was leading up to the expected answer 'Look before you leap!' 'What would you do, Phipps,' he asked, 'if you found yourself riding for a very difficult fence?' 'Sit tight, sir.' A little girl had opined that a pea-hen was so called because she laid peas. 'Congratulate her,' wrote her great-uncle, 'on the vegetable feat of Mrs. Pea-hen.' He loved to hear the story of two Oxford graduates confronted, in examination for the Vinerian Scholarship, with the subject set for an essay, '*La propriete c'est le vol.*' Their knowledge of French was not on a par with their erudition in the classics or the law. One of them wrote on the subject, 'Property takes to itself wings'; the other on 'Morals are a matter of choice.' And he loved to tell the story of a dear Harrow pupil who, in examination for a Balliol Scholarship, wrote a brilliant essay on Athletics, when the subject set was '*Esprit de Corps.*'

To the power of happy phrase he added the power of doing happy and considerate deeds. Mrs. Hart, on a visit to the Lodge, found on her dressing-table a framed photo-

graph of her father, the great Sir Henry Lawrence, which the Master had placed there from his own room.

Nor must I omit mention of his prodigious memory for anniversaries, persons, events. He could confound his friends at breakfast with the question, 'What happened on this day ninety-seven years ago?' A few days before his death, when the memory of an invalid octogenarian might be pardoned for lapses, he was distressed at having forgotten the date of Mæcenas' birthday. He astounded a scholar-companion by quoting a dozen opening lines of the first Latin verse book he had studied at his preparatory school.

Mr. Arthur O. Streatfield writes to me that in or about the year 1915 he found himself, as one of only two visitors, placed next to the Master at dinner in the Hall of Trinity College. He describes the trepidation with which he took his seat, fearing that the conversation might drift into depths too profound for him.

> I was introduced to the Master, who, after he had said the Latin Grace, turned to me and remarked, 'Mr. Streatfield, your name is very familiar to me. In the year 1846 I first saw the match between Eton and Harrow, and in the Eton Eleven there was an E. N. Streatfield, who made 26 runs and helped materially in giving Harrow a very sound beating.' I told him that Newton Streatfield was my cousin, and we talked cricket during the whole dinner. He gave me the names of most of the Eton and Harrow Elevens and what each one of them had done as a cricketer afterwards. I need hardly say that I enjoyed that meal (though it was a war-dinner) and the conversation, and found that my dread of profound subjects was perfectly groundless.

At a Harrow dinner, arranged to wish God-speed to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy-Designate of India, Butler was in the chair. His opening speech was full of reminiscences of earlier Viceroys. An old friend, in congratulating him, ventured to remark that the speech must have required much previous study. 'No,' he replied, 'I remembered my Indian history and needed no elaborate preparation.'

And yet no one was more scrupulous than Butler about the respect due to an audience.

> I remember [writes Bishop Gore] his saying with a good deal of feeling that no one had a right to lecture on a subject until he had made a really deep study of it. 'Of course, a fairly clever man can lecture so as to be applauded and pass muster on most subjects; but such facility is worthless. There isn't anything that I should

dare to lecture on to an instructed audience, except, perhaps, Napoleon's Italian Campaign.'

When he went to Trinity [again I quote Bishop Gore] I thought the Intellectuals did not the least appreciate him : and he didn't appreciate them. The destructive and cynical tendencies of modern Intellectualism were quite repugnant to him. Nevertheless he was a bigger man than they recognised. Of course, in his characteristic excellence as a chairman at public meetings, his unique power of appreciating other people, with a total absence of cynicism or jealousy, coupled with his unrivalled gift of speech, made him supreme. Nobody I ever heard came near him as a chairman or public speaker, when there was somebody or some venerated institution to be commemorated.

To rank him as one of the Makers of England in the Nineteenth Century would be an affectation. Such a title is only accorded to those who are in the limelight of public life, or are acclaimed leaders of thought in literature. But a great School-Master has the privilege or the responsibility, call it which you will, of forming the minds of a large number of men destined in their turn to influence the lives and consciences of their countrymen. Few have exercised this power more penetratingly than Butler, and none have used it with higher ideals. When we think of the wide circle of friends and the long roll of pupils, including so many 'leaders of the people,' who leant on him for counsel and gratefully owned to his inspiration, we must conclude that the mark he made upon his generation was deeper than the careless critic would acknowledge.

CHAPTER XV

DR. MONTAGU BUTLER: IN CHURCH AND STATE

I AM indebted to the Dean of Carlisle for the following impression of Dr. Butler's attitude as a Churchman. I hope to endorse and illustrate it by some letters and pronouncements of his own.

I have heard Butler described as an Evangelical. He was no doubt evangelical in his general devotional tone and tastes, and he was essentially Protestant. He certainly rejected any distinctively High-church view of the Ministry and the Sacraments. But equally little did he hold any distinctively evangelical doctrine: nor was there ever any special emphasis laid upon the doctrine of the Atonement, however understood. The nearest approach to an indication of the way in which he himself understood that doctrine which I ever heard (and I was on the look-out for such indications) was contained in the assertion that Christ hung upon the Cross 'in some mysterious sense bearing the sins of the whole world.' He might, I should say, be described as an orthodox and old-fashioned Broad-churchman—one of the school of men like Frederick Robertson and Maurice and Arnold, without, perhaps, holding any of the characteristic views of any one of them. He was liberal—ardently liberal—in his dislike of Ecclesiasticism and narrowness, in his sympathy with toleration and comprehensiveness, and in the undogmatic tone of his religious feeling and religious teaching. I remember his saying to me once, 'I can't stand the way in which young clergymen talk about Dissenters. It brings out all that is worst in me.' I remember his saying that the fear of being heretical was a base and contemptible thing, or something of the kind. But he had no particular interest in—probably little knowledge of—modern views. When he preached from the Old Testament, the narrative was dealt with vaguely and ethically: the miraculous element was not denied, but it was never insisted upon. I don't think he himself felt even Old Testament 'difficulties' very acutely: I remember that he seemed not to sympathise with a suggestion I once made as to the unedifying character of some of the Old Testament Sunday lessons and the need of a new Lectionary. Still less did he feel the difficulties of modern New Testament criticism. But he was very little disposed to insist on rigid orthodoxy. He always spoke with apparent sympathy and admiration

of the older Broad-churchmen—Kingsley and Farrar—and even of so liberal a Churchman as Stanley. He expressed general agreemen with my two volumes of sermons—' Doctrine and Development ' and ' Christus in Ecclesia,' but he refused to sign a petition to the Bishops in favour of critical liberty, and declared to me that he could not himself be a clergyman if he did not hold to the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection. The fact is, he was neither speculatively minded nor critically minded. He felt ' objections ' of all kinds extraordinarily little. His own creed was probably very simple—definite on a few points which seemed to him fundamental; on all others vaguely broad, undefined, and tolerant. He was quite exaggeratedly distrustful of his own power of forming a judgement upon anything like a speculative question.

It would be unfair to label Butler with any of the accepted tickets of ' High, ' ' Low,' or ' Broad ' Churchmanship. He earnestly tried to find the good in all schools of thought; and this sympathy mellowed with age. At Cambridge he was trusted and respected by Churchmen of all calibres and the leaders of other denominations, because he was ready to meet with them, and work with them, in any social cause. In platform speeches he avoided all approach to exclusiveness, offended no susceptibilities, generously acknowledged the earnestness of those from whom he differed. For intolerance and, above all, for religious persecution, he had a horror. In 1859 he wrote:

With my whole soul I hate the young insolence that affects to think admiration below it, a thing that it is well to have passed through as a phase. I hate intolerance too. That unkind want of sympathy with earnest investigations of truth, that policemanlike quickness at catching the first trip, seems to me one of the worst evils we have to fight. And it can only be fought by a fixed faith of one's own, and a gentle, loving life. Intolerance, so far from being extinguished, is actually fed by a dilettante indifference.

And again in the same year he wrote:

I am going to be ordained in September. I don't believe in the damnatory clauses of any Creed: but the Church of England does not seem to me to stand upon them. The *doctrine* of the Creeds is what she adopts and maintains. Why should I, who love the National Church, and have loved her like a simple Englishman from a boy, be held back from trying to serve God and England in her by some objections to a few stray non-essentials? That would be slavery indeed.

An extract from a sermon which he preached on Missionary Societies early in his career at Harrow will further illustrate his rooted dislike for party-spirit in ecclesiastical affairs.

Harrow: March 25, 1860.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *liberty*; and where there is liberty, there is an absence of jealousy. Societies do not escape the great danger of becoming representatives of party animosities. Those who prefer the one are but too apt to depreciate, perhaps to denounce, the exertions of the other, though both profess to be acting as the Ministers of Him in whom there is . . . neither this party nor that party, neither High Churchman nor Evangelical, but Christ is all and in all. I would earnestly warn you—you will one day remember the warning, if not now—keep clear of party spirit, and, above all, banish it from your religion. Claim the liberty in which Christ hath made you free, to admire the good, and to aid the good, in whatever connexion you find it.

His early years of Head-Mastership at Harrow were contemporary with two religious persecutions, that of Professor Jowett at Oxford and Dr. Temple at Rugby for their share in 'Essays and Reviews,' and that of Bishop Colenso at Cape Town for his publications on the Pentateuch. There was an outcry that Temple was unfit to remain Head-Master of Rugby, and an attempt to oust Jowett from his Professorship. By the Cape Town Judgment Colenso was deposed from the Episcopate, and later he was excommunicated for refusing to submit to the Judgment. The sentence, though upheld by Archbishop Longley and the Bench of Bishops, was reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Against the effort to drive Dr. Temple from Rugby Butler signed a protest.

I deeply regret the Manifesto of the Bishops,[1] and believe it will do harm. Temple's resignation would grieve me more than almost any public event I can think of. I have written to my brother Arthur to enquire whether there is the slightest fear of it. I can hardly imagine any document approved by Westcott and Lightfoot and Stanley which I should not eagerly sign.

Colenso had been a Master at Harrow, and on visiting England he was a frequent guest at the house of Farrar. When attending services in the School Chapel he had been asked, as a Bishop, to pronounce the benediction, and this little act of courtesy had brought upon the Head-Master some letters of remonstrance from intolerant parents. I gather from the following letter that the episcopal blessing was reluctantly abandoned; but it is clear that Butler joined in a protest against the Cape Town Judgment.

[1] A Condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, published 1860.

To the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

Harrow: March 5, 1864.

Pray make my best apologies to the Bishop and to Mrs. Colenso, if she accompanies him. If he attends the Chapel to-morrow, he will, I hope, occupy the seat next to mine. I have no right to take any unnecessary step likely to shake the feelings of parents. At the same time when he is once here I am determined to do nothing which may seem to imply discourtesy.

I have been having a long and interesting correspondence with Bradley & Temple, the upshot of which is that we are prepared to sign the following as a rider to the original list of subscribers. Subscriptions have also been notified under the following heading: 'The undersigned, being either Clergymen or other Members of the Church of England, are desirous in the interests of justice to assist in submitting the Cape Town Judgment to a Superior Tribunal.' I was unwilling to sign the original paper on the *Noscitur a Sociis* principle. There was hardly a man among the subscribers, excepting, of course, Simpkinson and friends here, with whom I could feel any real sympathy. I could not feel that they were, *as a whole*, protesting from a Church of England—hardly, perhaps, from a Christian—point of view, and I was anxious that any protest I might make should wear on the face of it this Church of England character. In the present crisis of religious opinion the signature of the humble clergyman has, it seems to me, more significance and more value than that of a J. S. Mill or a T. Carlyle.

Of course I am not surprised that other persons, equally attached to the Church and far better Christians than myself, should have felt less strongly the objections arising from the heterogeneous character of the subscribers. It is a difficult question for us all.

The following long letter I quote in full, because it gives us not only Butler's repugnance to the persecutions, but also his general views upon Scriptural exegesis. W. E. H. Sotheby was a member of Butler's first Sixth Form (1860–1), and at the date of this letter was at Balliol.

To W. E. H. Sotheby.

Harrow: March 12, 1864.

I am much touched by your letter. I suspect it represents the strivings of many hearts at the present day, especially at the Universities, and most of all at Oxford.

As to the late decision of Convocation [1] (Congregation ?) there can be but one opinion—indignation and humiliation at the thought that such a pitiful bullying can find a shelter under the name of religion. One result—to me a very melancholy one—it is impossible not to foresee, that the ablest and most generous-minded men at Oxford will be more and more disinclined to take Orders, from a horror of the narrowness and blindness to which the clerical mind is

[1] A resolution to deprive the Rev. B. Jowett of his emoluments as Professor of Greek.

so peculiarly liable. Never was there a more short-sighted attempt to serve the interests of the Established Church.

But I must not shrink from sending some answer to the infinitely more important question which makes your letter so painfully interesting to me.

The country at large will soon grow ashamed of bullying Jowett, and this gross piece of injustice will probably some day be set right; but you and I will hardly live to see the subsidence of the long-brewing commotion of which the 'Essays and Reviews' and Colenso have been the most prominent symbols.

What is the Bible? What is the meaning of Inspiration? Is there anything special, exceptional, miraculous in Christianity? Or is it only to be regarded as a natural development of religious consciousness, and is the Author simply the holiest *man* that ever sympathised with human spirits? Such are the great questions—by no means identical, differing from one another most widely, and requiring that the real distinction between them should be constantly borne in mind—which are making sad the truest hearts in our generation, and in a touching sense separating the children from their fathers.

I owe it to you, as you have voluntarily consulted me, to say frankly how it seems to me that such solemn questions ought to be regarded.

In the first place, then, I feel strongly that enquiries of this kind should receive sympathy and encouragement, as things good in themselves, and as an acceptable service to God. Many good men, infinitely more advanced Christians than myself, either turn away from them in horror, or tolerate them as necessary evils. This I believe to be altogether a mistake, and full of serious perils. It practically reduces Christianity to a religion of the emotions and the acts, instead of allowing it to be also a religion of the intellect. It loses sight of Christ as the Truth and the Light, and confounds childlike faith with blind acquiescence in tradition.

My own earnest conviction is that you cannot have too much enquiry; that is a sign, not of a degenerate, but of a vigorous, Church; that any Church which attempts to stifle it, or looks upon it with uneasy suspicion, is doing just what St. Paul would have vehemently denounced, and violating the very spirit of the Reformation. Of course, if you make up your mind for enquiry, you must be prepared for some startling conclusions. You cannot have your eyes open and shut at the same time. But this is only to say—what no sober-minded Christian would question—that a grave responsibility rests with those who are either enquirers themselves or eager canvassers of the enquiries of others. It cannot be too often repeated that nothing can be safe or acceptable to God which is not in the highest degree truthful; and we cannot describe as strictly truthful that state of mind which takes tradition as its only standard of truth, and refuses to hear any questionings as to the soundness of the traditions.

This, then, is the general spirit in which I regard such controversies as those in which our lot is cast. I have so little tendency to speculation myself that I am never likely to take a very active part in them; but this makes me feel more and more the duty of securing justice for those deeper minds on whom falls the burden and heat of the day.

The outcry against 'Essays and Reviews' and against Colenso has been to me a very sad thing to witness. I did not at all like the first book *as a whole*. It seemed to me that it breathed very little of fervid Christianity. One at least of the Essays was intolerably flippant and insolent in its contempt for existing convictions; but still I could not help feeling that in its main scope the book deserved sympathy, not wholesale condemnation. It was doing a work—by no means in the best way possible—which the real interests of the Christian Church required to be done, and it was not very likely—considering the infirmities of human nature—that it would be done better. Therefore I was much grieved by the line adopted by the Bishops, and I have rejoiced at the various legal decisions which have cleared the conduct of the Essayists.

And now again with Colenso. I feel strongly that the question, Who wrote any book of the Bible? is a question not of religious faith, but of literary criticism, and this distinction ought fully to be admitted by all religious men. Doubtless any man who maintains that long cherished views on so sacred a subject are mistaken, is bound to speak with caution, with reverence, and with tenderness, but he ought not, I am convinced, to be set down as a heretic or an enemy to the Church.

My belief is that all these discussions, whether as to the text or the doctrines of the Bible, will result in a widely increased reverence for its lessons, and a deeper conviction of its being one of God's chosen and appointed channels for revealing Himself through His Son, 'These are they which *testify of Me*'—'Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the *things concerning Himself*.' These are expressions to which I cling with my whole heart, though I believe that they require for their interpretation something deeper than the current theology of the day.

I think that 20 years hence devout Christians will speak of the Bible as an *authoritative* rather than as an *infallible* standard. At present there are many who, when they think of Inspiration, attach to it at once the idea of infallibility. Divested of this, they could not regard it as authoritative. But this seems to me a sign of weakness and not of strength.

Here I must stop. I have written necessarily in a disjointed manner, but the thoughts themselves are not hasty ones—nay, when are they absent from my mind? If I might add one word of caution, it would be this, that anyone who takes what I call the liberal view of current controversies is peculiarly bound to 'watch and pray' for the spirit of humility and of holiness; for there can be no doubt that we often see a most painful contrast between 'truth and justice' on the one side and 'religion and piety' on the other.

To think less of human teachers and to learn more and more of Christ Himself, is the true anchor of the soul and the intellect for those who would fain make shipwreck neither of their faith nor of their candour.

The influences which tended to determine Butler's particular shade of Churchmanship I conceive to have

been these: His early associations at Gayton and Peterborough were distinctly evangelical. Vaughan also, to whom he owed much in the trend of his thoughts, was an Evangelical, though of wider sympathies and outlook. From such sources he derived that strong vein of Protestantism and distrust of sacerdotal claims which ran through his letters and his teaching. The seed so sown was ripened by his own untrammelled thought upon the subject. Not only by tradition or early influence, but by study of the New Testament and the Church's history, he reached a profound conviction of the danger of sacerdotalism and of its incompatibility with the teaching of the Gospels.

Later, in his undergraduate and post-graduate days at Cambridge, he conceived a great admiration for Frederick D. Maurice, J. Llewelyn Davies, and Arthur Stanley.

The following letters evince his feelings towards Maurice:

To the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies.

Harrow: April 2, 1872.

I had just a few hours here and was meaning to tell you how Litchfield and I had rejoiced together at Cheltenham over your election,[1] when this sad news[2] arrives and puts most other things out of one's thoughts. Probably on the whole his was the greatest and noblest and most fruitful public life that has been passed in England during these last fifty years. There are few indeed that could be put in competition with it. Even I can feel this; yet I am conscious of being wholly unable to appreciate more than a small fragment of the greatness that was in him, and of the impress he has left both upon thought and action.

I am very grateful that you added my name to the requisition,[3] and will certainly come up from West Malvern, either to the Abbey or to Highgate.

Do kindly forward the enclosed to poor Mrs. Maurice's address.

I feel for *you*, my dear friend. No one knew him better, or contributed more to his happiness.

To the Same.

Fort William: August 16, 1907.

Your paper on Maurice has been with me here for some days, and I am grateful to you for having sent it me. I was never worthy to be one of his disciples, nor could I ever have written about him anything clear or solid. But I always felt him, especially in the

[1] To the London School Board.
[2] Death of the Rev. F. D. Maurice.
[3] For Maurice's burial in Westminster Abbey.

'fifties and 'sixties, to be one of the wisest, noblest, and holiest men of our time, and that he was sowing seed among the Working Classes, as well as others, which later generations would find growing.

How far the present spirit of the Working Men's College is like his, I cannot judge. That he is still deeply reverenced there, there can be no doubt. It is delightful to hear Lowes Dickinson speak of him.

I got a little interesting talk with Sir Frederick Maurice in July. It increased my notion of some of the difficulties which his father had encountered in founding the W.M.C.

In his Harrow days, then, Butler approached most nearly to the views and objects of the Broad Church School, though he never gave full assent to all that they desired. He was averse to tests and rigid subscription. When his friend Charles Gray[1] was offered the post of Examining Chaplain to Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Ely, Butler wrote to him:

To the Rev. CHARLES GRAY.

Harrow, March 12, 1864.

You will not think that I am indifferent to the prospect of usefulness opened out before you by the Bishop's offer. I do not think that you should hesitate about accepting it.

I only hope you will not let Harold Browne add any 40th or 41st Article to the 39 which he knows so well. If I can see anything clearly in these obscure days, it is that the time has gone by for strengthening the Church of England by rigid tests. If a single Bishop would have the pluck to show a little Christian sympathy to what are called 'dangerous men,' he would do more to attract the ablest youths to Orders than if a million were added for the improvement of Benefices. But the Bishops, kind, fatherly, and laborious as they are, are also desperately timid, and have consequently hardly any hold on the ablest younger men. What I greatly fear is that they will endeavour through their private examinations for Orders to compensate for the lax interpretations of the Ecclesiastical Courts; so that young men will be called upon to profess their belief in theories of Inspiration, etc., which in a few years they will see to be untenable.

When will men, when will clergy, learn that the Christian Faith can only thrive in an atmosphere of liberty? I feel painfully that we are in for a dose of ultra-conservative rigidity both in Church and State.

And to Archdeacon Vesey he wrote about the same date:

I suspect we agree in the feeling that the Bishops are cutting but a poor figure just now—giving us scorpions instead of bread. A Bishop complaining that able young men will not take Orders

[1] Fellow of Trinity, afterwards Canon of Lincoln and Southwell.

is like a spider lamenting the scepticism of the finest and shrewdest flies. Of course they will not sacrifice their liberty to the extent demanded by Episcopal blindness. It is a sad spectacle.

Butler keenly wanted to see the Church of England brought into closer touch with the laity, and especially with the poor. He thought the power of the parochial clergy too absolute. The sale of advowsons seemed to him a scandal. Unless some wholesome reforms could be realised in the constitution (not the creeds) of the Church, he feared that the knell of the Establishment might ring.

To the Rev. W. E. H. Sotheby.

Harrow: October 11, 1868.

If the Church of England is to stand as an Establishment (which *I* earnestly hope) it must be by becoming, in the best sense of the word, *popular*; by so winning the affection of the mass of people as to make them feel, 'we will never be robbed of our own.' And the arousing or maintaining of this sentiment depends practically upon the Parochial Clergy. The modern application of the words 'neither being as lords over God's heritage' seems to me to touch the mass of the Clergy even more than the Bishop. With us the Parish priest is too *αὐτάρκης*, just as among the Dissenters the Minister is far too independent. The notion of a living being a freehold, of the Clergyman being practically an autocrat, and that permanently, in his own Parish, seems to me to be essentially erroneous; but whether theoretically defensible or not, I am sure it cannot stand in a society which is constantly becoming more democratic. So far as our Church is aristocratic and feudal, she must inevitably in these days lose ground. But if she will accept democracy as a Christian fact on which she is now called to look with sympathy and not with suspicion, and if she will make such changes, either in practice or by legislation, as will give to the mass of the people more of the feeling that she belongs at heart to *them*, even more than to the gentry, then I do not despair of another century of life and honour.

If her day of trial comes in our time, may we be preserved from taking merely professional and prejudiced views on this great subject, but simply ask ourselves the question, Is an Establishment still the best instrument in the hands of God and man for promoting 'truth and justice, religion and piety' over the whole country and not simply a portion of it? Or are we to believe that 'the old order' has 'changed,' and do we hear the clang of the *Μεταβαίνωμεν ἐντεῦθεν*? It would grieve me to the heart to believe that the latter alternative was the true one, for I could not help abscribing it (perhaps faithlessly) to the frivolity and indifference and sacerdotalism of the country rather than to nobler and more earnest convictions.

You, I feel sure, will have a happy and useful life in your new Church.[1] You will have no private crotchets to pamper, and will

[1] The Vicarage of Lepton, Yorks.

not think that Christ is served by the self-importance of His Ministers.

In the formation and earlier activities of the Church Reform Association he seemed to see hope of effecting moderate changes in the Church. He joined the Council of which his old political chief at the Board of Health, the Rt. Hon. Wm. Cowper-Temple, was Chairman. A meeting of this Body was held on February 15, 1872, in St. James' Hall, and Dr. Butler was entrusted with the moving of an important resolution:

That it is desirable to give the laity in parishes, by means of a representative organisation, some voice in the introduction of changes in the Church Services within the law, and for taking further part in the local administration of the Church.

One most important question [he said] in which the great mass of the people are intimately concerned, is the appointment of the clergyman and the duration of his tenure. . . . I know the importance of liberty in our parishes, and can testify that the feeling is widely spreading, that the power which a clergyman exercises ought to be more controlled. . . . There is no more glorious description of the Master than the phrase, 'The common people heard him gladly.' That Church which will win a hold upon the people of this country in the future must first win over the poor of the land, who must be made to feel that the Church of England is *their own*, and that they have a distinct part in its interests. . . . I know not whether the Church of England is destined to live for ever, but if she is to remain for ever in connection with the State, it must be by enlisting, side by side with the devotion of the clergy, the wisdom of an enlightened laity and the loyal affection and co-operation of the poor.

He does not seem to have followed up that address with any active participation in the work of the Council, or even with great interest in their efforts. Other occupations crowded it out of his mind and time. A few years later he heard rumours that the Society had come under the influence of men with whose zeal for religious liberty he could not go all the way, and that it was turning its attention to changes in *doctrine*. This accounts for the following letters to Llewelyn Davies and Hastings Rashdall:

To the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies.

West Malvern: May 1, 1881.

I am in some doubt and difficulty as to my connection with the Church Reform Association, and I feel prompted to speak to you on the subject rather than to anyone else.

I refer to the *doctrinal* attitude which it is said to be assuming, not to questions of administration, however important, like Albert Gray's Bill, for example, or restrictions to be placed on patronage.

Two trusted friends gave me spontaneously a short account of the recent meeting at Oxford, when Green and Toynbee took a prominent part. . . . Well, these two friends from their several points of view both think that I am in a false position by being nominally on the Council of a Society, part of whose programme is supposed to be announced by Green and Toynbee. As I gather it, both of these good and able men make no secret of their desire to get rid of all, or nearly all, distinctive dogmas as obligatory on the Clergy of our Church: and generally they would make the terms of Church membership so lax, and, I presume, the language of our Liturgy so altered, that any man of a religious frame of mind might feel himself at home in one of our Churches.

Now it is of course possible that my friends may have misrepresented what fell from Green and Toynbee, and also that these two men spoke only for themselves, and not in any way as emissaries accredited by the C.R.A. On the other hand, this relaxation of terms of Subscription and terms of Church membership *may* be one of the new articles in the programme of the Society. So far as I can recall the meeting in St. James' Hall a good many years ago, no such article was then put forward. The nearest appoach to it that I can remember was the disuse in Church of the Athanasian Creed; but the interval between such a disuse and the views which Green and Toynbee are now said to put forward is of course of the widest.

For myself I have no expectation whatever of making our Church more loved and powerful by either altering her dogmatic language or weakening what I understand to be her testimony to the strictly miraculous character of historical Christianity. I thought Stopford Brooke acted like an honest man when he left us; and I could not at all agree with the line Haweis took on the subject. In the same way it appears to me that all attempts to make the Gospel History palateable—if I may use such a word—to thoughtful men by explaining away the miraculous, and especially the miracle of the Resurrection, are against the facts and doomed to failure. They may be perfectly devout and perfectly honest, but no Church can ever be built on such a foundation.

Can you tell me whether any such attempt as that which I have referred to is becoming part of the programme of the C.R.A.? And in particular whether you gather that the Society is coming to be known in this character at the Universities?

If so, I ought clearly to reconsider my own personal relation to it. I fear it will never be possible for me, so long as I am overwhelmed with work at Harrow, to be of any real service to the Society; but there is so much in its aims with which I sympathise, that I have been glad to be allowed a place on the Council, even though habitually an absentee. . . .

To the Rev. Hastings Rashdall.

Harrow: February 20, 1885.

. . . As to the Church Reform Society, the simple fact is that I have never attended one of its meetings, and scarcely ever glanced at any one of its papers! Whether I ought to have remained on the Council may be well doubted. Several of my friends—some

very influential—wished me to break off, but I put the question by rather weakly, partly from natural procrastination, partly from a dislike to turn one's back on friends, when they seemed likely to *gain* by it.

I took part in the first meeting in London, when Lord Lyttelton was in the chair, and when Bishop Temple, Stanley, Barry, Bishop Ryle, Sir George Young, etc. were among the speakers. I believe this was the meeting out of which the Society 'grew,' but I really am not sure. I suppose it will now[1] be a plain duty to become better acquainted with its proceedings, and then act as may seem right. I have a strong desire to make the Church more 'popular,' and make the mass of the people feel it is their own, but as for the means of doing this, I am as vague as most men who have not been officially called to consider the subject in detail.

Many years later we find him maintaining the same attitude. He was asked by his old pupil, Dr. Hastings Rashdall, then Canon of Hereford and now Dean of Carlisle, to sign a Petition to Convocation in favour of liberty of thought among the Clergy. There is no real inconsistency in his reply. It breathes the same spirit of toleration for others; but there are points beyond which he cannot himself go in the direction of liberal interpretation of the Creeds.

To the Rev. Canon H. Rashdall.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: April 24, 1914.

I have seldom felt the pains of the 'divided mind' more acutely than on receiving your most kind letter and its very important enclosure.

Not only do I agree, and have for long years agreed, to *almost* every word in the paper, but further, I have a vivid recollection of the controversies as to Maurice, Colenso, Jowett, Stanley, Seeley, in all of which I was strongly—almost passionately—on what I should call the liberal side.

And yet—I cannot sign the paper, and I hope it is something better than cowardice or weakness which makes me hesitate. We are thinking of the position of Clergymen, not Laymen. There are some limits to a Clergyman's absolute freedom. Personally I cannot get over the Virgin Birth and the Bodily appearance, eating and drinking, of the Crucified. I have no temptation to blame those who explain these phenomena as non-miraculous, but, for myself, I cannot follow, probably not understand, them.

As you know, I am very far from being well read in Theology, ancient or modern, but on these subjects I have read, among others, Harnack, Streeter, and our English friend just gone from Leyden to America, and I cannot agree with them. If *I* did not hold these two beliefs in their literal and accepted sense, I could no longer act as a clergyman.

[1] He had just been appointed Dean of Gloucester.

This being so, and as these two grave matters are specially named in your paper, and are confessedly now uppermost in people's minds, I cannot give my signature. I could take no part in condemnation of others, but neither can I take part in encouraging.

As to the Kikuyu business, Bishop Weston's action is deplorable. In a few days I am taking the Chair at a C.M.S. meeting, where the Bishop of Mombasa, Dr. Peel, is to be chief speaker; but I shall hope to keep as far as possible from hateful 'party venom.' . . .

A still earlier note shows the importance *to him* of the literal acceptance of another Article of the Creeds.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

Harrow: January 26, 1866.

I must no longer delay to thank you, and that most heartily, for your 'Gospel of the Resurrection.'

It reached me, if the truth must be told, the day before yesterday, and I at once plunged into it with the keenest interest. You have indeed done a great service in calling attention to the paramount significance of the Resurrection, and of the truth that, without the cordial belief in it as a fact, Christianity is a delusion.

I have inserted these three letters, of widely different dates in his life, to show the consistency with which he clung to fixed beliefs and the limits beyond which continuance in the clerical profession seemed to him impossible. He was equally faithful in his early devotion to the Establishment, if the Church could be purged of abuses and rooted more deeply, by orderly reforms, in the love of the people.

In 1885, a few months after Butler had left Harrow, Mr. Chamberlain produced the 'Radical Programme,' which contained, among other baits for the new electorate, the promise of Disestablishment and Disendowment. Mr. Gladstone in his address to the Midlothian electors acknowledged that this question must become a prominent one, though it could not become practical 'until it shall have grown familiar to the public mind by thorough discussion, with the further condition that the proposal, when thoroughly discussed, shall be approved.'

This rather nebulous reference drew from Mr. Bosworth Smith a series of letters to *The Times* in defence of the Church. He contrasted 'the fiat of Mr. Chamberlain' with the indefinite pronouncements of 'the most venerable and venerated of our Liberal leaders.' Bosworth Smith's challenge to the Prime Minister elicited a reply denying that Disestablishment was a question upon which the

Liberal Party was prepared to act, or was even agreed. In subsequent Midlothian speeches Mr. Gladstone, again insisting on this point, stated his opinion that the duty of a leader was 'to ascertain the average convictions of his party and largely to give effect to them'—an unfortunate statement which gave Bosworth Smith a handle for incisive criticism. The whole correspondence was published in pamphlet form, and a copy was sent to the Dean of Gloucester.

To R. Bosworth Smith.

Athenæum : December 3, 1885.

I am here *en route* for work at Westminster and Cambridge, and how can I spend 20 minutes better than in thanking you for the Pamphlet and the letter? The last few days at Gloucester have been taken up with Chapters and other meetings, or I should have written before.

You have certainly done a most important service to the nation by pleading the cause of the National Church. In your last letter, which I think I like best of all, you are overwhelming in the *argumentum ad hominem* as regards Gladstone. He ought, I hold, to have declared his real opinion as to the principle of the proposed change, and not to have found refuge in mere opportunism. At the same time we must remember that if—which I fully believe now to be his real opinion—he had declared for Disestablishment as the ideal (and not merely the possible) necessity of the future, he would at once have brought over to the side of change a large number of waverers and perhaps a considerable number of those who so far have been otherwise minded. It is possible that the consciousness of possessing this power may have made him, apart from political opportunism, reluctant to use it.

The only point on which you and I appear to differ as to his present opinion on the subject is this—that I believe him no longer to regret the supposed tide of opinion in favour of Disestablishment. I believe that in his heart he welcomes it. Perhaps I am wrong.

Anyhow the great thing of course is to utilise in the highest degree the present *ἀναπνόη*. . . . It seems to me morally certain that the Bishops will, as a body, go in heartily for large reforms, but I do not feel equally clear as to the average country clergy, especially the High and dry, if such still remain. The thought of any lay control, especially for labourers, may seem to them 'the accursed thing.'

I hope something will be brought forward early in the new Parliament. I greatly doubt whether Gladstone would go in heartily for lay influence in Church matters. I suspect there is nothing deeper in him than High Church feeling of the Newman type. You remember how scornfully he upset Tom Hughes' proposal to let laymen, with consent of the Bishop, *preach*. He went at it with gusto. . . .

The 'Battle of the Schools' in the early years of the twentieth century excited in Butler's mind a somewhat

gloomy interest. It is characteristic, I think, of the change in his political sympathies, to which I must call attention later, that he raised no voice against the Conservative measure for endowing the Church Schools with public money, while he anticipated the worst effects from the Liberal measure with its conscience-clauses in relief of the teachers.

To Dr. R. T. Davidson (Archbishop of Canterbury).

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 1, 1909.

It is easy indeed for an outsider to prophesy, and prophets, as we know, can say 'smooth things' consciously or unconsciously. I wish I could feel as certainly that there will be no disruption of our great Church in the next quarter of a century as I *do* feel certain, rightly or wrongly, that our country in its most Radical moments, and just after a Radical election, will never allow the teaching given in the schools for which it pays, either by taxes or rates, to become wholly secular.

You have made a beautiful use in your letter of to-day of the 'Old order changing.' One part of the 'change' I am persuaded must be that the Clergy must play a less prominent and authoritative part in the schools of the young, and the teachers a still more leading part. And the more that this inevitable prospect is recognised by the Clergy, the more painful it must be to many, including many of the most loving and devoted, if not the wisest and most far-seeing.

Fifty-five years ago my dear Father was practically an autocrat in our little Gayton School, where Dr. King and Westcott's daughter now are. He need hardly have raised a finger to get a good work done. But since then what changes! The teachers almost a new profession. The clergy in many villages distrusted, though revered. The State the paymaster, obliged to obey each varying election.

I suppose almost our chief anxiety and prayer should be that the teachers, however appointed, should be earnest Christian men and trained in a Christian 'atmosphere.'

To Miss Frances Arnold.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: June 11, 1908.

I often find it difficult to think how your Father would have voted and led others to vote on this most perplexing Education question. I seem to see how he would have felt as to the absolute necessity of retaining Scriptural teaching in every day-School, and that taught by the chief teacher in the School; and I don't believe he would have wished to change in a moment the status of thousands of Church Schools in order to entitle them to Rate aid. On the other hand, he would have seen that as School teachers the Clergy must 'decrease' and the trained Laymen 'increase.'

Reference has been made by several of my correspondents to Butler's 'Protestantism.' It was undoubtedly a marked feature in his Churchmanship. To his friend Vesey he wrote,

when the Public Worship Regulation Act was before Parliament in 1874:

I can imagine that Archdeacons have been having a hot time of it just of late, urged by the Clergy to protest against the Archbishops' Bill. For my part I should vote steadily for the Bill, were I in the House of Commons. There are dangers in everything, but the danger of our Church avowedly dallying with Romanism seems to me the worst of all. I suspect some of the High Church Clergy will secede, but this must be faced.

And to the same friend he wrote in 1902:

As to the Church, I could croak seriously on ultra-Sacerdotalism, the reintroduction not of 'Confession' only, but of the Confessional, and the obvious powerlessness or unwillingness of the Bishops to check it. But at least there is much piety, self-devotion, love of the poor, unworldliness. If I was a good R.C., I should be very happy.

In 1910 a Conference of all the Missionary Societies was held at Edinburgh. A remonstrance from many members of the S.P.G. against that Society being represented at a Congress which included the Nonconformist Missionaries excited Butler's indignation. To a very old friend he wrote:

I cannot be too thankful that you personally, with so many other distinguished Prelates, were present at the great Edinburgh gathering. To my mind it would have been nothing short of a calamity, I had almost said an impiety, if our dear Church had not been powerfully represented there. On the other hand I cannot get free from the misgiving that the S.P.G., as a representative Society of Christian Missionary enthusiasm, has made but an imperfect use of a great opportunity. . . . You could not afford to ignore, or in any way to 'snub' so many Remonstrants, but this does not make me feel the less that it is a disaster to our Church and to the cause of our Master that such a Remonstrance should be possible.

The plain fact is that the extreme party in the Church, as represented by Lord Halifax and Mr. A. Riley, has gained the ascendant all round, and is being recruited every year by the Training Colleges. Their prestige grows. Saintly and devoted young Clergymen join them. The principles of the Reformation are with them despised and detested; and the name of 'Protestant' is an abhorrence. All this tells, of course, and must tell, on the S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K.; but it is indeed deplorable to my mind that their power and influence should have been so great as to make it necessary to adopt, virtually, an apologetic attitude to them. If ever there was an occasion for 'brethren to dwell together'—and meet and feel together—'in unity,' it was surely at the Edinburgh Concourse, and the Archbishop's opening address struck exactly the right note, without sacrificing any principle.

How well I remember Bishop G. A. Selwyn in our Guildhall here

in 1855 describing almost gleefully how he had preached in a Scotch Presbyterian Chapel in New Zealand, and wondering what John Knox would have thought of his lawn sleeves! Things have moved rapidly in the last 55 years, and I am not quite sure that even that great Bishop, always my S.P.G. hero, would have gone to Edinburgh without thinking it necessary to make some definite reserves; but such necessity, if it be one, is in a high degree painful, and seems sadly prophetic of a disruption.

Two questions that arose during his Head-Mastership afforded practical tests of his attitude towards men of more 'advanced' views. In 1870 Canon Westcott, before leaving Harrow, pressed for more frequent celebrations of the Holy Communion. In those days the celebrations in Harrow Chapel were held about once a month, after Matins at 11 o'clock. Butler's considered reply ran as follows:

To the Rev. Canon B. F. Westcott.

Harrow: February 19, 1870.

You may justly claim that my answer to your important proposal should be no longer deferred. I need not say that it has again and again been before my mind. It costs me something to add that I came to the conclusion that the proposed change would not be likely to work beneficially. You will anticipate the nature of my objections, though you will not be able to think that they have a preponderating claim.

The whole question turns upon the point what is most for the spiritual good of the *boys*. Our own aspirations—even the highest—we must clearly be willing to sacrifice, if by indulging them we are likely to make too great a demand upon the younger boys entrusted to us.

What I think is, that *whenever* the Holy Communion is celebrated in our Chapel, every confirmed boy should think himself not only privileged but (in the right sense of the word) expected to stay. If he absents himself, we should feel that he is departing from a holy observance which is valued by the mass of his companions, and that he owes to his conscience a special justification of the step. Now it is clear to me that the proportion of our boys from whom we could expect an habitual attendance at a weekly celebration would be quite inconsiderable. It would be more than the example of their parents, and more than their own religious feelings, would prompt.

As to this assumed *fact*, I think that you would probably agree with me; but I must go farther and say frankly that the weekly attendance of young boys at the Lord's Table would cause me uneasiness rather than thankful hope. I should see in it the working of a transient emotion rather than of a settled devout principle, and I should anticipate but too confidently a sad re-action, either while they were still members of the School, or afterwards when they had joined the University or the Army.

Further, I think there would be a decided danger in visibly

marking off into two distinct groups the large majority that absented themselves and the small minority that stayed. The effect upon the latter would be likely to be very unhealthy, inspiring them with self-centred thoughts, and prompting them to identify the religious life with the observance of one most holy ordinance.

There is yet a third objection to which I am not conscious of having given an excessive weight, though it manifestly ought not to be neglected. At present we have the happiness of seeing *all* the Members of our Staff assembling at the Lord's Table on almost every occasion. If the celebration were weekly, I am convinced that this would no longer be the case. We should at once, like the boys, be broken up visibly into two bodies. Many of the Masters, independently of their conviction that we were acting erroneously in the interests of the boys, would themselves recoil from so frequent a celebration, and their absence would lead to an amount of comment and curiosity which would be injurious to the Christian life of our whole body.

I am not afraid of your misinterpreting my own sense of the blessing of frequent Communion where the Communicants are in some sense τέλειοι, but where we have to deal with young emotional subjects, influenced rather by example and tradition than by independent conviction, I own I would rather leave a craving unsatisfied in the case of a few, than stimulate it (I should fear) artificially in the case of the majority.

I must honestly add that in my own long recollection of Harrow the Holy Communion was never more generally or more reverently attended by the boys than it was during Dr. Butler's Head-Mastership.

Three years later he was consulted by the Rev. W. Done Bushell on the subject of allowing the practice of Confession in the case of boys who might desire to unburden their consciences before attending the Communion. One would have expected from 'a Protestant' rather a stern, short refusal than the argued deprecation of the practice in the following reply:

To the Rev. W. Done Bushell.

Cromer: August 10, 1873.

I have been thinking lately over the question of Confession and of a conversation which I had with you some time back. The important debate in Convocation, and the recent letter of the Bishop of London have specially brought the matter back to my mind.

The question which you informally laid before me was the extent of encouragement which ought to be given to boys who came to you spontaneously before the Holy Communion with the object of confessing. Such cases were (I think you said) extremely few, Still they did exist, and how were they to be treated? Your own feeling was that the wish should be indulged, provided always that it was done, first, by the desire and with the entire sanction of their parents, secondly, with the full knowledge of their House-Masters.

To this view (which I hope I state accurately) I felt at liberty to accede. . . .

But the recent movement on the subject, together with our Bishop's letter, which seems to me excellent, has led me to ask myself whether the guarded acquiescence which I once expressed can be altogether justified.

It is of course difficult to define Confession, especially perhaps at School. On the one hand, nothing can be better than that a boy should feel himself at liberty to come at times to some loved and trusted Master (not necessarily a clergyman) and 'open to him his grief,' explaining his special temptations and the difficulties he finds in making head against them. Happy the school in which there are many masters so full of kindly sympathy as to make this sort of unburthening as natural and easy as it is surely helpful. It is a different thing when, as part of a supposed ecclesiastical ordinance, boys come to a Priest before the Holy Communion to confess and receive absolution. . . . Confession as a habit seems to me likely to be most injurious and contrary to the spirit of our Church and her services.

I also think that *at school*, where there is a very large proportion of sentiment in boys' religion, confession of this kind might easily become fashionable, and clearly if the thing became a 'fashion,' its evils would be unspeakable. The question is whether the craving, if craving there be, is one we ought altogether to discourage, or whether we ought to recognise the claims of 'weak brethren' and the fact that some of our boys may no doubt confess at home.

On the whole, my feeling is that the danger outweighs the good to be obtained. I think it wiser and safer to be able to say with a clear conscience, 'We do not recognise Confession to a Priest at Harrow,' than to say, 'We do not encourage it, but where parents ask it for their sons, we do not refuse.' . . .

The matter seems to come to this. Systematic Confession to a Clergyman before Communion is so dangerous and weakening a practice, and, I must now add, so strongly disapproved by the great majority of our Bishops, that I think we ought to give it no encouragement, even if parents make the mistake of asking for it. All that is really good in it—comfort, guidance, sympathy, individual prayer—we can give in other and less perilous ways. . . .

Such letters show clearly how free Butler was from any shade of bitterness towards those whose sentiments followed more Catholic lines. Bishop Gore writes of him: 'Being myself disposed to Catholic rather than Protestant ways of thought and feeling, it was a delight to me' (*i.e.* in school days) 'to feel that Butler—thorough and unmistakable Protestant as he was—was unstinting in admiration for the great Catholic Saints. All this gift of unstinted admiration and unqualified worship, each in its place, was of course connected with his beautiful humility.'

Another old pupil, the Dean of Carlisle, whose divergent views on theology have sometimes led him to cross swords

with the Bishop, dedicated to Butler a volume of sermons, 'Doctrine and Development' (1898).

To
My earliest Theological Teacher,
The Very Reverend
Henry Montagu Butler, D.D.,
Master of Trinity College, Cambridge,
This Volume is dedicated
In affectionate gratitude.

On receipt of the volume Dr. Butler replied:

To the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, D.C.L. &c.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: June 19, 1898.

Few things could have pleased me more than this most kind thought of yours. I am so deeply conscious of the little I was able to do for the larger and more philosophic minds of my dear Harrow pupils, that an attention of this kind during the closing years of life comes with quite a pathetic voice. It seems to say, 'You did not—you could not—give me in those impressionable years what a greater spirit would, consciously or not unconsciously, have given; but you did lovingly care for me, and wished me to do what *you* could never do, and gave me something at least of what you had to give.'

This is how I intend to interpret your very kind thought, and I don't intend to be diverted from my interpretation by any note or comment on your part!

When Churchmen of such different stamp can agree in devoted reverence for a common teacher it proves at least this, that the teaching they received was not only honest and forcible, but moderate and tolerant. There was indeed only one attitude towards Christianity for which Butler found no forgiveness, and that was a supercilious contempt for the Central Figure of our Faith.

In the New Testament [writes Bishop Gore] he found a figure in face of whom admiration must pass into worship, frank worship of the Man as very God. He made a great impression on some of us by almost the only 'dogmatic' sermon I ever heard him preach—on the text 'Verily, verily, I say unto you.'[1] I remember in a history lesson a passage in which Mommsen in passing spoke of the Christian Creed with some contempt, or at any rate with the assumption that Christ could only be divine in the old Roman sense (I forget the passage). Butler never talked to us much about modern Biblical criticism. In fact, he was not an expert in it. But I remember on this occasion the frankness with which he repudiated this depreciation of Christ—as if it was a sort of intellectual insolence which had

[1] Preached July 26, 1863; published in the Second Series of *Harrow Sermons*, 1869.

become so blinded that it could no longer recognise what was really divine. I suppose the Godhead in Manhood of Christ seemed to him as self-evident as to Thomas Arnold.

Yet one more evidence of Butler's comprehensive tolerance:

To the Rev. G. R. WOODWARD.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: May 21, 1902.

You write feelingly of Dolling.[1] I am conscious that I never knew him, and that what seemed most distinctive in his Church views and conduct was most repugnant to me—firm believer as I am in the Reformation. But his early death touches and humbles me, and I feel how *far* more faithful he was to his Christian ideals than I have been to mine, and how richly he deserved the love which he inspired.

Do you know

1. The Funeral of Charles Crowder—*historic*.

2. The Funeral of Mr. Tryan, the noble clerical hero of 'Janet's Repentance,' in 'Scenes from Clerical Life'?

Crowder was almost as extreme a Churchman as Dolling. Mr. Tryan was an almost extreme Evangelical of some 80 to 100 years ago. Each was followed to the grave by the tears and prayers of thousands of the poor—the test of all earthly rewards—and this because of the devotion of each to his Master and his Master's brethren, and only (I think) in a slight degree because of their respective Church views. So it will be with good Dolling. '*Sit anima mea cum illius anima!*'

The word 'Churchman' did not come so often from his lips or from his pen as the word 'Christian.' No clearer statement of his simple, strenuous, unwavering faith in Christianity could be found than the chapter which he contributed to a volume of Theological Essays by Cambridge men published in 1905. It is entitled 'The Christian Ideal and the Christian Hope.' Addressing his words to Believers, he treats the subject mainly as concerned with the evidential value of that Ideal and Hope; and the great proof (the 'moral' proof he calls it with Dr. Arnold) of the Resurrection he finds in the holy lives and faithful deaths of Christians of all ages and all shades of thought.

Let us look a little closely into such lives. We are struck at once, we are arrested, by their vast *variety*, and yet by their extraordinary resemblances. You may take your stand anywhere in the long course of Christian history. If you are a student of the catacombs; if you are drawn to the times and writings of great thinkers

[1] The Rev. R. W. R. Dolling, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Poplar, died May 15, 1902. He was at Harrow under Dr. Butler.

and great men like Origen, or Athanasius, or the first Augustine; if you have felt the charm of all that is purest and least worldly in what are called the Middle Ages, or, by a pardonable but grave exaggeration, the 'Ages of Faith'; if again you are more at home in the age of Luther and Cranmer and Ignatius and Xavier and Calvin, and have tried to track the footsteps of the one Divine Spirit in intellects so various and tempers so antagonistic; or, if you have come nearer to our own times, and striven earnestly to see the marks of the Lord Jesus in such men as the two Wesleys, and William Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, and Newman, and Keble, and Maurice, and Selwyn, and Thomas Erskine, and Stanley, and Westcott, and Dale, and Lightfoot, and Church, and Liddon, and Benson;—then you will have had the means of judging what that 'power from on high' has been which has fashioned spirits so differently tempered, and yet given them a unity both of present faith and of soaring hope. . . .

But is there, he asks, any 'common measure,' any 'essence' which runs through them all? In answer he finds four common factors without which such 'holy lives and faithful deaths' would not have been what they were; and each factor is evidential of the Christian Ideal and Hope. (1) There is the belief in the ultimate supremacy of the Divine Will, its unchangeableness, its gradual revealing of itself, its final victory. (2) There is the intense clinging to the Person of Christ, the attraction, the drawing-force of Him 'Whom, not having seen,' they 'love.' (3) There is the adoration of 'Christ the Conqueror, Christ the Opener of the Sealed Book, Christ the Solver of spiritual perplexities, Christ the Satisfier of spiritual cravings, Christ the Healer of all sores—personal, social, political, ecclesiastical, international. Is not this the "Ideal," the longing, the far-off but steadfastly cherished "Hope" of every true believer in Christ?' (4) There is the constant tendency to own and further 'the supremacy of love, as the one trustworthy bond, the one building force of all human society.'

And here [he continues] I put a grave question both to myself and to any serious reader of these pages. Can we be mistaken if we believe that our age, with all its materialism, and all its self-will, and all its levity, and all its scepticism, both profound and shallow, and all its downright disbelief in a special Christian revelation, has yet begun to grasp this great truth almost more than any age which has gone before? No age, it seems to me, has ever so sickened at the *odium theologicum*; no age has been so weary of the ignoble Parliamentary wrangle, with its habitual imputation of low motives and incredible folly; no age has so honestly begun to discern that it is love alone which can speak the last, and perhaps also the first,

word in the struggle between poverty and wealth, class and class, Church and Church, Nation and Nation.

Finally, before leaving the subject of Butler's faith and tolerance, I should like to quote a few words addressed by him to candidates for Confirmation in 1870.

At first your temptation to disbelieve intellectually is but small. In a few years you will better understand what disbelief and doubt mean, partly from what you gather as to the state of mind of others, partly by your own experience. What I should very earnestly hope is that, ere that day comes, you may have 'put yourselves in a position to believe,' that you be not 'carried about by every wind of doctrine,' that you may have gained some thoughtful knowledge both of the questions stirred and of the sources at least from which the answers may be derived. Read the Scriptures. Many do not, and yet pretend to judge.

There is a danger that you may some day doubt the truth of what we are now attempting to teach; but there is a yet more grievous danger that you may retain your faith mechanically—a faith not living, but dead; that you may more dread to be unorthodox than to be untrue to God. Therefore preoccupy your minds thus early not with a horror of those who do not believe, and admit it, but of that state of mind (it may become your own) which prides itself on its correct belief, but never cares to test it, which has indeed no real love of truth.

When Butler first came to Harrow, the boys contrasted his sermons with those of Vaughan. The new Head-Master was more simple in his diction, and some of them affected to resent this as though he were bringing himself down to their level. They were more touched by the earnestness of John Smith,[1] more swept off their feet by the torrent of poetical eloquence from Farrar. But later generations found in Butler's sermons a steady, uplifting influence, to which they listened eagerly. Bishop Welldon in his 'Recollections and Reflections' says:

Vaughan and Butler created a tradition of preaching at Harrow. Boys looked forward week by week to the Head-Master's sermons, and I feel sure that most, or many, boys at Harrow, even if they were not specially religious, would have been sorry to miss the counsel authoritatively given them from the pulpit of the School Chapel.

[1] In her recently (1920) published *Recollections*, Lady Georgiana Peel says of her brother, Lord Amberley: 'As a boy at Harrow . . . he had the greatest feeling and admiration for the sermons of Mr. Smith. This famous preacher was then a master at Harrow, and Johnny's letters were filled from end to end with quotations from sermons to which he had listened. It seemed as if they had made an everlasting impression on him.'

Certainly it was the case that, after Butler had once or twice invited distinguished strangers to preach on Founder's Day, a request was sent to him by the Old Harrovians that he would himself occupy the pulpit on those occasions, and he generally complied with the desire so expressed. And yet he had a very humble opinion of the effect that his weekly exhortations might be expected to produce.

To the Rev. F. W. Farrar.

Harrow: March 16, 1862.

We have both of us lived too long to expect to see any very immediate or very palpably extensive effects from sermons. The listlessness of Harrow boys will, I fear, continue to be our 'thorn in the flesh' as long as we continue to labour together here. But I nevertheless believe that your words will have touched many a conscience, and that they will come back to such in listless hours, partly here, partly in College rooms, partly in days of professional life.

It seems to me that our material here illustrates most strongly the 'How hardly shall they that have riches . . .' How hardly shall the sons of parents, the majority of whom are probably men of easy means, learn to regard exertion as at once a duty and a happiness. Still there is a considerable remnant of non-idolators, if not of heroic Abdiels.

To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.

Harrow: May 20, 1869.

Do let me ask you whether you can allow me to dedicate to you a little volume of School Sermons, the proofs of which I have just corrected. If you can glance at the accompanying sheets, you will see how entirely unambitious is their aim. Their only value, if any, is to be a reminder to some old friends, and a witness to parents, of the attempts made through several years to help the boys to lead Christian lives.

In spite of their manifold deficiencies in this respect, I know that you will judge them only too indulgently; but at the same time I beg you will not in any way force your inclination, should you for any reason shrink from complying with my request.

To have your name in any way connected with my deeper and holier thoughts would be a privilege that I should never cease to value.

And of a later volume of sermons, published in 1898, he wrote: 'A slightness of treatment must always, alas, belong to anything of mine. Others will judge better than I can whether there is anything in them to cheer or uplift.'

He published two volumes of sermons preached in the Chapel at Harrow. The first, in 1861, was dedicated 'To my Father, who for twenty-four years presided over

Harrow School, and for forty-eight years loved it passionately,' and was published so early in his career in order to satisfy the anxiety of some parents who were inquiring about the tendency of the religious teaching of the new Head-Master. The second, in 1869, was dedicated thus: 'To the Rev. Canon Westcott I inscribe this volume in grateful recognition of his memorable services to the Higher Life at Harrow.' To these he added in 1899 a volume of Public Schools Sermons, preached by invitation in the chapels of twelve great schools. In the preface to this collection he seems to strike a more confident note, natural and indeed inevitable in the case of a preacher who had so often been invited to occupy the pulpit at many schools, and whose sermons were so often followed by the request that they should be printed for boys to keep and ponder in later years.

I count it among the chief blessings of my life to have been on terms of close friendship with many of the Masters of our leading schools. To this I owe it that I have been not infrequently invited to offer words of Christian counsel to the boys of those schools from the school pulpit. In responding gratefully to such invitations in many parts of England, I have always felt how much we Masters had in common—the same delightful and constantly refreshing task of ministering to young minds and hearts, the same duties—essentially pastoral, though in different ways, whether for clergy or laymen—the same visible enemies to fight, the same weaknesses and immaturities to strengthen, the same sacred Powers to invoke, the same privilege of linking the joyous aspirations of youth with the dream of active service to God and our Country.

To consecrate youthful ambition to the cause of Christ and of those whom He calls His brethren is the loftiest of educational lessons. I am sure that its elements at least can be taught at school, and that the teaching, however imperfect, will be seldom quite forgotten and never despised.

Believing that the friends to whom this little volume is dedicated have long shared this conviction, and have done, or are still doing, their utmost to give it life and fruitfulness, I ask them to accept this slight token of deep respect and warm regard from one who never forgets that through many years of happy labour he had the high honour of being their 'comrade in arms.'

A perusal of these volumes would reveal certain developments. The sermons of the earliest collection have strong traces of evangelical traditions. They are essentially biblical both in subject-matter and illustration; while the sermons of the later volumes are illustrated more often by reference to the great events and persons of history.

Favourite Christian heroes of the Faith—Nelson, Wilberforce, John Lawrence, Gordon, Shaftesbury—are frequently introduced; and there are favourite quotations, such as:

> So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal—

lines which he did not hesitate to repeat when they were applicable to his topic. Poetry, however, which is so often difficult for a young congregation to follow, he did not often quote: what lines he did select were always simple, telling, and familiar. Each of the 'Public Schools Sermons' was made attractive by a liberal use of 'local colour,' such as allusions to the great *alumni*, the circumstances relating to founders and foundations, the School motto, the *genius loci*. At Westminster he recalls William Cowper and Bishop Cotton; at Rugby Dr. Arnold of course, and Stanley, Clough, Tom Hughes; at Wellington the great Duke and his 'Stand firm, ninety-fifth; we must not be beaten. What will they say in England?'—and so forth.

Butler seldom preached a series of sermons: indeed, the only instance of a series that I can find was preached in his first term at Harrow on the Temptations of our Lord. Otherwise each sermon was complete in itself. There were appeals to the *sursum corda* of high ideals, noble traditions, chivalry, patriotism, truth, and honest work. There were warnings against the evils and temptations peculiar to boys at school—idleness, restlessness, frivolity, weakness, impurity, and contempt for the poor. Sometimes he would draw lessons from Psalms or Parables, the Church Festivals, or the heroes of the Old and New Testaments. A great anniversary, such as Waterloo or Trafalgar, would give him a theme; or, again, some startling public event like the Franco-Prussian War, the assassination of President Garfield, the death of Gordon, would command his choice of subject. But whatever the starting-point of his discourse, he invariably raised the thoughts and interests of his audience to a higher plane, 'a pure severity of perfect light.' For the sole criterion to which he referred every human will and deed was nothing lower than the Spirit of Christ Himself. And every sermon conveyed the

impression of a man speaking from his heart in most serious earnest, and believing every word he spoke.

Butler never preached on the forms and ceremonies of religions. In a private diary he expresses the sentiment that for himself outward forms were 'not only misleading, but even dangerous.' Some aspects of the social gospel were impressed upon boys by frequent allusion to the need for national education, the opportunities for public service, the bad housing and other miseries of the poor. But, as a whole, his sermons were ethical, and consisted in such moral appeals as were likely to stimulate an audience of 500 boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

> I remember [writes an old Head of the School] how he consistently began with a short history of the circumstances surrounding his texts, which caught the attention of his hearers, then plunged at once *in medias res* and made it clear how the lesson could best be applied to school life. Above all, he had the art of fixing boys' thoughts on one central jewel of good counsel, which everyone could carry away with him as part of his future life; and round that jewel the rest of the sermon was a glorious setting.

It is certainly remarkable to read in letters of Old Harrovians how one or another of his sermons remained in their memories of 'forty years on.'

To a very few boys, those of a strongly religious tendency, the absence of theology or distinctive Church teaching left an unsatisfied want. The late Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell was eminently a boy of that stamp. Presiding at a meeting held in January 1917 at All Saints, Margaret Street, to discuss reforms in Public School religion, he said that his own experience of preaching in the School Chapel at Harrow (1868–1872) had been that it was extremely interesting and alive—whether it was dogmatically correct was another matter. . . . It would have been a libel to call it un-Christian or anti-Christian, but it was Christian in a loose and indeterminate sense.[1] 'When Mr. Birrell's Education Bill was brought forward in 1908, I told my old Head-Master, "You ought to be a supporter of the Bill, because, if it is passed, it will set up in the elementary schools the kind of religion provided for us in the Chapel at Harrow—

[1] On another occasion Mr. George Russell wrote that Dr. Butler's preaching on the need of national education and of a higher standard of living for the working classes had been in advance of the usage of his time, and had made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of many boys.

undenominational, unsacramental, unecclesiastical religion." Whether he accepted it as a tribute or a reproach I have never been able to discover.' Mr. Russell went on to criticise severely the system of administration of the Communion and of preparation for Confirmation in his days at Harrow, though he made one exception in favour of Butler's addresses on Saturday evenings preparatory to the Communion the next day. These, he said, were excellent in tone and effect. Mr. Russell sent to the aged Master of Trinity a report of his speech with an explanatory letter. This is annotated in the Master's hand: 'I do not approve his letter: it is strangely inaccurate as to Confirmation and Holy Communion. I have no recollection of his alleged letter' (*i.e.* of 1908); 'but my forgetfulness proves nothing.'

On the meaning of the Atonement Butler never touched in his sermons, nor, if my memory is right, in his addresses to candidates for Confirmation. 'I have frankly confessed before now,' he wrote in 1862, 'that I dare not preach on the Atonement, not from any approach to disbelief, but from not vitally grasping it.' But the Divinity of Christ and the Resurrection as the central truths of Christianity were frequent topics.

His sermons were always read. Once, when he had damaged his right hand and had to preach *ex tempore* for several weeks, a colleague asked him to make that practice more general. 'No,' he said, 'my tongue runs away with me, and I lose the sense of length and proportion.' To Dean Rashdall's inquiry why he did not preach without book he replied, 'Because I find that, when I do so, I never utter a pointed sentence.' The sermons were usually written on the Sunday on which they were delivered. He denied himself to every caller until the evening service was over: after that his house was seldom empty of guests on a Sunday evening.

Butler's wide sympathy with all shades of thought in the Church, his wish and power to see the good in all earnest Christian endeavour, are reflected in the invitations he issued to Old Harrovian clergy and strangers to preach to the boys. From my own recollections and the notes of others I can compile the following incomplete list:—Bishops Harvey Goodwin, Barry, Percival, Benson, Gore, Phillips Brooks, and Whipple; Deans Stanley, Merivale, Vaughan; Canons Liddon, Kingsley, Scott Holland, Duckworth, and

Hay Aitken. So carefully he avoided the exclusive choice of any one school of thought, and gave the boys early opportunities of hearing the Christian message from many and various points of view.

His own sermons, or those of them that he thought worth reproduction, may be studied in the published volumes, and the study will prove the ineptitude of any such criticism as that they lack the highest religious sanction, that they were addresses which might as well have been delivered from a platform as from a pulpit. See how he can lift a human aspiration to the finer air of the religious heights. He was preaching on July 9, 1905, in the Harrow Chapel on the subject of patriotism.

> But now what has all this to do with religion? Is it religion? Does it bring us into the presence and under the very eye of God? Hardly as yet; but may I not say with Elihu in the Book of Job, 'Suffer me a little, and I will show you that I have yet to speak on God's behalf'? Religion is doubtless much more than a sentiment or an emotion. Its mission is not so much to thrill, or even to uplift, as to govern and guide. It is meant not for a festal day or a crowded assembly, but for those silent hours and those perilous moments in which principles are tested and duties are either dared or shirked. As to patriotism, whether it be the smaller patriotism of the school or the ampler patriotism of the nation, it is not in itself religion, and can never take its place. But though it can never take its place, it is a power—I do not hesitate to call it 'a power from on high'—which the Faith of Christ can enrol in its service.

Of his sermons on Christian heroes of the faith, that which he preached on the death of General Gordon seems to me the most striking. It was delivered on February 15, 1885, at a moment when the nation was plunged in almost unparalleled grief; for the news of the fall of Khartoum had reached London on February 6. A new hero was added to Butler's sanctuary of worship; he compared the public mourning to that which darkened Europe when Bayard and Gustavus Adolphus had fallen, and England when the news of Nelson's death took the joy out of the victory of Trafalgar. But Butler's hero-worship was always elevated in tone:

> We are so made [he said] that when rare goodness and greatness are cut short on earth by a tragic death, all the nobler parts of our nature are moved. The grandeur of human life is revealed to us and the innumerable opportunities that lie within it. As we gaze on some great figure that puts to shame the average feebleness

of man, we pass beyond mere vulgar hero-worship. We lift our hearts to the God of the spirits of all flesh and glorify Him 'Who hath given such power unto men.'

Once more before he left Harrow he preached a moving sermon inviting the boys to contribute to the Gordon Boys' Home, which was being started as a memorial to the hero of China and the Soudan. The father of one of the boys was spending the afternoon at Harrow and stayed for the evening service. As he gave a 'tip' of half a sovereign, he inquired whether his son had other money for the collection. 'Yes,' said the boy, 'I have a shilling.' They met again outside the Chapel to say good-bye, and the father asked how much the lad had given. 'Eleven shillings,' was the reply. So moving to the heart and to the purse could be the Head-Master's appeal for the support of some great national or social cause.

In the field of politics Butler's position was undefined and somewhat undefinable. To his friends at Cambridge he seemed an ardent Liberal—they called him in chaff 'the Radical'; but that he never was, and on his first coming to Harrow he startled some of his Sixth Form boys by outspoken Liberal aspirations. One must distinguish between his attitudes towards the domestic and the foreign questions of the day. In home politics he was in favour of large, but well-ordered, reforms. The education of the people, the improvement of conditions of life and employment for the working classes, the removal of ill-used privileges, had his warm support. But (to quote Dean Rashdall) 'though he was no reactionary in his social views, he had no great sympathy with even the mildest Christian socialism, and was disposed to assume that the old distinctions between capitalist and workman, between landlord, tenant, and labourer, were part of the unalterable nature of things. He would sometimes discourse on the unreasonableness of aspiration after "equality."'

As regards foreign relations he was a follower of Palmerston, though with some reservation. He approved Palmerston's actions in connection with Italy, France, and Denmark, but disapproved of the blustering style of that statesman's despatches. For Disraeli he had at first no great liking. I remember with what disgust he read out Disraeli's vitriolic description of his great antagonist as 'a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.' Still, he thoroughly agreed

with Disraeli's distrust of Russian diplomacy, and thought that great credit was due to him for averting a European war when he summoned the Indian troops to Malta in 1878. For Gladstone's high *ideals* Butler felt and expressed a grateful admiration; but he was disillusioned and disappointed by what he thought to be Gladstone's failure to govern strongly. He was doubtful about the wisdom of ceding the Ionian Islands to Greece, at least at so early a date. Distrusting the Irish Nationalist Party, he could not accept the change of policy implied in the Home Rule proposals of 1886, and from that date he must be counted as a Liberal Unionist, or even a mild Conservative. As he had always averred that Peel was of all statesmen his *beau idéal*, some people perhaps will think that he only ended where he had really begun.

The following notes and letters throw light upon the successive phases of his political attachments. In 1857 Lord Palmerston, defeated in the House of Commons on the question of the war with China, appealed to the fighting instincts of the country and obtained a sweeping majority in the new Parliament. In the next year he was turned out of office by the same Parliament on a charge of truckling to Napoleon III by his Conspiracy-to-murder Bill. Butler's sympathies were given to the old statesman in his fall. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, who was an idol to be 'worshipped' in 1852, becomes an object of serious distrust in 1858, and 'unable to govern' in 1885. It was in the general election of that year that Butler first cast his vote against a Liberal candidate. We had met outside the polling station at Harrow, and he told me of his still reluctant intention. Mr. Alfred (now Lord) Milner was the Liberal candidate for the Harrow Division of Middlesex, but was defeated by Mr. Ambrose, Q.C.

From a diary.

March 11, 1858.

I feel my political soul strongly stirred when I think of the present state of parties. Lord Palmerston has no one who can withstand Gladstone's passionate morality. I believe that both on this last occasion and on the China question a Ministerialist speaker, taking equally lofty ground, might have turned the scale. But Gladstone, generally wrong, as it seems to me, in his conclusions, always argues from high moral premisses, where no one dares to follow him; and so he secures to his side the prestige of character. How preverse he is! The one great good man, who walks in light

and can see nothing accurately. It was really almost a toss-up whether he should have taken the 'last refuge of Liberty' line, or the 'Be just and fear not!' But he has a moral antipathy to Palmerston, and is always predisposed to believe him wrong. This gives a bias to his opinions, and then he finds some moral peg to hang them on.

To Edward Graham.

Gloucester: December 5, 1885.

Our hurried movements yesterday give me a touch of *μετάνοια*, and your words, 'Yes, but there is another side to the matter,' ring in my ears. You are quite right. There *is* another, and we do right to see, grasp, and infinitely prefer it. What I feel is—at a time to me of grievous political depression—that we must look out with as open eyes as possible, and thoroughly appreciate the weakness of our own side, if we are to do any lasting good.

What grieves me is:

1. The sadly defective leadership of our party for many years past.

2. The absence of anything like elevated utterances from almost all present politicians.

3. The painful, intolerable, prospect of the august name of Liberalism coming to be identified with a demagogue of narrow sympathies.

Also, as to the past, I feel that Mr. Gladstone—my only political idol—(how I worshipped him as far back as 1852!) with almost every other title to admiration, *cannot govern*. No sooner does he come into power than we begin to wear the white sheet. On the Continent, in India, in the Colonies, in Ireland, his feeble grasp of the helm is felt. We become despised and distrusted, and we begin to despise and distrust ourselves. And all this in spite of the noblest aspirations on his part and more conscientiousness of a certain kind than perhaps any great English statesman, except Peel, has ever shown. He can inspire, but he cannot govern, for he will not face facts.

The late elections, from a moral point of view, seem to me to present a sorry spectacle, every man trying to say the worst things he can of his opponent, and shutting his eyes to the good; Gladstone and *οἱ ἀμφὶ αὐτὸν* deliberately refusing to see anything but Parnell in the verdict of the Boroughs, the *Times* openly trafficking with his support.

The prospect looks to me very dark. I cannot wish to see Gladstone again in power. What possible prospect is there that he will use it better than before—so much older, with a feeble majority, if any, and with J. C. rampant? He will only discredit his own great name and humiliate the country.

The lesser of two evils seems to me the continuance for a time of Lord Salisbury, whom I in no way trust, under Liberal control, but also backed by some Liberal patriotism. As to the future, I am sanguine enough to hope (can it be only a *εὐχή*?) that Chamberlain is, after all, not the coming *—απωλής* who is to win the affections of our great Demos. We have never yet had an election on a distinct Radical issue. I cannot imagine J. C. sitting

in the seat of Pitt. Goschen represents my own hopes, but time alone will show whether he will ever have a following. I heartily hope Milner will some day be one of those who will help to govern on Periclean principles. But he will do wisely, apparently, to look northward for a seat

It looks as if the Liberal party will ere long pass through 'great varieties of untried being'; but I do not pretend to see clearly ahead. Only it seems impossible to believe—knowing the vast amount of real culture in the upper classes, and on the whole the kindly relations of confidence between them and the humbler—that Birmingham will ever be the political heart of the Empire.

In this and the preceding chapter I have attempted to portray some aspects of a character which made a deep impression on many generations of Harrow pupils. I have drawn on my own memory, but have also consulted and used the recollections of others, and have illustrated the various points, when possible, by Butler's own letters and statements. If the reflection is blurred or distorted, I can only plead the difficulty of catching correctly on one mirror the lights cast by a personality of so many brilliant and attractive facets.

CHAPTER XVI

COMPOSITIONS

(By J. R. M. Butler)

Something has been said already in this book of Montagu Butler's firm belief in the educational value of Greek and Latin Verse Composition. But his interest was far more than merely educational: it was one manifestation of his intense delight in good literature, and one of the shapes in which his creative impulse expressed itself. The love of literature was always extraordinarily strong in him. He felt a warm sympathy with Macaulay's lines written on the night after his defeat at the Edinburgh election, in which the weary and disillusioned candidate restores his soul with the thought that of 'the fairy queens who rule our birth' she who proclaimed herself his patroness had amply kept the promises made over his cradle. To this goddess of Literature he, like Macaulay, was always loyal. In early days at Gayton he would sit with his sister Emily, each on a particular branch of a tree in the garden, reading Shakespeare; and soon after he went to Harrow he spent a birthday present of a sovereign on a large illustrated edition of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' And, in the field of literature, his love for the Classics—and particularly Greek—must be taken for granted. It was born in him, and fostered by every influence. Not only were the clearness, the sanity, the dignity, the universality of the Classics most congenial to his nature, but they came to him as part of the rich tradition of English public and private life, and as such to be used, reverenced, and enjoyed.

His own particular gifts, as he always admitted, were those of the interpreter, not the discoverer. Both in speech and on paper, in the making of verse and of prose, he thought easily, and the right word rarely failed to present

itself, and in the right logical place. Caring less for terseness than for complete lucidity, he would add phrase to phrase till his meaning could not be misunderstood. But he hated slovenliness of every kind, and in an unpedantic way was a purist. Thus it was natural to him to take an especial interest in the manipulation of words and sentences by the ancient masters of the craft. It was no less natural that with his lively mind, his tendency to admire, and his facility of expression, he should try his hand at reproducing their manner. This natural tendency was exactly suited to the practice of verse-making, which in the 'forties, and for long afterwards, formed one of the staples of the education of an English gentleman. It seems to have sprung spontaneously at the Renaissance from the enthusiasm of the pioneers of Humanism, who wrote Greek and Latin like living languages. It persisted after these had sunk to the status of school subjects, as a drill for students who so far from writing verses spontaneously were never likely to think of them as anything but a wearisome routine. Once the fine flower and consummation of classical attainment, they had become a mere manual exercise for the many. Montagu Butler recognised that this was wrong, and in 1867, as Head-Master of Harrow, he took a line, of which several of his colleagues and friends disapproved, in limiting the number of boys compelled to do verses. He expressed his own view thus long afterwards.

> There is no greater waste of time than the enforcement of verse-making, whatever the language, where there is no taste for verses to start from. It not only wastes time which might be well employed in many other directions, but it bores, it irritates, it disgusts, it leads to a deep-seated and demoralising scepticism as to the value and the genuineness of all kinds of early mental drill. No, let those of us who contend that for many minds early verse-making, well taught by lively, cultured, sympathising teachers, has a remarkable power to call out intelligence, joyful labour, and ever increasing enthusiasm, let us be the first to admit that we are thinking not of average pupils, nor again by any means of all pupils of distinguished ability, but of what we may call 'chosen vessels,' boys and girls who are keenly sensible to the beauties, the graces, the sublimities of literature and specially of Poetry—and not only to the value of the thoughts and the truths that it enshrines and explains, but also, in a high degree, to the charms of its *expression*.

Certainly he was a 'chosen vessel' himself. He took to Classical Composition like a duck to the water, and at the end of his life declared that he had 'no regrets for the

time—the long time—spent on the manufacture of Greek and Latin verses.' He began early. At his private school at Hammersmith it was the custom to show up a weekly copy of original Latin Hexameters on some set subject, and an exercise by H.M.B. on 'Neptunus' is extant. Original compositions always enjoyed rather more prestige with him than translations; they represented a stage of emancipation for the beginner, like skating alone without a chair. But this was not to disparage translations. On New Year's Day, 1846, a copy of *Arundines Cami*, the famous early collection of versions by Cambridge scholars, was given him 'in token of approbation' by his father. For the next seventy-two years it is probably true to say that hardly a week passed in which his mind was not engaged from time to time on the barter of words and metrical phrases between English and some other language, sometimes modern, but generally Latin or Greek. He wrote in 1914:

> At Harrow, at Trinity, in Egypt, in the Desert of Sinai, in Palestine, in Greece, in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, in Scotland, on railway journeys, in mountain walks, in solitary hours, in times of sorrow and depression, in times of over-flowing happiness, the old habit of making verses, begun almost before Harrow days, November 5th, 1846, has clung to me as a faithful companion, helping me, however imperfectly, to keep in touch with the thoughts of the wise, the pious, and the pure, and giving a kind of quiet unity to a life of some labours and many distractions.

Composition was in high honour at Harrow in 1846. Dr. Vaughan himself was a skilled artist, and had won the Porson at Cambridge on two occasions. Apart from ordinary school exercises, there were then eight, and only eight, school prizes, and all of these were for Composition. Besides the English Essay and English Poem, there were the Peel and Gregory Medals for Latin Prose, original and translated, two prizes for Greek Verse and Prose, and two for original Latin Lyrics and Hexameters. All of these Montagu Butler won, with the curious exception of the two last, for which he was beaten by Blayds in 1850 and Blomfield in 1851; but the competition was severe and the standards very high. In 1848 he met with no success, but in recognition of several courageous attempts Dr. Vaughan gave him, to his intense delight, a special prize on Speech Day. In 1849 he won the Peel Medal with a comparison of Comedy and Satire; in 1850 the English Essay (the subject being 'Autobiography'), the

two Greek prizes, and the Gregory Medal. In 1851 he repeated his victories in the English Essay (on 'Parties in a State') and the two Greek subjects, and won in addition the English Verse prize with a poem on Socrates. This versatility in composition remained with him, and throughout his life his inexhaustible resource in the production of English Verse was hardly less characteristic than his impulse for Classical translations. To a considerable extent he thought in metre.

At Cambridge, besides several College prizes, he won the Browne Medal for Greek Verse in 1853 and 1854 with Sapphic odes on 'Oenone' and 'Nemesis.' In 1854 he won the Camden Medal with a Latin Hexameter poem on 'Brennus in Capitolio.' When the result was announced, he was so surprised at having beaten Blayds that he called on the Vice-Chancellor to make certain that there had been no mistake. In the same year he won the Porson with a translation from Jonson's 'The Fox' into Comic Iambics, the result of a thorough 'saturation' in Aristophanes. These verses, which together with the rest of his University prize exercises and some of his Harrow Iambics are printed in 'Leisure Hours,'[1] show a mastery of Aristophanic idiom and vocabulary which is really astonishing in view of the difficulty of the English and his unfamiliarity with this particular medium. Another Cambridge exploit which it pleased him to remember was his version, into Latin Asclepiads, of Tennyson's Invitation to F. D. Maurice, done in the Trinity Fellowship Examinations of 1855, and printed on page 471 of 'Leisure Hours.'

Examinations are not, as a rule, inspiring things, but in the life of Montagu Butler they were clothed with something of the glamour of a tournament. They were the lists in which Macaulay's Queen, the 'glorious lady with the eyes of light,' rained influence and awarded her favours. One might pretend to dread them, but in a noble breast they would really kindle the joy of battle. Even in later days his spirits would rise at the approach of the day of honour, and as each January came round—the Epsom week of the scholastic racing calendar—he gleefully quoted Vaughan's picture of the candidates in the Senate House, with their '*ardentes animi frigidulaeque manus.*' His

[1] *Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life.* Translations into Greek, Latin, and English verse, from 1850 to 1914. By Henry Montagu Butler. Cambridge, Bowes and Bowes, 1914.

memory for results was amazing. He knew the name and college of nearly every horse that had been 'placed' in the Tripos flat race and Craven, Pitt, and other 'classical' steeplechases during the nineteenth century. Those who did not understand his humanity and his humour might take away the impression that men ranked in his estimation according to their University degrees. Even the canine acquaintances of the Butler family were ranged, according to their moral and intellectual order of merit, in classes and divisions. The fact was that he cared intensely for intellectual excellence; that he had a profound belief in Classics as a means of education; and that the system of testing Classical proficiency to which he was accustomed was that of examinations.

Cambridge was of great importance, too, in his development as a writer of English. There was, and is, a prize at Trinity which might well have seemed made for him to carry off. It is given for an English Declamation; the best exercises are declaimed in Chapel, and in those days the winner had also to orate, on a subject of his own choice, at the Commemoration Festival. Montagu Butler won the prize with a comparison of Mahomet and Peter the Hermit; he declaimed as victor on 'The Character of Edmund Burke.' 'It is my firm belief,' he says, 'that among all the many worthies of England who have done good service to the Church and Commonwealth, Edmund Burke is one of those whom the nation should most delight to honour.' His peroration runs thus:

> In any stage of a nation's life such a man must be a bulwark and an ornament. A statesman not afraid to appeal to first principles is a rare but most choice gift to a country. But it is in times of peril and of war, when the duty of national sacrifice is felt as something more than a theory, and the sense of national unity is brought home to our hearts by common sufferings; it is at times when material interests lose their absorbing value, and men are not ashamed to talk of loyalty and patriotism as living present realities; when stout hearts and strong convictions are the most prized treasures, and the chain is drawn tighter which binds us to the past; it is at times such as these—it is at a time like the present [December, 1854]—that the mind of such a man as Edmund Burke emerges in its full splendour and nobility, counselling brave and tranquil resolution, confidence in right, and hatred of wrong. Many, we may trust, will arise animated with his spirit. But who shall arise in his power?

There are also extant several papers of his early Cambridge years, written for some society, perhaps the Apostles.

The matter of these papers shows how early the lines were drawn on which his mind moved afterwards. We find in them his reverence of spirit, his admiration for simple enthusiasm, his passion for truth, his insistence on the supremacy of moral issues, his consistency in correlating all his views to his central Christianity, his fundamental seriousness, and, no less, his unfailing humour, delicacy, and lightness of touch. The manner, too, is that of his later writings, in its ease, its fullness, its clearness, its love of the concrete, its wealth of illustration, its use of metaphor and personification, and its direct human appeal to the audience. It is plain that he will make a first-rate popular lecturer and preacher.

To return to the Classics, we find him soon after his Fellowship teaching Composition at Trinity; he had the honour of numbering among his pupils two great scholars, both afterwards Regius Professors of Greek—Richard Claverhouse Jebb and Henry Jackson. For Jebb, more perhaps than any other scholar, he felt, besides a life-long affection, an admiration amounting almost to reverent awe. Shortly afterwards he was fortunate enough to secure Jebb for a brief space as Composition master at Harrow, and delighted to watch the birth of his exquisite versions. Among the masterpieces of an earlier generation, none captivated him more than Vaughan's translation of Lear's: 'Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks,' which won the Porson in 1837: and Christopher Wordsworth's Alcaic ode of 1828 on 'Hannibal'; but there were three *tours de force* by Jebb which seemed to him imbued with the quintessence of scholarship. One was Greek—the rendering of 'It must be by his death . . .' in 'Julius Cæsar' by *φονᾷ τὸ πρᾶγμα* followed by the particle *κἆτ'*. The other two were Latin. Jebb turned the last couplet of Matthew Prior's famous 'Ode' ('And Venus to the Loves around Remarked how ill we all dissembled') by

> at Venus irridens, dum multa iocantur Amores,
> 'istud ut infabre dissimulatur' ait.

Infabre was sheer joy to him. The last gem was in a version of 'Home they brought her warrior dead.' He had satisfied himself after long trying that a Latin pentameter could not be made out of the line 'Sweet my child, I live for thee,' when Jebb produced:

> Tu puer in vita cur morer, inquit, eris.

These minutiæ may seem unworthy of record, but they are given as examples of the kind of ingenuity, or perfection of technique, which he really appreciated.

At Harrow he taught Composition for twenty-five years to the Sixth Form, besides looking over all Classical work 'sent up' for good, and all prize exercises. 'Sent up' copies that reached a standard of almost flawless excellence might win the supreme honour of inscription in 'the Book.' Successful prize exercises, if of sufficient merit, were immortalised in the pink 'Prolusiones' printed for Speech Day, when they were read aloud. 'The Prolusiones and the Book,' he wrote in 1910, 'are, I am convinced, the two material engines for keeping up a high standard of scholarship at Harrow.' Certainly they were successful in doing so during his own Head-Mastership. If few scholars could hope to attain to the level of Sidney Hamilton and Walter Headlam—whose beautiful 'Book of Greek Verse' was dedicated 'to Henry Montagu Butler, in affection and gratitude'—the standard of Harrow prize compositions in those years was extremely high. Competition, too, was brisk, though the subjects set were often difficult and long. When the exercises were sent in, the candidates' excitement was no greater than the Head-Master's. He would wait impatiently for the hour that closed the entries, and then carry off the new-laid products for careful and happy examination. This interest remained throughout his life. Speech Day after Speech Day, a venerable figure might be seen at the close of Speeches going round the vacant seats collecting spare copies of 'Prolusiones.'

Of the best of his own serious verses, in Greek, Latin, and English, he made and published a collection in 1914, called 'Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life.' The book, which modestly claims none but an autobiographical interest, contains, besides many occasional pieces, several smaller printed collections, issued for his friends at various times. The first of these was a set of six translations from the Old and New Testaments into Homeric verse, as 'an attempt to see whether some of the most animated and pathetic passages in the Bible admit of being fairly represented by the language of Homer.' His friends' acknowledgments of these verses were highly satisfactory. A few are quoted here as examples of the countless expressions of admiration and pleasure which his various

compositions drew from the lovers of Classical literature to whom they were sent. Let two great scholars speak first.

Benjamin Kennedy wrote: 'I, who have never ventured to try the Homeric style, "admire" and "wonder at" the skill with which you guide and drive that grand chariot of verse.' S. H. Butcher said: 'I feel more than ever sure that they are well worth having done, and that one gets from them an increased sense of the *universality* of the originals which lend themselves so readily to such a transference of form.'

Next, a scholar and something more. Mr. Gladstone wrote: 'It has required only a first hasty glance to see how happy has been your anticipation, or at any rate how complete your success. I am the more glad because I always hold that the style of Homer is one of the most characteristic in the whole circle of human literature. Could I suppose you were free and in London on a Thursday forenoon I would beg you to do me the favour of announcing yourself for breakfast at ten o'clock.'

Last, the men of letters. Calverley said: 'I think the idea is excellent; and the resulting poems, viewed as Greek poems on their own account, quite beautiful.' John Addington Symonds wrote: 'The Homeric rendering of the David and Goliath episode seems to my taste perfect. Unlike the armour of Saul upon David, the Greek of the Iliad fits the Bible narrative without cumbrousness of any kind, and I particularly admire the skill of lines 42–53. The idyllic beauty of the Prodigal Son Parable strikes my sense with a new charm, as of something far more ancient and simple than Theocritus, which Theocritus studying the monuments of the epic age might have had before him.' Matthew Arnold thought the translations 'very good,' but confesses: 'I cannot deny that the Bible in Greek Hexameters leaves the impression of a *tour de force* and of rather a strange *tour de force*, and that I would rather see you occupied with other things. What a charming task it would be to edit the Homeric Hymns, and how charmingly you would do it!'

Matthew Arnold's criticism of the booklet as a *tour de force* has a special interest, because this is one of the very few of Montagu Butler's verse-making feats to which the expression can be correctly applied. He always insisted that his compositions made no attempt to compete with such ambitious works of genius as Jebb's translations of 'Abt

Vogler' into Pindaric, and the 'Ode on Immortality' into Homeric verse; or as Munro's version of Deborah's Song into Latin Glyconics; or as many of Archer Hind's beautiful and astonishing translations. His purpose was not, like theirs, to 'ascend the brightest heaven of invention,' but rather to use English originals as scaffolding for the construction of Greek and Latin poems; to note the differing forms of expression demanded by the ancient and modern languages; and by close study to discover the inmost meaning of great pieces of literature. The first of these motives was specially prominent in the case of some of his religious versions, and he often, by general admission, improved very markedly on the hymns he took as his originals.

His delight in letting his thoughts circle and hover persistently round some one flower of literature, till they had ransacked all its sweetness, appears in a practice peculiarly his own.

> There is one feature [runs the preface to 'Leisure Hours'] in this medley of compositions to which it may be well to invite attention, because I imagine it is somewhat novel. It is the attempt to render in various and very numerous Metres, and sometimes in both Greek and Latin, the same English original. . . . While engaged on these poems, I was constantly haunted by the conviction that each Metre had, more or less, a personality of its own. It represented not so much an effort of ingenuity on the part of the translator as a self-assertion on the part of the metre itself. The metre in each case determined not the form only but the spirit. It not only expressed, it also created. Was this conviction wholly an illusion? I can imagine that even friendly critics might decide that it was this, and no more. But to myself it was a reality, almost a revelation.

Thus he turned Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' into Latin Elegiacs, Sapphics, Asclepiads (three kinds), Alcaics, Iambics, three other Horatian metres, Hendecasyllables, and Hexameters; and into Greek Trochaics, Iambics, Hexameters, Elegiacs, Sapphics, Anapæsts, and Anacreontics. In his twenty-two translations of Herrick's 'What needs complaints . . .' there figure also the Glyconic, and eight additional Horatian metres, including the very difficult 'Ionic a minore' and that of 'Solvitur acris hiems.' To this last galaxy, entitled 'Sequelae,' is prefixed a delightful dedication in English verse, in which a poetical version occurs of the profession of faith just quoted.[1]

Not content with merely translating his model, he

[1] *Leisure Hours*, p. 367.

would often enshrine the kindred thoughts it suggested in little epigrammatic poems set as headings to the several versions. Some of the best are those that gather up his musings on ' Crossing the Bar.' Sometimes, too, he wrote independent original Latin poems, for on paper, in matters of feeling at least, he was in fact bilingual, and it seems to have been pure chance whether he expressed himself in English or in Latin verse.

Though, as the collections already mentioned bear witness, he could write well, when occasion arose, in a great number of metres, yet the Latin Elegiac was undoubtedly his favourite. And here, following his bent for the smooth and regular, he rejected the adventurous rhythms of Catullus and Propertius for the even liquidity and lucidity of Ovid. That he should have chosen such a model in his attempts to create a *genre* of Christian poetry in the nineteenth century may sound paradoxical; but the fact is that Ovid forged an instrument so flexible as to serve nearly any purpose, from his own ignobler uses almost to the sublime. In Montagu Butler's versions a friend noted with wonder ' the fusion of intense religious feeling with the perfection of Classical form.' Indeed, there was little that he could not do with the Ovidian Elegiac. He wrote of it thus himself:

> Its strength of course lies in terseness, ease, grace, clearness. Its weakness is on the side of majesty, sublimity, awe, mystery—in a word, religion.
>
> To my mind, Ovid, with all his defects, understood his own metre better than the other poets who employed it, better even than Propertius, who had at once deeper veracity of feeling and higher poetical imagination. Ovid saw and felt that the metre, if it was to do its utmost, must submit to almost every kind of limit. If it was to enjoy perfect freedom, it must be willing to work in fetters. . . . He got out of it more music than others because he did not try to get too much, or to get music beyond its compass.
>
> And perhaps I may be allowed to add, from my own experience, that while I have been trying to adapt his somewhat thin and rigid metre to sanctities and struggles and voices of the soul of which he never dreamed, I have seemed to feel that the metre called for still more rigid fetters than those in which he worked if it was to fight its best and truest in a still more arduous warfare.
>
> Besides submitting, so far as I knew them, to almost all his rules of technique, I have spontaneously sacrificed much that gave him his play and his force; not only—that of course was inevitable—his use of distinctly heathen terms, like Boreas, Neptunus, Jupiter, Phœbus, Titan, Olympus, Tartara, Ceres, Venus, Veneres, Musa, Orcus, fasces. legio, but, further and especially, those epigrammatic

touches, those gnomic half lines, those pointed interrogations, those inimitable yet seductive clevernesses, which were exactly suitable to the Latin poet's character and subjects, but would be out of harmony with the sacred majesty, or the moving sorrow, of a Hebrew Psalm.

In Greek, apart from his adventures in Homeric hexameters, he kept as a rule to the Tragic Iambic. Greek lyrics he hardly attempted, nor did he ever make his own the rhythm of the Greek Elegiac, though he confessed its peculiar beauty. And among the tragedians he preferred to model himself on his beloved Sophocles, whose serene and reverent nature made to him a very special appeal. Sophocles, he felt, was his nearest spiritual affinity in the world of ancient literature, and for the descriptive motto of his own character he chose Antigone's

οὔτοι ξυνεχθεῖν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.

For Antigone's heroism, for Deianira's gentle humility, for the tragic splendour of Ajax, and for the majesty of Œdipus at his passing, he felt an admiration rooted in the depths of his soul.

Before turning, in conclusion, to his English verse, a word must be said of his Epitaphs. Of these he was invited to compose a great number, generally for actual incision on a monument or tablet, and the skill which he came to acquire in achieving the right and necessary words within the narrow compass of the material was widely recognised. Twenty are printed in 'Leisure Hours,' including the two which he considered his best—those on John Smith and on General Gordon. The first is in Harrow Chapel. It runs :

To the Honoured Memory of
THE REVEREND JOHN SMITH, M.A.
Assistant Master from 1854 to 1880
Humble, faithful, patient, loving,
To the young a father,
To friends in joy or grief a brother,
To the poor, the suffering, and the tempted
A minister of hope and strength.
Tried by more than common sorrows,
And upborne by more than common faith,
His holy life interpreted to many
The mind which was in Christ Jesus,
The promise of the Comforter,
And the vision granted to the pure in heart.

'God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' 1 John iv, 16.

Born 16th February, 1823. Died 12th December, 1893.

Montagu Butler's extreme facility and felicity of expression in verse has been already alluded to. It appeared in the most solemn things as in the most trivial, as the pieces that follow testify. Lines and stanzas 'came to him,' in the Tennysonian phrase which pleased him, on the spur of the moment, but he spent much time in pruning and polishing them, in trying to make 'a beautiful thing of them,' as he was fond of putting it. How various were the styles he assumed, and how catholic his interests, will now appear.

The best of his hymns, and the best are very good indeed, are printed in 'Leisure Hours.' 'Lift up your hearts,' composed for a School Confirmation which illness kept him from attending, is known far beyond the bounds of Harrow. Of his two Founder's Day hymns, one, 'Rejoice to-day with one accord,' was written to be sung to Luther's majestic tune; the other 'O Merciful and Holy,' inspired by the Harrow Tercentenary of 1871, is perhaps the finest thing he wrote.

His sonnets range from religious and high tragic themes to the lightest possible. When the world of his relations and Harrow and Trinity friends approached him with congratulations on his eightieth birthday, he replied in a cycle of sonnets, showing a wonderful diversity of tone, but all exquisitely appropriate and so natural that only one who thought in verse could have written them.

The same ease appears in his lines on the Letter L, suggested by Miss Fanshawe's famous riddle, 'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,' and composed for the amusement of a large party staying with the Leafs on the west coast of Scotland in the summer of 1886.

'A thing slipped idly from me; you must guess it.'

'Tis settled in England, 'tis centred in Wales,
It lurks in each glen and each loch of the Gael's;
Not a Colony boasts its mine, river or crag,
But it's *there*, in each fold of the idolised flag;
In Erin—Ah! breathe not a whisper of blame—
No home it hath found in that desolate name;
Tho' for age upon age it hath gleamed in the smile
Of the sea's brightest jewel, the Emerald Isle,
And now clings, like a ghost, to her land and her laws,
In the National League, and the Boycotting Clause.

'Tis present in Gladstone, and Peel, and Parnell,
In the popular Earl and the Dublin farewell;
While Chamberlain, Salisbury, and Churchill agree
That it's simply essential to each of the three.
Alike in the Chapel, the Hall and the School,
It starts with the learned and ends with the fool:
Religion and liberty die if you scout it,
Tho' their lawful restraint is more awful without it,
And 'the Castle,' protector of all in the past,
Shrivels down to the needs of a dominant Caste.

Without it,—all pleasure in work would expire,
And play would become a mere question of hire;
The ball, half itself, would be dear at the money,
And the belle, like a bee, would be robbed of her honey.
Without it,—the fairest creation of earth
Is a creature whose voice moves the meanest to mirth:
What lends her each charm disenchantingly ends,
And the lover, turned over, makes sport for his friends.

Without it,—would vanish a fourth of each meal:
A sixth of your plaice, and a third of your eel;
A fifth of the lythe, and a fourth of the sole;
Ev'ry quarter of lamb, nay, the half and the whole.
Without it,—(and here I were mute if I could)—
No lobster would blush on the plate of Miss Wood.
'Tis strong in the killoch—how fragrant the word!
But weak in the salmon, just seen but unheard;
And Almond avows, when adjured to confess it,
'It is in me, no doubt, but I try to suppress it.'

The Sportsman employs it, I've heard, to complain
Of the Radical rabble that threaten Suilven;
And the 'rabble'—or the souls that he reckons as such—
As they rail at his railings, employ it as much.
By the rich and the poor 'tis unequally shared,
For the Gillie has double what falls to his Laird;
Yet, constant in nothing, it clings to 'the classes,'
And, tho' two-thirds of all, never enters 'the masses.'

The 'Miller' *twice* claims it, but leaves in the dumps
The portionless titles of Jumbo and Chumps[1];
You climb their proud mast, but you seek it in vain;
You must dive to their keel ere you find it again.
When high on the beach, it abandons each boat,
But it comes to the rescue before they can float.

Now lift we our voice, and more hill-ward aspire;
It is left in the flight, it is heard in the lyre:
No minstrel without it could warble his lays
Of the glory that dims and the love that decays;
No elegy 'lilt' o'er the grave of the past
For the 'Flowers of the Forest' uptorn by the blast;

[1] Names of two boats.

No Lorelei lure, to their rest in the river,
The souls of the lost that would listen for ever;
No lullaby soothe, in its motherless cot,
The babe that is orphan, and knoweth it not;
No bugle make burn, with the flame of its breath,
The heart of the hero that spurs to his death.

It is linked with the names of those spirits of power,
That ennoble the life or enliven the hour,
Grave Handel, and Mendelssohn, Purcell and Gluck,
And Sullivan, heir of ephemeral luck;
And the Sirens, whose spell it were wreck to avoid,
Lind, Nilssen, Albani, and Santley, and Lloyd;
And though there be others, less lettered, apart—
Beethoven, and Patti, and Ted, and Mozart—
They murmur, 'Without it—we cannot excel;
We are what we are, but we'll never be well.'

In the family group it has always a seat;
No circle without it is ever complete:
When Olive and Ellen are present, 'tis there;
But Ellen the grasping has double her share:
Maud, mad with Matilda, who *has* it, repines,
And Emilia regains what her Muggins resigns;
But Mary, and Edith, and Agnes, and One
Who was recently 'Baby,' complain they have none.

You are thinking, I know—though to say it were rude—
'He is personal now, he had better conclude,'
But patience, kind friends, and perchance you may gain
Some clue to the riddle that addles your brain;
If the fugitive *x* we are tracking to-day
Is known by the comrades he meets on his way,
I may give you a hint, where you're likely to find—
Or likely to miss—such a friend of mankind.

You'll find him at billiards, in laughter and glee,
You'll find him in Albert, but miss him in me.
In Elstree he holds quite a leading position,
But two 'Captains' I know cannot boast his addition.
You'll find him in Cecil, but—must I go on?
Not at all in the needless appendage of 'John.'
He knows not of Henry, or Arthur, or 'Tinker,'
Frank, Thomas, or Chapman—three brains and one thinker;
Or the Richardson—name not his 'alias' in verse—
Or motherly Denning, or neighbourly Nurse.

Yet deem not the sluggard hath slept at his post,
Or that here, at Lochinver, his home, he is lost;
For in Walter the Penny-ful, lo! he appears,
As the lollipops bring him three times with three cheers.
Nay more—and I fancy I see the surprise
Which blanches your lips but illumines your eyes—
He's with us at Culag—'in short to be brief,'
In the looks, laws, and lunches of dear Mrs. Leaf!

Of the lightness of ' A Long Vacation Incident,' written at Grasmere in 1855, he was always rather proud. It runs :

A lady whom I dare not name,
Seeing a Dog I need not mention,
Owned, ' with the least little touch of ' shame,
She viewed all dogs with apprehension.

But finding, as the weeks flew by,
Instead of worse, she liked him better,
And feeling perhaps a little shy,
Because he grinned whene'er he met her,

The Lady whom I dare not name
Embraced the dog I need not mention :
' Henceforth,' she murmured, ' I disclaim
My former groundless apprehension.'

The allusion to the nameless dog in this poem demands a reference to the voluminous literature in praise or dispraise of that other dog who must needs be mentioned in any account of the poetical works of Montagu Butler.

Some of these trifles [he wrote in a projected preface to his ' Jocularia '] are tributes to the memory of a very dear Harrow dog, Jet, a handsome black Retriever, son of Carlo who belonged to my Uncle Gray of Wembley Park. Carlo, after a life of many virtues, became at last a sheep-slayer, and died by the bullet, but not before he had transmitted his one frailty to poor Jet. Jet, in ' one crowded hour of glorious life ' on the Football Field of Harrow, while loyally escorting my young children on a mid-day stroll, contrived to dispose of four ἴφια μῆλα, the property of a neighbouring and unsuspecting farmer. This outrage cost his master £6. The foil of the cheque sent to the injured but not disconsolate owner was yearly shown to the Son of Carlo whenever the day came round for paying his dog-tax, but the result is not known. He was scourged more than once on the site of his crime ; but, as we know, the ethical effect of memory in deterring malefactors is too often indeterminate. . . .

As to Jet, he survived the keeper's gun and the hangman's halter, but died at last of poison, like the great Carthaginian, and now ' after life's fitful fever he sleeps well,' hard by the door of the Deanery at Gloucester. Peace to his ashes.

In later years Jet became a legend ; his virtues and his vices alike swelled to heroic stature. Controversy raged whether he *verba dedit* or *terga dedit* to Hannibal, whether he showed his enemy treachery or his back ; and April 23 acquired, as his reputed birthday, a brighter lustre than the names of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and

St. George could lend it. In fact, in ancient phrase, Jet was 'the measure of all things,' and hardly a meal or a walk could pass, hardly a letter be written, without his memory or his myth being invoked for purposes of illustration or contrast.

This chapter shall end with a poem succulently entitled 'Beans and Bacon,' written in 1912. It celebrates the dish which traditionally appeared when the author paid his annual birthday visit on July 15 to his old Harrow friend, Archdeacon Vesey.

BEANS AND BACON

Susque Fabaeque hodie concordia foedera iungunt;
Dulce Cibo nomen *Susque Fabaeque* dabunt.
Id. Quint. A. S. MCMXII.

I

My dear Archdeacon, since you asked, Who knows
How the Great Firm of "BEANS AND BACON" rose?'
I venture to transmit an 'Old Man's Guesses,'
Not printed, he admits, in Bacon's Essays,
But not improbably, he fancies, taken,
Like half the gems in Shakespeare, out of Bacon.
'Visions,' he calls them, 'of a nightly Couch';
For each detail he's not prepared to vouch;
But, as in substance he believes them true.
He sends them, with his kind regards, to you.

II

A Pig was strolling in a Kitchen Garden—
Proud Critic, once for all I crave your pardon:
If scoffers sneer, ''Tis but a vulgar theme,'
Remind them, 'Oft things are not what they seem.'
'Twas early summer; through the Garden Gate
Our wanderer stalked, sonorous, slow, sedate:
Voracious but fastidious, grave but keen,
He gazed, observant, on the motley scene.
With meditative grunt and fitful pant
'He came, he saw,' he patronized each plant;
Here gracious, eager, longing to be at 'em.
There high and mighty as the Earl of Chatham.

The early PEA, the rarely single GREENS,
He passed, reflecting on his ways and means,
But paused to spend a pleasurable hour
With the ripe charms of LADY CAULIFLOWER.
POTATO, SPINACH, CELERY, SEAKALE,
Red CARROT, ARTICHOKE, and TURNIP pale—
On all, on each, he smiled, and crisped his curly tail.

Asparagus, Tomato, Brussels Sprout,
He sniffed, irresolute, with cautious snout;
'Such dainty fare,' he argued, 'ante-dates the Gout.'
He dropped a tear on Vegetable Marrow;
''Twill suit my gentle Lady if she farrow:
I love it'—here he sighed—'but much prefer
To leave it unreservedly to Her.'

III

From plant to plant he plodded, plot to plot,
Impressed, but, like the Stanleys,[1] 'changing not.'
But when he came where Beans in order stood,
The Rich Man's luxury, the Poor Man's food,
He felt a strange inexplicable thrill,
Incalculable, logically *nil*,
Yet charged with undertone of some mysterious ill.
'And who are ye,' the portly Porker cried,
'Who puff your Pods with pardonable pride?
Say, are ye "French," imported from abroad,
Or British born, indisputably "*broad*"?
Methinks—I seem to hear a Voice within—
"A touch of Nature makes" us surely "kin."
A common destiny awaits us both;
I'm proud to hint it, but to name it loth.
"Methinks I am a Prophet"; I foresee
Unnumbered ages linking you and me.
"The hungry generations" gulp us down,
Partners in Fate, co-equal in Renown.
With kindling heart, yet something short of glee,
I proffer homage, Broadest Bean, to Thee.
With Thee united let us face the foe,
Our bristling Banner Bacon, Beans & Co.
Together let us Church and State befriend,
And sweep our Britain's board from end to end;
Together advertise our "Pods and Pork"
In each fair "Province," Cantuar and York;
Together all that's human let us cheer,
Archdeacon, Peasant, Alderman, and Peer;
Together solve the old undying Question,
The swiftest cure for chronic Indigestion!

IV

'And now Farewell! We part; I go to lie
Calm, but expectant, in my lonely Sty.
The Treaty that shall bind us is not framed,
The "Grand Alliance" is not yet proclaimed.
Some years may roll, some minute guns may boom,
Before the Flesher's falchion flash my doom.

[1] Motto of the Stanleys, *Sans changer*.

Till then let each his separate sphere retain;
We part—in single bliss let each remain;
Yet something tells me, We shall meet again,
The *time* St. Swithun's, and, if Some One will,
The *place* my dreams have pictured, Castle Hill.'

V

These are the 'Old Man's Guesses,' good Archdeacon,
Our Ely 'Bishop's Eye' and watchful Beacon.
Such was the Bridal, or I'm much mistaken,
Of those *Inseparables* Beans and Bacon.

CHAPTER XVII

DR. MONTAGU BUTLER, THE EX-HEAD-MASTER AND A GOVERNOR OF THE SCHOOL

In this concluding chapter I propose to confine myself to those portions of Dr. Butler's life and letters which were concerned with Harrow, leaving his other wide-spread interests and activities at Gloucester and Cambridge, and his share in the social, ecclesiastical, and educational movements of the day, to a future volume.

His Harrow life was by no means ended with the resignation of 1885. No ex-Head-Master readily loses touch with the School over which he has long presided; and in Dr. Butler's case it is not too much to say that he was more devotedly attached to the fortunes of Harrow, by his family traditions, by his own education, and by his quarter-century of loving and generous work, than other Head-Masters to other schools. It will be my object to record, and to illustrate by letters, some of the special ties which continued to bind him to the Hill, some of the functions which kept his face and voice familiar to Harrovians, old and young, and something of the affectionate correspondence which he maintained to the last days of his life with his former colleagues and pupils in all parts of the world.

The disappointment felt by all his friends in the inadequacy of his Church preferment, when compared with his just claims, will have been gathered from the selected letters at the end of Chapter XIII. In a higher and more responsible position, such as he was entitled to, a man of his recognised power and trusted moderation might have exercised the greatest influence on the fortunes of the Church. Dr. Butler was not long enough at Gloucester to make his mark fully felt there: his fifteen months were hampered with pecuniary difficulty, and saddened by the

serious illness of his second daughter, with whom he had to spend many weeks at Davos.

Early in 1886 the offer of the Metropolitan Bishopric of Melbourne was made, and even pressed upon him by two friends who had previously held that office, Bishop Perry and Bishop Moorhouse of Manchester ; but the condition of his daughter's health and other considerations precluded acceptance. It was not long, however, before another sphere of work, dearer to his heart, more closely allied to the traditions of his life, and, perhaps, conferring a prouder station than any mitre, opened before him.

In October 1886 he was offered and accepted the Mastership of Trinity, 'the noblest place of Education in the world,' as Macaulay, with pardonable partiality, called it. Every friend of the New Master felt gratitude to Lord Salisbury, who, regardless of party considerations, and thinking only of personal fitness, had promoted a man of known Liberalism to high office, and had placed a great scholar in a position to maintain and enhance the fame of a great College, as a centre of religious, social, and intellectual life. For the Mastership of Trinity, like the Deanery of Christ Church, is in the gift of the Crown. Had it been elective, it is no secret that the choice of the Fellows would have been otherwise exercised. There were some who distrusted an ex-Schoolmaster too exclusively devoted, as it seemed to them, to the purely classical branches of education. But very few terms passed before his charm of speech and personality, his wide and tolerant sympathy, and his high ideals for the College, triumphed over early disparagement ; and the respect and devotion of the whole body of the Fellows to their Master were as complete as had been those of his Staff at Harrow. He was installed with the usual formalities on December 3.

But for the presence of his son 'Teddie,' then an undergraduate at Trinity, his life would have been a lonely one at the Lodge. For on September 14, 1886, his eldest daughter, Agnes Isabel, had been married to Edmund Whytehead Howson, son of the Dean of Chester, and himself a distinguished Fellow of King's. Mr. Howson had joined the Harrow Staff in 1881 and, as having joint charge of the Head-Master's House, had been brought into close connection with Dr. Butler and his family. To his father-in-law he was another son, valued, trusted, and beloved. It was a grievous loss to the School and to his House

(Druries) when a career of so much promise and fulfilment was ended by an early death in 1905. In the *Guardian* of December 20 of the year Dr. Butler wrote :

He was a 'man greatly beloved,' and he deserved the love which he everywhere inspired. Like many of our most successful schoolmasters, he was one who touched life at many points, a good classical scholar, a bold rider, an eager traveller, an earnest student of all good literature, especially theology, history, and poetry. His own gifts as a writer of English verse were by no means slight. Besides winning the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge in 1877, for an English poem on the congenial subject 'Heroism in Arctic Exploration,' he loved to put into verse, grave or gay, the various incidents of common life ; and he rarely wrote anything that was not marked by grace, point, tenderness, and felicity of touch.

Some of his Harrow songs will long continue to be sung at school gatherings, instinct as they are with healthy and always refined school feeling His latest production of this kind was a welcome to the King and Queen on their visit to Harrow on June 30. It was sung before their Majesties in the Great Speech Room by some twelve hundred voices, and seemed to touch all hearts. Few that heard that loyal song, and the cheers which greeted it, could have entertained the fear that within six months its author would be no more. He appeared to be just recovering from an insidious disease which had more or less crippled him for some two years, and forced him, sorely against his will, to be absent for a time from his work. In September he returned to the management of his house, to which he was most affectionately attached. Even so late as the middle of October he was in full intellectual activity. Always keenly interested in educational problems, and eager to infuse new life into school routine, he had carefully planned a series of essays by himself and his colleagues on the various branches of a public school education, such as Biblical teaching, classics, mathematics, science, modern languages, history, geography, music, art, and manual training. For himself he had reserved 'The Results of Public School Training'—a subject which he would certainly have treated with freshness and insight, familiar as he was, beyond most men, with the systems and the products of very many of our leading schools. Mr. Howson was a very devout and well-read Christian. This time last year he was invited by the Bishop of Chester to prepare an address to his candidates for Ordination. In spite of his extreme weakness, so extreme that few persons at the time thought it possible that he could recover, he contrived to dictate from his bed to his devoted wife an address which was read to the candidates by his clerical brother. To most persons who heard it, or saw it afterwards in print, it seemed very beautiful and helpful, and of special value as coming from a large-hearted and well-instructed layman to young men about to enter the ministry. By the kind desire of the Bishop it was printed in the Diocesan Magazine.

The health of his second daughter, Edith Violet, was failing fast. In 1886 the climate of Davos Platz was

recommended, and there was at first some improvement, justifying the hope that her life might be prolonged: but it was not maintained. In the early summer of 1887, at her own request, her father brought her home, only to die at the Lodge on June 20. She was buried by her mother's side at Harrow, her godfather, Canon Westcott, and her uncle, James Cruikshank, taking the chief part in the funeral service. Only the intimate friends who knew the father's devotion to his daughter, and how he had accepted from his dying wife the special charge of guarding the delicate child's health, could realise what the blow meant to him. Yet he bravely continued, with no intermission, the duties and the generous hospitalities which his Mastership entailed.

To the Rev. Canon B. F. Westcott.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: May 9, 1887.

When I accepted my very peculiar post, it seemed to me clear that hospitality on a large scale, rightly understood, was one of my plain duties. It seemed to me that the Lodge, as time went on, ought to bring together the leading members of the University, the Fellows and Scholars, friends from a distance, leaders in good causes, whether here or away. I knew what a tax this must make upon my own time, and how sadly hampered and crippled I should be in my solitary estate; but I was clear that, considering the character of the house and the College, the duty ought to be performed.

I determined that parties at the Lodge should be very numerous, very various, but by no means on an ostentatious scale as regards the table. I may say that I have contracted with the College cook at a moderate rate, and that (except through an oversight) nothing *recherché* or especially luxurious will ever be seen at our parties. As some little test of *variety* I may just say that to-day, as on Saturday, I have large parties to meet Sir George Trevelyan, our Honorary Fellow; on Friday I have a meeting of perhaps eighty or one hundred to work for the Toynbee Hall Settlement; on the 14th the Roundells, Godleys, Sir M. Ridley, and Charles Dalrymple come. On the 17th we have a large party with which I think you will sympathise. I hope it will begin a yearly institution. I am inviting the sixteen newly-elected Scholars to meet the Vice-Master, the Tutors, and some of the older Fellows, as Professor Cayley, H. Sidgwick, Jebb, etc. I have asked the Bishop of Durham and Lord Rayleigh, but I fear they can hardly be expected. On the 20th we have a Bible Reading in the dining-room, where there will probably be some fifty Undergraduates. On the 21st the George Hamiltons, Fowell Buxtons, and others come; the 24th and 28th have, as you know, their own engagements. Early in June I expect some fifty of the leading helpers of our Trinity Mission from London to lunch. Last Saturday we had forty of the Colonial Delegates.

I name these details, because I value your judgment more than that of most men, and because I like you to know that I am acting on a fixed principle which presents itself to me in the light of a public duty. Time will, I trust, show me how to work it out most wisely and with the least practicable expenditure of time and brain. At present I feel the strain rather serious.

Another anxiety of about the same period was caused by the health of his elder son. 'Ted' Butler's athletic record at Cambridge was a brilliant one, for he played two seasons in the University Cricket XI. (1888–9), was C.U. Tennis Player (Doubles) in 1889, C.U. Rackets Player (Doubles) in 1888–9, and (Singles) in 1889. To these distinctions he added the Amateur Rackets Championship in 1889. But the air of Cambridge never suited him, and a serious breakdown prevented him from competing in the Tripos, and necessitated a long tour abroad.

But a very great happiness was now in store for the Master, to compensate for the personal sorrows of the past five years, and to enrich the remainder of his life with untold blessings. In 1887 all the world was astonished by the success of a young lady-student, who was placed in the First Class of Part I of the Classical Tripos. The Senior Classic of her year was Miss Agnata Frances Ramsay, daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay, 10th Baronet, of Bamff, Alyth, and of his first wife Elizabeth Mary Charlotte, daughter of William Scott Kerr, of Chatto and Sunlaws, Roxburgh. Sir James himself had a distinguished academic career at Oxford. After winning a first class in Classics and Modern History, he was elected Senior Student of Christ Church, and appointed Public Examiner in Law and Modern History. He is the author of a History of England in eight volumes, a work of original research, and of other historical works. The sister Universities of Glasgow and Cambridge have recognised his educational and literary achievements by conferring upon him their honorary degrees. Miss Agnata Ramsay was educated at St. Leonard's, St. Andrews, Fife, and at Girton College, Cambridge.

The marriage was duly solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on August 9, 1888, by Dr. Vaughan (who had united Dr. Butler to his first wife), assisted by the Rev. Richard Appleton, Senior Dean and Tutor of Trinity, and the Rev. A. S. Aglen, incumbent of St. Ninian's, Alyth. Mr. Vaughan Hawkins acted on this occasion as Best Man.

The issue of this very happy marriage was three sons,

James Ramsay Montagu, born 1889; Gordon Kerr Montagu, born 1891; and Nevile Montagu, born 1893.

But to return to the Harrow connections. The presence of the Howsons and the Cruikshanks at Harrow was a tie which brought Dr. Butler not infrequently to the Hill. His first visits were, from a sense of delicacy towards his successor, rather stealthily paid. We were amused to hear how he had driven from the station to his daughter's house, sitting far back in a fly with a handkerchief held to his face. But when his son Hugh entered the Head-Master's House in 1887, and still more when 'Ted' joined the Staff of Masters in 1891, the little guise of secrecy was abandoned, and his attendance at 'functions,' such as Speech Day and Founder's Day, became a regular institution. A Speech Day, indeed, without the eloquence of the Master of Trinity at the Head-Master's luncheon was shorn of half its glory. No other distinguished guest received such hearty cheers on descending the steps. His old colleagues and pupils looked back on the few words exchanged with him on the Terrace as one of the chief interests of the occasion. On Founder's Days, too, we were often fortunate enough to hear yet another and another of his felicitous combinations of the grave and gay; and once he actually was persuaded to appear at the 'Tobacco Parliament' and endure what must have been to him an excruciating atmosphere of smoke.

When the time came for the sons of his second marriage to enter the School, the ties were naturally drawn even closer; there was a renewed opportunity for him to exercise his almost quixotic generosity, and much cause for parental pride. The two elder boys, 'Jim' and Gordon, won Entrance Scholarships; but Dr. Butler would accept for them only the honour—the emoluments he handed in one case to the Endowment Fund of the School, in the other to the Land Purchase Fund. To give the list of prizes won by the three boys would be simply to enumerate all the rewards which Harrow offers for proficiency in the Classics, History, and English Literature. If they surpassed their father in the number of their medals and books, it must be remembered that in the intervening sixty years the scope for prize-winners had been more than doubled in extent and variety. On one occasion the Head-Master, Dr. Wood, announcing to the School the result of a competition for Greek Epigrams, said that he would read out the mottoes and names of the first selected four, whose epigrams were well ahead of the

rest. The fourth envelope was opened, and the name of Butler Sen., was disclosed. A sigh of relief was audible as the boys jumped to the conclusion that a competitor of some other name would be successful for one classical prize at all events. The third envelope again produced 'Butler Sen.,' and the second was equally monotonous. 'Well, he can't be winner now,' thought the School. But the first envelope awarded the prize to yet another effort of the same competitor—and envy was turned into a hearty and congratulatory laugh. Suffice it, then, to say that 'Jim' repeated the family tradition by winning the blue ribbon of the Gregory Scholarship, while Gordon and Nevile were elected successive Botfield Scholars; that 'Jim' and Nevile were Heads of the School; that 'Jim' and Gordon crowned their school careers by winning the interesting prize given '*ob studia uno tenore feliciter peracta*,' which can only be awarded to boys who have never missed a head remove or a place in the first class at the Sixth Form Examinations, and that they both proceeded, with Trinity Scholarships, to further remarkable achievements at Cambridge.

To a father who attached great educational value to classical composition and the study of literature, the delight in his sons' successes may be imagined. He was living his own school life over again. No less was his happiness when, on two occasions, he was asked by the Chairman of the Governors to hand to 'Jim' and Nevile the books which reward the Head of the School for his delivery of the Latin Contio before that august Body. It fell to 'Jim's' lot to be the first Head of the School to adopt the modern pronunciation of Latin in his reading of the speech. When thanking him, his father could not refrain from a little humorous remonstrance against 'the Public House touch' of a word like *oblivisci*.

A happy coincidence of family honours afforded an intense pleasure to the Master of Trinity: his eldest grandson, Hugh Howson, was elected in 1902 to an Entrance Scholarship in the same examination as 'Jim,' and the pair left Harrow for Cambridge together, 'Jim' with a Scholarship at Trinity, and Hugh with a Scholarship at his father's old College of King's.

Nate meae natae, qua vix mihi carior uxor,
Tuque, puer, nostri serior agne gregis,
Vere novo vitae primos meruistis honores;
Herga sua lauru cingit utrumque caput,

Pergite magna sequi, memores, dum vivitis, Hergae ;
Hoc avus, hoc grato praemonet ore pater,
Concordes animae generosam extollite Matrem,
Quaeque dedit pueris reddite dona viri.

H. M. B., Woburn Sands, April 2, 1902.

There were the red-letter days when Butler came to preach. In 1894 the octocentenary of the consecration of the Parish Church of Harrow was celebrated, and the Vicar invited the School to attend a memorial service. Dr. Butler preached a memorable sermon on the fortunes of the church from the dark days of William Rufus, when St. Anselm came to hallow the foundation of his predecessor Lanfranc, on the connection of Harrow with successive great Archbishops, and on his own memories of worship in the venerable fabric when he was a boy at School. Again, when the beloved friend of Harrow, Lord Bessborough, died in 1895, Dr. Butler came, at very short notice, to address the School at a memorial service in the Chapel on March 19. A few extracts will not be unwelcome to those of my readers who remember what the constant presence and influence of ' Fred Ponsonby ' meant to some twelve or fifteen generations of Harrow boys.

The friend whom we have lost had already left school for Cambridge when this Chapel first rose from the ground. How amazed he would have been if he had then been told, ' The voice of the Burial Service will never be heard within these walls till, some sixty years hence, Harrow men and Harrow boys meet here together to offer *you* their last Farewell.' . . . When I came here as a boy, more than forty-eight years ago, ' Ponsonby and Grimston ' were already an institution. So far as I know, there was then nothing like it in any Public School. One year followed another, one generation followed another, new Masters came and new boys, still ' Ponsonby and Grimston ' were one of the traditions, one of the weekly sights, as I said, one of the established institutions of Harrow life. . . .

Those games of ours which he had so long watched were his educators as well as yours. They brought out in him rare gifts both of insight and sympathy. He was always on the look-out for athletic promise, but still more for character. If there was one thing he specially loved it was to ' comfort the feeble-minded,' to help a boy to believe again in himself when bad luck or ill-health or any other disaster had dashed his spirits and made him despondent. . . . But there is another word to be spoken in connection with our games. He saw, and loved to see, all their charm and all their educating power ; but he saw their danger also ; and the danger lay chiefly in this—not that they led some boys here

and there to be idle in school work, but that they dazzled too much the Harrow imagination, satisfied too easily Harrovian ambition, tempted both boys and men to look on athletic achievement as the main honour of the School, and tended to chill by comparison, or at least to overlay, the yet nobler fire of intellectual enthusiasm. . . .

What shall be our last word ? The memories of the best-loved men pass rapidly away. A man whose face, whose word, whose will, whose charm is in every heart to-day, is within three years almost unknown to a new generation of the young. So it will be with this dear friend who for sixty years has borne a foremost part in every enterprise for the good of Harrow, who in every change of our fortune has given us so much—money, time, counsel, sympathy, friendship—and, above all, has, without a break, given us himself. No project had a chance of success without Ponsonby's support. No gathering was complete without Ponsonby's presence. This is the last such gathering. To some of us he seems more present now than ever. In a few years you boys, and those who come after you, will have but a few vague memories of him, and the gradually growing legend of the two friends, who for so many decades were always seen in all weathers in our favourite place of resort. Let us hope that the Harrow boys of the long years to come will so far read that legend aright as to hate the things which the two friends hated, and love what they loved ; to hate slackness, and swagger, and ill-temper, and selfishness, and the wretched notion of ' each man for himself,' or each House for itself ; and to love, as they so cordially loved, whether in victory or defeat, thoroughness, fairness, modesty, hopefulness, the ' rule of the game,' the ' umpire's decision final,' chivalry, generosity, courtesy to opponents, the spirit of comradeship, the spirit of ' Auld Lang Syne,' the spirit which, here, and in every ancient society, enables ' brethren to dwell together in unity.'

What Butler said in that address about Lord Bessborough, ' that no gathering was complete without him,' was even more true about himself : for no great occasion in the history of the School could be adequately marked without a sermon from the Master of Trinity. Accordingly he was invited to preach on Founder's Day of 1903, when the new Transepts were consecrated as a memorial to the fifty-five Harrovians who fell in the South African War. On July 9, 1905, a few days after the Royal visit had raised a flood in the channel of Harrow pride, he preached on the religious aspect of School patriotism, selecting a text from the 48th Psalm, ' Walk about Zion, and go round about her, and tell the towers thereof.' To revisit the Hill, twenty years after his retirement, and preach again in the familiar pulpit was an experience which raised in his mind memories connected with almost every stone of the School for which his love had never abated. Patriotism

was one of his favourite ideals; but his *sursum corda* raised it from the level of mere human pride in an institution, however venerable, to the purer air of that citizenship which humbly acknowledges that 'This God is our God for ever and ever; He shall be our guide unto death.'

In 1911, on Founder's Day, he preached again, with an eloquent picture of what he would have old Harrovians to be, 'the servants of the public,' 'the guides and interpreters of the rising desires of the working classes, not jealously, but with all the sympathy of their hearts.'

Once more, and for the last time, he preached on Founder's Day of 1914. His texts for that sermon are carved on the new pulpit which has this year (1920) been erected to his memory: 'O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee,' and 'The Lord out of Zion shall so bless thee, that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long.' The subject was 'prosperity.' The early months of the Great War, with their vicissitudes and anxieties, naturally coloured his discourse. And there was to the older of us who heard him the pathetic touch of a valediction from that guide and counsellor and friend whose inspiration we had tried so long, and so falteringly, to follow.

Dear Harrow Friends and Schoolfellows, our Founder's Day this year seems in some ways not quite like other Founder's Days that we have known, and some of us have known many. There is a time, as we are told, for joy and a time for sorrow. There is a time also for something which comes between joy and sorrow, and, while it lasts, leaves hardly full room for either. There is a time for anxiety. I like to think that our good Founder, who seems so near to us on this day and at this hour, and of whose heart and soul we know so little, must have shared in the many public anxieties with which the wonderful age in which he lived was so long beset. I like to think that he not only shared them, but felt them, and that they gave seriousness and dignity and elevation to his character, to his aims, and to his prayers. . .

Founder's Day is surely always a day that appeals to all that is best and truest in us. How well I remember my own first Founder's Day in this month of October, 1847, not far short of seventy years ago. We then met, a small number by comparison, not indeed within these walls, for they were not yet built, but within the space, already hallowed, now embraced by these walls. There, for the first time, I heard, what some of you have heard for the first time to-day, the great chapter of Godly patriotism, 'Let us now praise famous men and the fathers that begat us.' It was read by the Head of the School, a boy only a few years older than myself. How little could I then have thought that the days would come when it

would be read out by myself and by two of my sons, as well as by more than a score of loved and honoured pupils. . . .

And now to-day we are thinking, some of us at least, of other kinds of Benefactors, those dear School-Brothers who have given their young lives to their country and to what they believed to be a just and righteous cause. Their names will no doubt be recorded here. You and your children and your grandchildren will, from time to time, read them, and revere them, and thank them; and may be that on some future Founder's Day, far remote from now, some preacher, speaking from this pulpit, will appeal to them as to those who in the days of youth, and in the day of Britain's need, rose to the call of duty, loved not their happy youthful lives unto the death, and bequeathed to their Country and their School a fresh testimony to the true divine meaning of 'prosperity.'

Once more, then, dear Friends—it shall be my last word, probably the last that I shall ever speak in this beloved and sacred House of God—let us join together, young and old, Boys and Masters, past Schoolfellows who feel to-day, almost more than ever, how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in lifelong, unbroken unity—let us all 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' Let us pray that they may prosper who love her. For our brethren and companions' sake, with a full heart and a grateful mind, let us in the Name of our own God, and the God of our fathers, and the God of our children, let us wish her 'prosperity.'

The Harrow dinners he attended regularly. I doubt whether he ever missed one of them, from the first year of his Old Harrovian's estate in 1851 till his last in 1914, when he told us that he could hardly expect to see another, and, in our selfish affection, we disbelieved him. The reunion with old friends was a pleasure to him which never palled, and to them the expectation of a speech from 'the Master' was an unfailing attraction. If he spoke early, we rather pitied those whose lot it was to follow him; if he spoke late in the evening, one was reminded (I hope not irreverently) of 'the good wine kept till now.' But after-dinner oratory, like the best vintage, may taste flat next day; so I shall only attempt to recall two or three interesting occasions of this nature. On July 7, 1897, Butler took the Chair and read to the assembled Old Harrovians this touching farewell from Dr. Vaughan, who had only a few more months to live.

From Dr. C. J. VAUGHAN.

Llandaff: July 5, 1897.

Once again—surely for the last time—I send my greetings to my own old Harrow, gathered in diminished numbers, but with the old Harrow heart, at their Triennial Anniversary. You may not have the opportunity, but, if you have, tell them I was not *half* kind enough to them when I was their master. It is wonderful

how the very words of those days come back in sleepless nights or meditative early hours, now. What would I not give to unsay, or to ask forgiveness for, one little half-sentence in the Speech Room to one still living! These things are scarcely fit subjects for a Triennial Dinner. The Harrow of 1845–1859 would not know me now—an old man, full of regrets and sorrows for many things, but most of all for this—that he is laden with a gratitude which he does not deserve, and with love which he can now repay only by idly loving back.

Again, on October 24, 1910, he took the Chair at a dinner arranged by the Harrow Association to wish God-speed to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst on his appointment as the Viceroy of India. In proposing the health of the guest of that evening the Chairman first sketched the connections of five previous Harrovian Governors-General with the School—Lords Teignmouth, Wellesley, Hastings, Dalhousie, and Lytton. Then, coming to the nearer subject of the evening—

What [he asked] is the significance of a meeting like this? We desire that, when anxious times come, our Harrow Viceroy may feel that, whether it be peace or war, whether it be calm or storm, whether fame or obloquy, whether all men praise him, or whether some bitter tongues assail or misrepresent, he is always sure that he will be remembered by his schoolfellows at home, who place their trust in him, who regard and even pray for his welfare, and that his welfare will mean the welfare of the millions, some of them helpless and impotent, over whom for their good he is called to preside. I believe in the power of this conviction, that the love and confidence of schoolfellows thousands of miles away are a present help in trouble. . . . What 'the strong arm and the watchful eye' of England are to a British subject abroad, that to a member of a great School is the assurance of the constant sympathy of his schoolfellows. He has the conviction that they are following him with imagination, with confident trust, and affection. And it is chiefly, though not solely, in times of anxiety and perplexities and trouble and struggle that this blessing will be felt.

He closed with a quotation from a poem of William Alexander, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, which he had himself heard delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford in 1853, when Lord Derby, 'the Rupert of Debate,' succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University:

> And when the influx of the perilous fight
> Shall be around us as a troubled sea,
> He will remember, like a Red Cross Knight,
> God, and this day, and me.[1]

[1] The poet spoke in the name of Oxford.

That which Oxford said to her chosen Chancellor some sixty years ago, I venture, with all respect, to put into the mouth of Harrow when she takes farewell of this distinguished son. It is certain that, as Lord Minto put it, he will 'never forget the gathering of this evening.' And Harrow, if he will believe it, will from a thousand affectionate and loyal hearts be saying to him, 'Let him remember, like a Red Cross Knight, God, and this day and me.'

This was the one occasion when Dr. Butler erred in an after-dinner speech. It was too long—a mistake which nobody regretted so much as he did himself.

To Sir CHARLES DALRYMPLE.

Trinity Lodge: November 15, 1910.

. . . I have just got through the quite unexpected task of correcting for the *Harrow Gazette* my unfortunate Speech. I had no idea that the creature had been so monstrously long—so long that it prevented you and probably others from hearing Hardinge's speech properly, the only *raison d'être* of your gathering. I assure you I feel much ashamed of my blunder, and should like it to be known that I greatly regret it. I can say with truth that my one anxious desire was that our good schoolfellow at this crisis of his life, should feel that we all recognised the grandeur of his mission, and also that our hearts went with him and would stick to him lovingly and trustfully, come what might. But somehow I thought, or rather felt, that in essaying this difficult task, the Chairman was almost bound to say something of former Vice-Roys, and this attempt led me on to a length which I never dreamed of.

Oh, if I had it over again. Theoretically, I know how often 'the half is more than the whole,' and that the old truth *ne quid nimis* is new as ever, perhaps newer; but theory is one thing, practice another, and when one is on those queer things, 'my legs,' a special demon seems to arise. . . .

Of all those gatherings the most interesting was that of July 9, 1913, when the Harrow Association entertained Dr. Butler at a dinner to celebrate his eightieth birthday, which had fallen just a week previously. The late Lord Lichfield was in the Chair and read cablegrams from Old Harrovians in New Zealand and Ceylon, and congratulatory letters from old pupils in many lands. He then presented to the Master an Address from the Association recording with all due gratitude his unique services to the School, from the day he entered it as a pupil of Dr. Vaughan to that very evening when he was still serving, and guiding, Harrow as a Member of the Governing Body. The Address concludes as follows:

It is indeed not too much to say that Harrow and Harrovians owe a debt of gratitude to you greater than they owe to any other

living Harrovian. And in whatever manner the Members of the Association may have realised your influence, one and all, from the oldest to the youngest, to whom the name and fame of Harrow School are dear, now join in a tribute of gratitude for the long and loyal service you have given to the School, and of earnest hope that your life may long be spared to your family and your friends.

His health was proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in a speech of which a short extract will convey the gist.

Harrow thanks you now, and every generation and succeeding generations of Harrovians will thank you, for what you did and what you do—yes, and England thanks you too. Others can estimate far better and more comprehensively than I the great powers, the keen and graceful scholarship, and the power of communicating that gift or weapon, call it which you will, to others. But I claim the full right to appreciate the teacher and the man, the example set before our eyes and untiringly and effectively borne, of all that is best and highest in the virile life of a great schoolboy, a great Head-Master, and a great Head of a famous College. . . . Yet I believe that most of us are thinking to-night rather of the man than of his work. Some of us have experiences, in times of sorrow, or of joy, or of perplexity, which are too sacred for outspoken words. I am among that number. Dr. Butler has a place at all the most solemn junctures of my life. I am certain of this—that there are very few here to-night who could not in our general tribute add something specific of their own to its volume, some instance of overflowing personal kindness, of generous and perhaps quite unexpected sympathy, of wise counsel, or stimulus, or recognition, in things secular or sacred. The astonishing memory which seems never to flag or fail, the storehouse of anniversaries or associations old and young, the personal touches of peculiar kindness and affection which make all of us his reverent friends—these, his gifts, his characteristics, are unique. To such a man we do well surely to pay gratefully every tribute of honour that we can. . . .

Our privilege to-night is to thank our guest for all that he has done, and is doing, for English life. We do thank you. Harrow is in all our hearts, and you have taught us how to value its place there. What Harrow means to you, and you to Harrow, we know. May I end with the words, familiar to many of us, words written of a great Harrovian and applicable to-night in a peculiar sense to a yet greater Harrovian in yourself?

> 'And never a Harrow triumph swelled the heart,
> And never a cloud fell dark on School or boy,
> But he, strong brother, claimed the foremost part,
> First in our griefs, and gladdest in our joy.'[1]

The Master's reply was in every way characteristic. There was, of course, a quotation from Burke's 'Thoughts on the Causes of Present Discontents,' for was it not spoken on the anniversary of that statesman's death? There

[1] E. E. Bowen on Lord Bessborough, 1895.

were reminiscences of Tercentenary days, of the partnership of Bowen and Farmer in producing Harrow songs, and of a sermon by John Smith. There were scintillating anecdotes—of Alfred Lyttelton's advice to a nervous speaker, 'Say what you feel, and never mind how you say it'; of Butler's own first day at Harrow, when he left his great-coat in Dr. Vaughan's hall, and his father, with a head-master's look, said, 'One would think the house was your own'; of Lord Palmerston laying the foundation-stone of the Library and beginning a short speech with 'Doctor Butler.' He was corrected by Lord Clarendon. 'He is not *Doctor* Butler, he is Mister Butler.' 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Butler, no man likes to be doctored against his will'; of 'a little boy, now holding a high position in one of the Harrow Houses,' whom he once took for a ride: 'I said to him, "I suppose you always wish the best side to win?" "Of course." "Well, we are going to play Eton next Friday and Saturday, and some say they have the better Eleven. Do you wish them to win?" "No, certainly not!" Private feeling was stronger than logic"; and of the honest umpire who required facts before giving his decision: 'Where did the ball hit the batsman?' 'On the head.' 'Leg before wicket then!' said the umpire.

We know that it is part of our trade as cricketers to 'play the game.' But whether it be in matters of cricket, or in matters connected with the Church, or in matters connected with politics, or in matters connected with our professional engagements, there is hardly any motto which I would more confidently commend for the guidance of the dear friends who are sitting round me, and who have paid me infinitely too much honour to-day, than 'Play the Game.' Remember your School, and 'Play the Game.'

To the organisers of these symposia—H. O. D. Davidson before the birth of the Harrow Association, and afterwards W. F. Fladgate—his letter of thanks was never omitted. Here is one of these courteous tributes:

To H. O. D. Davidson.

G.N. Hotel: October 25, 1910.

One of my first waking thoughts on this Balaclava and Agincourt day distresses me.

I had fully intended to say a word, when returning thanks for the poor 'Chairman,' in recognition of what we all owed to you and Fladgate for having brought us all together in so happy a manner for so worthy and memorable a cause. But those queer things 'my legs'! As soon as I get upon them, large masses of memory slip away, never to return till penitential hours of the night or the

early morning—and then poor Sichel's 'suicide'[1] obsessed my mind. Well, you have both done us all 'yeoman service,' and you may depend upon it that many who are in the secret are mentally and morally thanking you.

I am glad that your boy & young Hardinge[2] were there. They ought never to forget the scene.

How very good the Archbishop was!

Please let Fladgate know of my grateful penitence or penitential gratitude.

To all the friends who had joined, or who wished that they could have joined, to do him honour on that occasion he addressed the following sonnets:

TO THE MANY

DEAR HARROW FRIENDS

WHO ON THE EVENING OF JULY 9TH

DINED TOGETHER AT THE SAVOY,

AND TO THOSE

WHO SENT KIND MESSAGES OF REGRET

OR OF SYMPATHY

FROM MANY ENGLISH HOMES

AND DISTANT LANDS,

SIMLA, LAHORE, CEYLON, PERSIA,

CAPETOWN, BLOEMFONTEIN, SIERRA LEONE,

NEW ZEALAND,

CHRISTIANIA, ST. PETERSBURG, CONSTANTINOPLE,

THESE TWO SONNETS

ARE VERY GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

Dear Friends, who sat together yesternight
For love of Harrow and for 'auld lang syne,'
For all your tender thoughts of me and mine
I thank you from my heart; 'twas sheer delight
To count the crowded heads—some grey, but all
The heads of Brothers whom the years unite
In one great passion,—and in dreams recall
Boyhood's best hours, hope-kindled, brave and bright.

[1] Dr. Butler had quoted from a copy of *The Harrovian* an account of a House Match, with the words, 'Hardinge and Sichel added 81 runs for their side before Sichel committed suicide,' and added, 'I have not heard the result of the Coroner's Inquest upon the unfortunate Sichel, but, as his parents are coming to stay with me a fortnight hence, I shall hear the latest news.'

[2] Malcolm G. Davidson, Head of the School, and the Hon. A. H. L. Hardinge, son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, the guest of the evening.

If there be One who humbly dares to claim
A debt to Harrow deeper than the rest,
For Parents, Brother, Sons, his very name,
As Husband, Father, Son supremely blest—
Think of him sometimes on the dear old Hill,
And, when he's gone, think kindly of him still.

H. M. B.

TRINITY LODGE, *July* 10, 1913.

'Great men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none.'
So Wordsworth lauds his England, loyal son
Of glorious Mother, zealous to defend
Her sacred coasts from insult, and commend
To latest times what Saints and Heroes won,
Faith, Freedom, Daring, silent Duties done
By Man to Country and by Friend to Friend.
We too have had our Great ones, Men of Light,
Rulers of nations, Statesmen high and pure,
Poets and Prelates, Chiefs renowned in fight,
Planters of Churches, Champions of the Poor.
Oh may we tread where erst our Great ones trod,
And live and die for Country and for God!

H. M. B.

TRINITY LODGE, *July* 14, 1913.

The sonnets elicited many letters of thanks from his old pupils. I quote two of them.

From G. P. BIDDER.

Cavendish Corner, Cambridge: July 24, 1913.

You were saying that you found yourself reviewing things left undone. I don't think it is impertinent, in a man of fifty, that I should try to put on paper some of the things that I think I mainly owe to you.

First and foremost I put that, after five Form-Masters had treated my mistakes in Latin and Greek as due to wilful idleness and inattention—you first found that some queer deficiency in absolute memory made our ordinary classical work of more difficulty to me than even the ordinary dull boys of my age: and so you gave me justice. My dear Tutor, Colbeck, advised me against going on the Modern Side about my third year, because he said, 'I count a year in Dr. Butler's Form a very valuable piece of education.' I think he was right.

I would rank most highly that you made me ashamed of not having read great books, passing on the ideal that reading maketh a full man.' You taught me to care greatly for the choice of words. I think the new lesson was, that there are many English tongues, and that the master of language chooses—as a musician among his keys—that one English in which his thought may reach a kindred mind uninjured.

I have always held that the textual criticism of the Greek Testament in your Form was as valuable a training in the principles

of science as I have ever had. I feel that you helped me much to an outlook on History, though I am scarcely enough of an historian to analyse the aid.

I am sure I was much helped by the recognition that you appreciated and valued beauty of sound in melodious poetry. This appreciation is much more rare than is commonly supposed: I don't think I had recognised it before, except perhaps in Colbeck.

But my letter grows too long: only it is rather pleasant for an old pupil to try for once to acknowledge a few of his debts.

From Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart.

21 Pall Mall: July 30, 1913.

I write to thank you for a copy of your happy verses written after the Dinner, which was a pleasure to all of us. The verses say just the right thing. One of your admonitions, which I have found a help in life, was 'Never say what you know to be wrong.' It is perhaps more difficult to say what is right, but you have achieved it. Another useful advice that you gave us I have also found most valuable—always to look up a reference at once, not to defer it till a leisure time occurred. For this and for much else I am grateful.

Allusion was made in the Address quoted above to the Master of Trinity being a Governor of the School. It was in 1901 that the Head and the Assistant Masters unanimously and cordially invited him to serve as their representative on the Governing Body. The death of Mr. C. S. Roundell in that year gave us this opportunity of offering to him the greatest, and indeed the only, honour within our competency. How it was that the Governors had not themselves co-opted him to fill some earlier vacancy, we were at a loss to understand, especially as four other great Schools[1] had prevailed on him to devote a share of his precious time to service on their Supreme Councils: but we welcomed our opportunity when it came. He readily consented; and the closer connection with Harrow was one of the keenest pleasures which came to him in later life. Unfortunately his letter of acceptance has perished, but the following reply to it from Dr. Wood expresses the sentiments of the Masters.

From Dr. Joseph Wood.

The Head Master's, Harrow: July 25, 1901.

We had our meeting last night in the Library, and I am commissioned by the Masters to offer to you our united thanks at your most generous acceptance of our proposal. I am to tell you that we feel, one and all, the greatest delight and the deepest gratitude that you have consented to be our representative on the Governing

[1] Cheltenham, Cheltenham Ladies' College, Haileybury, Wellington.

Body. There was one unanimous feeling of joy that you were willing and able to come back to us, to the old School which loves and honours you. I shall inform the boys of the good news in Speech Room on Thursday, and I am writing to Lord Spencer to convey to him your wish that no public notice shall be communicated to the papers.

To Earl SPENCER, Chairman of the Governors.

Trinity College, Cambridge: June 17, 1901.

I would not like you to hear from anyone but myself, what I consider a really great event in my life. A few days ago I received this extraordinarily kind letter from Dr. Wood. It was an immense surprise to me, and I took some days to think over what it was right to do.

To-day I have most gratefully accepted what was so kindly and unexpectedly offered, and I can only say that I will do my best, with such strength as may be given me, to renew my loving service to the dear old school under your ever kindly leadership.

One important matter with which the Governors had to deal caused him some doubts and anxiety. In 1902 the Head-Master, Dr. Wood, appealed to Old Harrovians for assistance to purchase a large open tract of land, and so preserve 'an open lung' for the School for ever. The response was generous, and the land was saved. But a part of the purchase money had to be provided by a mortgage, and the interest on that mortgage would be a heavy drain on the resources of the School. Dr. Wood, in his generous patriotism, surrendered a portion of his official salary. The Governors asked Counsel's opinion as to whether it lay within their competency to contribute from their income towards the payment of the interest on the reduction of the debt.

To Earl SPENCER.

Trinity Lodge: November 19, 1904.

Haldane's opinion, for which I was not prepared, has to some extent reassured me as to the legal position of the matter; at least he encourages one to take the broad view of what may be 'essential to the welfare' of a great School. At the same time I agreed, I think, with every word you said about reluctance to accept Dr. Wood's gift so long as he remains, and reluctant also to saddle (not your word) the School income of the Governors for many years to come with a very considerable contribution from the fees. Like most questions, it has two sides, and the side of securing the land is a very broad one. I feel sure that posterity will judge us severely if, in one way or another, we fail to buy up the opportunity.

As to the very important crisis with which we have to deal, I should be prepared, under your guidance, to risk a good deal in the way of pledging future surplusses for a good many years to

come to the payment of interest on the great sum now required. But there are of course limits to this risk, and we cannot forget that this time 60 years ago the School numbered less than 70 boys! Since then many thousands of boys, most of them boys of some position, have entered the School, and are not likely to allow it ever again to sink to anything like that.

There is evidence in many letters that on some most important questions of policy or appointment the decision of the Governors was left to his final judgment, and that decision was not reached without infinite care and thought.

From the Rev. LIONEL FORD.

The Hall, Repton: May 29, 1910.

I cannot easily analyse the feelings that this offer of the vacant post at Harrow awakens. It is almost overwhelming; and so much of me clings here and shrinks from the untried sea that it is an immense easing of the pain of decision that the offer should come in so open-handed a form, with such a 'categorical imperative' about it, as the considerateness of the Governing Body of Harrow has given it. For this enables me, I think, independently of the sense of the high honour done to me on the one hand, and of the natural feeling of unworthiness on the other, to be conscious of something beyond the mere personal considerations, and to hear in it what I hope is the 'clear call for me' of God. So that I feel almost sure the answer is meant to be, 'Here am I; send me.'

But it has been a particular pleasure to have your own special letter, which I shall cherish as a pure gem of friendship, and which I may perhaps later on presume upon so far as to draw upon your great knowledge and experience and love of Harrow if I find my way perplexed.

Thank you indeed, dear Master, for your words of encouragement and help. . . .

To the Rev. LIONEL FORD.

Trinity College, Cambridge: May 30, 1910.

How can I thank you enough for this most delightful letter, and how can I be thankful enough for this most joyful news? We must not be selfish; we must keep a warm and not too narrow a place in our hearts for Repton and remember that our joy must mean regret and something more to others. Still I must believe, not pretending to be impartial, that the good cause of enlightened Christian education is being powerfully furthered, and that Time will show that England has been a gainer. . . .

I need hardly say that anything that I may have learnt of Harrow ways, personnel, strong points, weak points, present needs, etc., etc., will be wholly at your service as long as I live—should you ever care to consult me,—but Eton and Repton will, under God, be your true counsellors.

By a very curious coincidence, which quite touches me, my dear brother 'Spencer Perceval,' born at Harrow just 82 years ago,

brought here on Saturday a whole heap of our dear Father's letters, some of them more than 110 years old. Among them are his Testimonials for Harrow in *1805*. One long and very flattering Testimonial is signed by the Heads of most of the leading Colleges and many of the leading Professors and Tutors, R. Porson, Herbert Marsh, T. Jones, etc. His pious trust on being elected by the Archbishop's casting vote is quite pathetic to a son.

God bless you, dear Friend, and your dear Wife and Harrow and Repton—now and at all times.

Memorials, to preserve and enshrine the names of friends and benefactors to the School, were always sure of his support, and generally of his initiative. Half the battle for their success was won by an inaugural speech from the Master of Trinity; and the other half sometimes depended on his personal efforts in raising the money required. In 1894 he started a fund in memory of the Rev. John Smith. Attendance on the sick-beds of the poor in London had occupied many of the holidays of that saintly man: it was only fitting therefore that the memorial fund should be devoted to the nursing of the sick in the Harrow Mission Parish.

Again, in 1897 the Master took the Chair at a meeting of Old Harrovians to raise a memorial to Dr. Vaughan. No object could have been dearer to his heart than to perpetuate in some beautiful shape the memory of one who had been a guiding inspiration in his own life, and had done so much for Harrow. The occasion drew from him a touching address. By a coincidence the Lesson for the day, November 16, was the forty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, which is always read by the Head of the School on Founder's Day: 'Let us now praise famous men and the fathers that begat us. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.' The passage gave the Master a clue for his peroration.

His 'body is buried in peace'; and if the great expression, 'his name liveth for evermore,' may be applied more suitably to the great ones of the earth, statesmen and conquerors and the like, yet in our own little world, our beloved little world, of which we are all thinking here to-day, and which every man in this room is proud to represent, however imperfectly; in the School which he replenished and reorganised, and to which he gave ever fresh lustre and distinction; in the Chapel which he rebuilt—I will add in the Chancel which he himself gave out of the fulness of his heart and the munificence of his hand—there at least his name will be one of the few names over which death and even time will have no power. There at least his name will 'live for evermore.'

A reredos and medallion portrait of Dr. Vaughan, with inscriptions in Latin and English penned by his devoted pupil, successor, and friend, were the realisation of the proposed memorial.

When John Farmer died in 1901, Dr. Butler raised by personal letters to his friends enough money to provide an annuity for the widow, who was left in straitened circumstances.

In 1901 again the movement was started for a War Memorial to commemorate the services of Harrovians who had fallen in South Africa. At a meeting summoned for this object on November 3 the Master moved the first resolution. The feeling of comradeship with the gallant soldiers who had given their lives was present in every heart ; but who could express that feeling in burning and elevating words like the Master ?

> Whether we look at the gravest side of all, or whether we look at those earlier days before the fatal shot was sped, we look back with pride and gratitude upon these young men. We pay them this tribute publicly, before the Country and before their old schoolfellows. We delight to think that the Public School tie has become so dear, so much more an acknowledged reality than it was in those days I was referring to, the time of the Peninsular War or of Waterloo, for we have no memorial to the memory of the gallant Harrovians who fell in those distant days. But at the present time we rejoice to think that the link of Public School brotherhood is one which may support our Schoolfellows in days of trial, of danger, and of suffering. . . . I contend that we are sowing, as it were, the seeds o future heroism, and contributing to soothe suffering in long days to come, when we ask you—nay, no asking is necessary—but when we wish you joy of having the opportunity of commemorating at Harrow the daring and all the other noble qualities which our friends have so signally displayed in South Africa.

When it was decided that the memorial should take the form of the addition of Transepts to the Chapel, necessitating the removal in part of the side walls of the Chancel, the Master was alarmed lest the appearance and character of Dr. Vaughan's gift should be altered, or even spoilt. He wrote to the survivors of Dr. Vaughan's period, sadly diminished in numbers, to ask their views, and was on the whole reassured by their replies. When the memorial was complete he frankly acknowledged the improvement, which belied his fears.

Sixteen years later, on May 18, 1917, another and a greater War Memorial was inaugurated at a meeting in

Merchant Taylors' Hall. A grievous disappointment was felt, when the Chairman, the Archbishop of Canterbury, announced :

> There is one name identified successively for more than a hundred years with Harrow and its life, one voice which we should all have wished, and to which we had hoped, to listen to-day, a voice of incomparable eloquence and pathos, which I am afraid we shall not hear. We realise that Dr. Butler's unrivalled right to speak is enhanced by his personal share in these sacred sorrows. Instead of our hearing his voice, you will perhaps let me read a letter which I received from him a few days ago :
>
> 'It is really with a heavy heart that I write to tell you that I must give up my eagerly cherished hope of meeting you on the 18th at our great Memorial Meeting. Six months of bronchial catarrh have strangely weakened me, and I dare not even now face a railway journey and an exciting meeting among many old friends drawn together under your guidance for the most touching of all purposes. I am not really ill, and, thank God, I suffer no pain ; but my doctor positively forbids the journey, and I feel that he is right.
>
> 'Need I say to you and our dear friends that my heart will be very near you all as you are doing honour to our schoolfellows, who have played their part so nobly and so worthily of Harrow ? They help us to love the dear School, if possible, more than ever. Their children, where they have left children, will not be forgotten.
>
> 'When the time comes, I shall give £105 to the Memorial Fund.'

'That,' said the Chairman, 'was written a few days ago, and just now I have received a telegram :

> 'My love to our dear schoolfellows and their kinsfolk.'

The last time that he spoke in public to Harrovians was on his eighty-second birthday, July 2, 1915. In the stress of the Great War the ordinary festivities of Speech Day were perforce abandoned ; and a combination of prize-giving and the Latin Contio was substituted. In spite of increasing frailty, he strung himself to address the boys, speaking with pride of Harrow's contribution to the War, of the numbers serving with the Colours, of the military distinctions won, of the Roll of Honour, already so long and destined, as he said, to be so pathetically longer. And then he told them how a wounded soldier at Cambridge, whom he took out for a drive, had pulled a photograph out of his pocket and said, 'That's the man who saved us from disaster ; that's the man to whom I owe my life '— and it was a photograph of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

THREE GENERATIONS.

Henry Montagu Butler, Edward Montagu Butler, Guy Montagu Butler,
at Woburn Sands. 1913.

At the similar function of the year 1917 he was present to hear his grandson, Guy Butler, read the Contio as Head of the School: but he begged to be excused a speech, and, disappointed of course, we realised that he must not be pressed. And that was his last appearance in the room that he had built, and on the Hill which he had loved so long.

Another link with Harrow was the annual dinner at the Lodge on November 5. The origin of this custom carries us far back in the history of the School. In the days of Dr. George Butler 'the fifth' had been a disorderly time, when boys habitually broke bounds and loosed off fireworks in the streets.[1] Dr. Longley determined to suppress the disorder. Himself a fleet runner, he gave chase to a delinquent, gained on him, and grasped one coat-tail as the boy dived through an open window of his house. The coat-tail came off in the Master's hand, and the boy escaped. Dr. Longley made sure that he would detect the offender at morning school by the condition of his coat: but word went round during the night, and in the morning the whole of the Upper School appeared with one tail to each boy. Subsequently the Head-Master employed the Monitors to patrol the streets and stop the dangerous practice, and he entertained them, after their duties were over, to an oyster supper. Dr. Butler (and doubtless the intervening Head-Masters) preserved the custom of a Monitors' dinner on November 5. Two stories he always told to his guests on those occasions—that of Dr. Longley and the coat-tail, and of his own first introduction to Harrow on November 5, 1846.[2] At Trinity he delighted to perpetuate the delightful function, with modifications, of course. As many Harrovian guests as the dining-room at the Lodge would hold were invited to dinner, and later in the evening all Harrovians at Cambridge were gathered in the big drawing-room for songs. As long as John Farmer's health allowed, he always presided over this 'Parliament,' and after 1900 some other musical Harrovian took his place. It was a memorable evening, equally enjoyed by the guests and by the venerable host himself.

Such were the various ties which, after 1885, still bound him to Harrow and kept ever fresh his general interest in

[1] See p. 16. [2] See p. 29.

the School. But there was also the voluminous private correspondence with his old pupils and his older friends. The letters which he wrote to them, and which have been preserved, are many; but the letters which they wrote to him fill many boxes. No important incident, joyous or sad, in the lives of his Harrow friends was allowed to pass unnoticed. Churchmen, proconsuls, soldiers, politicians, scholars, wrote to him about their experiences or asked for his advice. He was consulted on appointments, on literary topics, on scholastic difficulties, on questions of taste, on perplexities of conscience. Authors sent him their books, and received in return the welcome gift of his own latest publication. Was a felicitous wording for a dedication or an epitaph wanted, the Master was asked to supply it. Was a memoir contemplated of one of his old friends or colleagues, the Master must contribute his reminiscences. Naturally the large majority of the letters is either of too private or too ephemeral a nature to bear publication; but the following selection is at once typical and of abiding interest:

To Bishop H. H. Montgomery
(in answer to a very confidential letter).

Trinity Lodge: July 10, 1913.

There are some letters which are the more humbling in proportion as they are more loving. They make one say to oneself, how very much more might have been done. The power given us to help one another is so vast, and in the main so unconscious, that at the close of life we almost start as well as blush at the little we have done. . . . I will not say more, but could not say less. Your letter is one that drives a man to his knees.

To the Very Rev. Randall T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor
(in answer to a request for aid in finding for Archbishop Benson a suitable Chaplain and Secretary).

Brighton: January 7, 1888.

I have been thinking, as well as feverish influenza would allow me, over the grave question of your letter. I think I may say all your premisses seem to me sound. It really looks as if in these days an Archbishop required as part of his 'environment' two faithful servants—the one for lighter, though most laborious, functions, the other almost a '*consularis*' in ability, wide knowledge, and maturity of judgment. Your own relation (not relation*ship*) to Archbishop Tait was latterly, I imagine, quite peculiar: *i.e.* a Chaplain would almost always be a younger and less experienced man than you then were, and one far less able to advise as well as execute.

The Archbishop several times showed his sense of this by offering you important preferments. I am inclined to think that by serving

him as you did, you virtually proved the necessity, not before suspected, of a 'Cardinal Secretary of State.' Your services, first-rate as they were, were not better than so great a post demanded. In other words, there ought permanently to be some Clergyman of high position and fairly mature age attached to the Archbishop as a confidential adviser. This, of course, introduces questions of remuneration, with which I have nothing to do.

So having first given some expression to the more general thoughts awakened by your letter, let me come to details.

[Here follow a number of names suggested, with their qualifications.]

The more one thinks of it, the more difficult it is to advise. You want really a man of Episcopal calibre, who for some reason or other is not taken up in some very important work.

The next two letters show the warm sympathy which Butler always felt, and was ever ready to express, with the crusade of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Josephine Butler, against the 'White Slave Traffic' and the like.

To Archbishop Benson.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: November 12, 1891.

My dear Sister Josephine's letter does indeed reveal a strange scene at Brussels. I must try to find the 'Dawn,' that is, I think, the title of the paper—which gives the official record of the great Meeting or rather Congress. I am not quite clear as to the *exact* scope of its operations. It certainly attacks every 'legalized' form of profligacy, but I believe it goes much further and tries to enlist good men and women all over Europe in the fight against Impurity. Her name has special weight in Italy, South as well as North. . . . One interesting feature (to me) of the Brussels gathering was the co-operation of dear Josephine, naturally a great Puritan, with so many Roman Catholics. All her early conflict was surrounded by suffering and insult. It is a strange change to her to find herself favoured by great people and officials.

To George Gray Butler
(on his mother's, Mrs. Josephine Butler's, death, December 30, 1906, at Ewart).

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: December 31, 1906.

So the year closes with the close of this truly noble life, one of the very grandest, in my opinion, of the last hundred years. She had in her true heroism, as grand as that of Gordon himself, and a power, both intellectual and spiritual, which is granted to few indeed.

Many who have gone to their graves have in their days of toil and warfare called her blessed, and many of the choicest spirits now living, with the purest and most beneficent Christian ideals, will be thinking that she has scarcely left a peer.

May God bless you all, dear George, you and your dear little

ones, Stanley and Rhoda[1] and all their flock, and poor Charlie[2] and his three so far away! I know how deeply anxious she was about him and his illness only a few weeks back.

Please let us know the exact place and time of the Funeral. Naturally I should have made a great point of being with you, as I was at your dear Father's, but to-day, after a week indoors, I am far from well, having taken something of a chill. In such cruel weather one must be something of a coward. Whether I am able to be with you or not, you know that my heart will not be far off. It will be a solemn and a tearful gathering.

To Edward Graham
(with sympathy in the loss of a child).

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: March 7, 1895.

Agnes has just told me of this most sad blow which has fallen on you both. Would that any word, however feeble, could whisper any comfort in so dark an hour; but the sufferings and the loss of our little ones are at the moment a burthen 'too heavy for me to bear.' The pathos, as well as the sorrow, is overwhelming, and the sight of their little beds, toys, chairs, and pets is a constant renewal of the wound. But in time the belief becomes more than a belief, that God's love took them away in their fresh beauty, that we might have daily and nightly before us a sacred picture of unstained purity, a perfect remembrancer of all that is meant by the great saying, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' May this comfort come to you at times, as God will. There is a strange mystery about these young lives so soon recalled to the one Great Fountain of Life. All we can say is that it must be well with them, and He who gave them life will provide some work for them—work which cannot be a failure or a half-success. Perhaps the surprises in store for them may be hardly greater than those in store for ourselves!

Pray give an earnest loving word from me to your dear wife. It is my belief that she will know her little one again. Meanwhile, and for all time, how doubly, trebly precious the dear little survivor will be.

To Mr. Justice Edward Ridley
(on his appointment as Justice of the Queen's Bench Division).

Bank, Lyndhurst: April 16, 1897.

This is thrilling and delightful news. What a sudden and infinitely interesting change it will make in your whole life! I wish we might hope that one of its results would be to bring you at times, not as our guest, but *in iure tuo*, to Trinity Lodge, but I seem to notice that this always falls to the lot of quite the Senior Judges. Some years hence, when you are there, and I am gone, think of my Shade as trying to give you a most respectful greeting. Meanwhile do send me a good engraving or photograph of yourself

[1] Arthur Stanley Butler, second son of Canon George Butler, and Edith Rhoda his wife, daughter of Jaspar Bolton.

[2] Charles Augustine Vaughan Butler, then in British Columbia.

to be hung in the room which you will one day occupy, and which already, thanks to you, contains your grandfather's portrait. How happy your dear Father would have been to know that one of his sons would be Home Secretary and the other a Judge!

I am just writing to Mrs. Vaughan, and shall chat with her about it. I have heard from her to-day. Our dear old Master is, as you know, very very ill. She evidently thinks this is quite the last prostration, and that there will be no rally from it. It seems clear that *he* has ceased to wish for life. I am offering myself for a few hours on Wednesday night and Thursday morning, but I hardly expect they will advise me to come.

To Edward Graham.

[Sympathy in the death of a Harrow boy, T. H. Pears, and on old letters.]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: July 23, 1901.

Agnes has just told me of the very sad loss which you and your House have sustained. I can almost fancy that I hear the School Bell tolling its last farewell to the young Harrow boy. I am living much just now among old letters, and come upon many touching memorials of these sad losses. I hope he was a good boy, *integer vitae scelerisque purus*, and that your House will feel that he has left them a good, if quiet, example.

Among the relics of my past life I have exhumed, sifted, and of course to a great extent destroyed, numbers of old letters and memoranda. I have gone through Bowen's letters and John Smith's, the last a truly wonderful collection. I am tempted to lend you the enclosed, which I dared not have written myself. Then I have been much in *your* company. To-day I have been arranging all the letters relating to the Harrow Mission for which you and Davidson toiled so hard. If I live a few months longer I hope to present these and a selection of William Law's letters in autograph to the Mission House, as κτήματα ἐς ἀεὶ if they wish. *You* may like to keep the few which I enclose.

Then there is a singularly interesting letter of yours[1] on politics which I certainly cannot bring myself to destroy, but which is better now in your younger hands than in mine. How curiously the present time—almost the present moment—throws light upon it—on the well-known names of Milner, Morley, Chamberlain, and of the great, but (as I must think) greatly erring, Gladstone. There is not a word in your letter of which you have any reason to repent, though you could hardly re-write them all as they stand.

Lastly, I send you a few Latin talks with early death and the 'life of the world to come.' I want nothing again except dear John Smith's letter.

Bishop Every, when starting to take charge of his Diocese of the Falkland Isles, was presented with a pastoral staff by some Old Harrovian friends.

[1] Written in November 1885.

To Bishop Every.

September 5, 1902.

We offer you this pastoral staff with every affectionate wish and every earnest prayer. When you are far away, we shall think of you, and you will think of us. May God in His Fatherly goodness give you your heart's desire! May it be granted you to bring to Christ many who are not of His Fold, that they may hear His voice and become at last one flock, one Shepherd.

Pastorale damus baculum; quocunque vagaris,
Hoc signo Christi dirige, Pastor, oves.

H. M. B.

Dr. Butler's acquaintance with Miss Mary Wilkinson began in 1898, when she asked him to preach at the annual meeting of the Derby and Derbyshire Association for the Help and Protection of Girls, of which she was Secretary. He did so, and found to his delight that she had been born at Harrow and retained memories of the fire at the Head-Master's House in 1838; of Dr. Wordsworth looking on, with a silver-clasped Greek Testament in his hand (it was stolen); of the boys rescuing the Head-Master's library; of Mr. Colenso's financial ruin at Harrow; of Mrs. Rotch and other old inhabitants of the Hill. A close friendship ensued.

To Miss Mary Wilkinson.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 5, 1903.

Let me now have a little quiet chat with you about the past and the present!

What a year among years the last has been! The only ones that I could at all compare with it are those of the Crimean War, The Mutiny, the Liberation of Italy, and the French and German struggle of 1870, but doubtless we are both patriots enough to make a wide distinction in the fates of our own dear country and of any other, be it what it may. During the African War, after we had got our consciences clear as to its rights—which I did fairly soon—there was always with me an undercurrent of misgiving that there might be an external interference on the part of Germany, America, and possibly other powers. Clearly the Boers reckoned on this, and I am much disposed to believe that if Ladysmith had fallen, instead of being so narrowly saved, some European powers—not probably America—would have tried their hands. Certainly they had plenty of hate in their hearts. It was not without difficulty that their rulers held them in. Had our Navy been relatively a little weaker, anything might have happened. When in the next 20 or 30 years Archives give up their private despatches, 'and the secrets of all hearts are disclosed,' I fully believe it will appear that we very narrowly escaped what was called 'complications'—*i.e.* a general rising of Europe against us, resolved to clip the wings of the soaring Sea-Power.

What a happy day it was when the army at last gave in, and again when the King, after all those amazing anxieties, actually received his crown from the feeble hand of the good old Archbishop! It seems hardly possible that the power and splendour of our country can ever rise above what we see at this day, the Colonies so loyal and so proud of their share in us; India so united and apparently so content; the two military arms so strong, and foreign nations—however little they love us—so conscious of our strength.

I can imagine some powerful pen dreaming—if pens ever dream—an instructive dream of decay; comparing ironically the seeming solidity of to-day with the 'rifts in the lute' 10 or 20 years later—Colonies hating one another and hating us; despising our House of Commons and our party rancour; clamouring for an effective voice in all questions of peace and war; India and Persia weakened by a Russian invasion; loggerheads with the new German Navy reinforced possibly by that of Holland; and at home a grave Disruption in our Church, due to the increasing numbers of good men and women who hate the work of the Reformation and the name of Protestant. There is croaking enough for you! Nothing like a dream for a good croak!

If you were here, I should like to know what you have been thinking about the Education Bill. It surprises me that the extreme bitterness on the part of the Non-Conformists was not more clearly foreseen. All English History since Elizabeth would have been unlived had it been otherwise. Will the waves soon subside? I am not sanguine; the high ritualists are carrying the day for the present, and the thought that they can now influence the minds of Villagers all over the country at the expense of the rates, and that this may go on for ever, is not likely to 'dulcify' (Burke's word) the N.C. mind. My heart is with the poor children, not with the partisans.

To the Rt. Rev. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON, Bishop of Winchester, Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 9, 1903.

There are times when words wholly fail, and this is one of them. Thankful I am that I have lived to see the day to which I have so long and so eagerly looked forward, and which in my heart of hearts and mind of minds I believe to be so full of bright promise for the Church and the Nation.

God be thanked that you are to have this fresh and vast opportunity of serving Him, and of contributing even more than before to the spiritual life of His people.

I love to think how many good and true hearts of those who have fought the good fight' would have been made—*are* made *μὲν οὖν*—the happier by this good news to which they must all have lent expectant ears—Archbishop Tait and his dear wife, the good Queen, Dr. Vaughan, Lightfoot, Westcott, Benson, *cum multis aliis*. It is a simple and an innocent thought, and I am sure it is a true one.

Oh, may strength and beauty of life of every kind be granted you, that the great office may be more and more an object of love and trust throughout all the Churches and even among those drunkards, poor shop-girls, etc., to whom the very name of Church

is, alas, a foreign word, but who still have open places left in their hearts for gratitude and reverence.

When your first sermon comes here, you must let us hope to have the joy of receiving you, and of course dear Mrs. Davidson. Need I say how much of our heart just now goes out to her and all members of her family, not only the living ?

Your loving letter will always be among my treasures. Harrow can claim no Archbishop, I imagine, except (in a roundabout way) Becket and Longley.

To the Rev. Llewelyn Davies.

5 Cliff Parade, Hunstanton : April 14, 1903.

You are much in my thoughts just now, for I am buried in one book, the ' Life of Westcott.' I have just finished the great ' Reconciliation ' Achievement, the ' happiest five minutes of his life.' I am grateful for your own few words on his undergraduate course, and in particular your specifying the ' feminine ' element in his enthusiasm. This, combined with his boundless courage, largely helped to make up his growingly grand personality. How I wish we could have a talk about him. . . . One thing strikes me, not so much *in* the book as *out* of it. He felt keenly, as so many great minds do, the disillusion of high ideals, and the longing for change. It was so soon after 1864 at Harrow. It was so, I have always gathered, during the last four or five years of his time at Cambridge ; and though in both these cases his weariness and sense of exhaustion may be in *part* accounted for by local and temporary circumstances, *e.g.*, changes in our verse system at Harrow and the removal of Lightfoot to Durham, yet I believe it to have been, so to speak, ' constitutional.' He felt that the most rapid pace of influence over others could not be very long kept up. Not that he cared on personal grounds to be influential—few good men have ever had less *amour propre*—but he needed the visible sympathy and spiritual ardour and growth συναθλούντων to quicken and confirm his own marvellous faith. I *expect* to find in the closing years at Durham that something of this lassitude and restlessness will begin to show itself, even when his finger was laid with power on so many large issues ; and if it does show itself, I shall ascribe it only in a slight degree to old age and failing health.

On the other hand it will always be a joy to remember his last sermon and his last appearance at our Trinity Commemoration, only a few months before his death. There was not a sign of weakness, disappointment, fatigue. He seemed intensely happy and even enthusiastically thankful for the realisation of so many ideals conceived more than 50 years before. His son Brooke, who was with us, seemed astonished as well as delighted at his Father's intense vitality. I doubt if even the Reconciliation ' five minutes ' were happier than the forty or so of the Sermon on ' I came that they might have life.'

To the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge : January 31, 1908.

It is not easy to send any kind of answer to such letters as your two last. They are, I can truly say, a precious possession. When

I spoke of 'full proof of our ministry,' or rather the falling short of it, I was of course thinking mainly of myself, being conscious how very much more I might have made, and ought to have made, of all those delightfully happy opportunities to which you so feelingly alluded in your first letter about my Harrow life, or rather successive Harrow lives, with their 'And if that had been too little, moreover I would have given thee such and such things.' No schoolmaster that I can think of has ever had greater happiness lavished upon him, happiness still of daily renewal; and though I hope I am not ungrateful, still I deeply feel how *very* much more I might have given in return. We all have our several self-reproaches.

But I do not deny that, in using that particular phrase of St. Paul, I had you also in my mind, though distinctly not in the way of reproach. I think that it was in your intellectual and social reach to do more for the life of the world than it has been in fact possible for you to effect: but I have never felt as if you had taken life too easily and declined a call when it came to you. You have been handicapped, or, to use your own word, 'dogged' by constant delicate health, and I can see, or seem to see now, that it was a blessing in disguise when you at last lost touch with the House of Commons. That strain must, I think, have crippled or killed you. That particular disappointment, which must once have been keen, has had, thank God, many compensations. It has given you many more years of life, and it has given you the opportunity of revealing your brilliant literary gifts. Further, I cannot doubt that you are right in believing, however humbly, that it has increased your power of speaking and writing effectively on the secrets of the religious life. Men will listen to you, young men especially, on the things of God and the soul, when some of them at least would be impatient if even the same words could come to them—which in fact they could not—from any but two or three living clergymen.

Had you remained in political life and attained high office, you could hardly have retained the freshness and ardour necessary for this kind of sacred ministration; and again, you would have found it very difficult to keep clear of that hitting and those biting sarcasms which, however amusing as 'an ornament of debate,' are to my mind the very serious bane of our politics, and certainly tell fatally against any fighting politician's power to speak weightily on spiritual things. Men who contribute matter for insulting 'Posters,' or have to defend the 'Posters' of their party, lose the aptitude, if not the actual power, of wielding 'the Sword of the Spirit' of Love.

I cannot at my age expect to see very much more of your influence in spiritual things, but I believe that, please God, it will increase, if you keep clear of the mere party side of politics—not of course its convictions and its resolves, but its flagellations, and its imputations, and its suppressions of the truth, and its vulgar exaggerations, and its amazing lack of 'sweetness and light.' The temptations to use such weapons are to some gifted men astonishing: but they are not among the things that are 'lovely and of good report'; and I cannot help being thankful that you have been so led, through an eventful life, as to be now little exposed to this kind of danger. . . .

To Col. C. H. B. Heaton-Ellis.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 14, 1909.

How can I have been silent so long? When your kind letter and that perfectly charming song were being sent off on Jan. 3rd, I was away at Torquay, taking farewell of my very dear brother Arthur, our first Master of Haileybury. We talked about Haileybury, and he was particularly pleased to hear that young Burnaby and Digby had been elected here to a Minor Scholarship and an Exhibition. His old pupil, the Dean of Ely, has, I know, written to him.

The song which you sent me has a touching geographical connexion with this dear brother. For several years he used to go for weeks together to a little Inn at Eigg, and often said that the view from the highest hill, of some 2000 feet, with Rhum on the one side and the mainland on the other, was the very finest he had ever seen in any country. Also, he inoculated my eldest boy 'Ted,' now at the Park, with this opinion. I feel sure he must have known and loved Stevenson's beautiful song.[1]

The original from which it is adapted used to be a special favourite at Bamff, my dear wife's Perthshire home. It used to be sung to perfection by her gifted step-mother, Lady Ramsay, and it is now often sung very beautifully by her second daughter, Ferelith. So you see, my dear Friend, you have unconsciously set a good many chords of memory vibrating in sending me that kind New Year gift.

As to rendering it into any other language, it would be almost a sacrilege, but if ever I am guilty of it, you shall certainly be my Confessor and have a copy.

The next letter shows his activity in visiting various Educational Institutions, of many of which he was a Governor.

To Canon Pemberton.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: July 6, 1910.

Your kind birthday words are precious to me. We have both much to be thankful for in nearing fourscore with so many blessings in us and around us.

For myself, unable to do anything of a solid kind, I am thankful to be allowed to assist in happy ministrations of a lighter kind, into which I can throw my heart without much effort. During the last week I had the happiness of visiting in succession Cheltenham College, the Ladies' College there, the Governing Body of Wellington College, Haileybury, the Working Women's College, Harrow, the Gordon Boys' Home; and on Saturday, please God, I am off to Uppingham, where I stayed with old Thring nearly 40 years ago.

I am joyfully impressed with the progress, the power, and the earnest *esprit de corps* of our great Schools. It is a high privilege to be allowed to serve them in even a slight way!

[1] 'Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,' by R. L. Stevenson.

To C. B. Heberden, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.

[Dr. Butler had been invited to deliver the Romanes Lecture at Oxford.]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: November 13, 1911.

Will you very kindly allow this letter to be preliminary and tentative, in short a *πρόπειρα*?

The only subject that I have so far thought of on which I *might* be able to put together material for your Lecture is 'Parliamentary Oratory from Chatham to Gladstone.'

Do tell me with even blunt frankness whether such a subject would at all commend itself to the serious judgment of your wiser men, and would be at all in keeping with the character of the Romanes Lecture? I don't think the thing could be exactly *dull*, but is it dignified enough, solid enough, publishable enough?

Personally I have always had an itching ear for political speaking, and have read most of the best known accounts of men like Burke, the Pitts, Fox, Sheridan, Macaulay, etc.; but I know that I am but a poor critic, and I have not the means of getting new material.

A Romanes Lecture should, I take it, be something of a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*. Anything that I can give must be sadly ephemeral.

Help me not to make a fool of myself.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart.
(with thanks for the first volume of his 'George the Third and Charles Fox').

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: February 23, 1912.

I must not any longer delay to tell you how keenly I have been enjoying my first dips into your truly delightful gift. I rushed at it at once, particularly to Chatham, the fashions of C. J. Fox's strange times, Keppel and poor André. Then I was for a good many days interrupted by examiner's work on the University English Poem, 'Wordsworth,' to which, alas! no prize was awarded, and then on what you and your George and I can revel over in joint happy memories, the College 'English Declamations.' These cost me many laborious and even anxious hours, but not in vain. There was some really good work from a few.

I believe that you and the Historian of Garibaldi are so far the only instances of a Father and a Son winning the first Cup. I like to think that when good Dr. Hooper founded these valuable prizes in 1757 (?), he was thinking of the great Pitt, then almost at his zenith, and what a power in English life was the gift of telling speech. In my dear Father's 24 years at Harrow, 1805–1828, there were always three Speech Days, in May, June, and July, and at each of these the speeches were nearly all of a grave kind, Greek, Latin, Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Gray, etc., the object being not to amuse dear sisters, cousins, etc., but to educate budding statesmen. Immense pains were taken in coaching the young performers. It was a family tradition with us how old Lord Harrowby burst into tears when young Spencer Perceval in 1812 recited, 'Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.'

But what am I talking about? I began with no thought but of your most attractive book. I love its flowing style as well as

its all-important matter. There are few Cambridge men just now who *write* attractively. Vaughan, Seeley, Jebb, Helps, were masters of English, and doubtless I have forgotten others, but they have left few successors. The Oxford men beat us there—Newman, Church, Froude, Matt. Arnold, Liddon—not Dean Milman with all his power and learning and poetry. By universal consent your dear George has the power in a high degree.

I am so glad you have brought out what was to me in a high degree almost an *ἀπροσδόκητον* in Chatham, his genius for *detail* in matters of war. At first sight it would seem as if that special gift might have been expected to be found rather in his son, with his mathematical gifts, to which Wilberforce somewhere bears witness, I think in speaking of his speech in introducing his ' Sinking Fund.'

I suppose most of us would have said, or at least thought, previous to recent discoveries, that Pitt I had in the very highest degree the gift of inspiring others, and almost *forcing* every man whom he employed to strain every faculty he possessed, but that he was hardly a man for careful detail like Napoleon, Wellington, etc. Then again you bring out his wide and accurate knowledge of public affairs. I knew of his acknowledging his debt to Carteret for acquaintance with Foreign Politics, but your account is to me a delightful revelation. Also I enjoy the tribute paid by Pitt II to the rhetorical power of his niece. I feel sure you must know her delightful hit at poor Lord Mulgrave at the *tête-à-tête* breakfast in Downing Street, the broken egg-spoon and the ' feeble instruments that Mr. Pitt employs.' If man had said it to man, an interview at Wimbledon might have followed !

On the whole, as I read your chapter full of patriotic, yet restrained, homage to my great Hero of some 65 years, I felt gratefully that you had done much to secure his throne permanently. It was Macaulay's Essays that first enamoured me of great political characters. How well I remember a solitary afternoon in the dear old Monitors' Library, when I first took down from the fragrant shelves the brown Vol. ii about ' the nation being drunk with joy and pride.' Then the final passage at the end of Vol. iii, ' Scarcely one more stainless, and none a more splendid, name,' has always lived with me as marking the high-water mark of grave epitaphial prose. I had it in my mind when I was at his funeral in the Abbey that sad December, 1859. How you and your dear sisters must have felt the sad, proud hour. . . .

I must add just one thing. What you wrote about Porson interested me greatly. Well, yesterday our dear Gordon got the Porson Prize—the Ghost's story of the poison in his ears. So I have handed over to the boy my four handsome vols. of Porson's works, which I inherited from my dear Father in 1853. My Father had read classics with Porson before 1805, and got a testimonial from him for Harrow.

From Dr. R. T. Davidson (Archbishop of Canterbury).

Lambeth Palace, S.E.: May 31, 1913.

In the rather trying seven weeks' illness from which I am now emerging my thoughts have recurred to the fact that I have

never thanked you for what surely is one of the most touching acts of kindness and help which even you have perpetrated—The verses [1] you sent me on my tenth year of office in this great and anxious centre of work and responsibility.

It touched me so deeply—both the thought and the expression—that I put it aside with some of the sacred little papers which come out when one says one's prayers, and I postponed the thanks which ought to have been given immediately. Then came my illness, and it is not too much to say that your characteristic words of graceful kindness and sympathy have meant a very great deal to me through all these bed-bound days.

There are very few men in the world to whom I owe so much as I do to you. Among the ideals and principles which I have looked to, or rested upon, in a long series of over-busy years no small number had their origin for me in the Sixth Form Room. And I am only one among scores of men to whom you gave a like impulse, and who know and recognise in some measure what they owe to you.

Would that I had used those lessons, or nurtured those seeds, more faithfully! To say 'Thank you' seems out of place for benefits so real. But I feel it from the bottom of my heart. . . .

From General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

France: October 6, 1914.

Of all the letters I have received, and amongst others I have had three from the King's private secretary, expressing His Majesty's appreciation of my humble services, none have given me greater pleasure than yours of the 25th Sept., and I would rather that the delightful incident of Preston's (of the Inniskillings) showing you my picture [2] should have occurred to you than to anyone else, even though *I* know that it was the splendid fighting spirit of the troops which saved the situation, and not myself. Fortunate indeed are the officers and men who find themselves quartered in Nevile's Court; and I trust such good fortune may be mine if by any chance I should be wounded. I think you would be pleased if you could see the spirit of the men. It really is magnificent; and we all feel that such a spirit, backed up by the splendid efforts of the whole Empire, will in the long run place beyond doubt the results of the War. . . .

For yourself I pray that you may be spared for many years to come. Little did we think on July 8th, at that delightful evening,[3] that the clouds I mentioned were so soon to burst. Thank Heaven they did burst, for, apart from the chance of checking our unprincipled enemy, the Empire was drifting into selfishness, which is already checked. You will I know forgive a long letter, for my Corps is on the march. I am sending the extract, which refers to him, of your delightful letter, to Sir John French, who is now 50 miles off; and I am sending the original to my wife to treasure, and am telling her to send you my diary of simple events of my

[1] Printed in *Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life*, p. 524.

[2] See p. 406.

[3] The Harrow Dinner, July 8, 1914, when Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was in the chair.

command, which goes to her from time to time, *Stet Fortuna Domus*. Later on we must compile a pamphlet of Harrow's deeds in this war. My warmest thanks for your heart-stirring letter.

To Charles J. Longman
(on the death of his son, Frederick Longman, killed at Herlies, N. France, October 18, 1914).

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: October 23, 1914.

This must indeed be a dark hour for you and yours—the loss of this dear, gifted, gallant son. Pray accept just a word of warm, brotherly—may I add Harrow ?—sympathy.

I could not, of course, know him myself, but he seems to have inherited worthily some of your own special gifts, and to have been likely to become a leader as well as a patriot.

May God give you all strength and trust to bear up bravely as he, dear boy, would have wished !

We, too, have our anxieties. Of our three Harrovians, Jim and Gordon, 25 and 23, are in the ' Scottish Horse ' and may be ordered abroad at any moment.

Our youngest, Nevile, nearly 21, and two years ago Head of the School, is a virtual prisoner at Potsdam, not expecting to get away till ' the end of the War.' An anxious prospect for a father of 81.

Need I say how eagerly I note any allusions, whether of joy or sorrow, to our dear schoolfellows which this terrible time brings to light ? May God bless them—in life and in death !

To the Rt. Hon. Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart.

[Part of this letter is quoted by Sir George in the Introductory Chapter.]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: December 29, 1914.

You may be sure that I enjoyed your Christmas letter. *I* cannot expect to enjoy many more such greetings, but while they last they are very precious. Thank God, ever since 1851, whether we have seen much of each other or little, our friendship has never for a moment been shaken or clouded. The memory of its *earlier* years, when so many dear ones of yours were still living and famous, brings back to me very vividly some of the happiest and most grateful hours of my life.

The present war is to me very horrible. I had been brought up from boyhood with almost a romantic regard for Germany, due, I suppose, to my Father's visit to Schiller in 1797 and later. Then my eldest brother George had been very happy at Heidelberg and elsewhere, and made many German friends like Max Müller. Then Bunsen and Niebuhr, thanks to Arnold, had been heroes of mine. Niebuhr's five volumes I chose for my first Speech-Day prize in 1848. Then, in 1856, I was fascinated by Lewes' ' Life of Goethe ' and Carlyle's papers on the wonderful man, though I never exactly liked him ; and my stay at Dresden that September, after Monte Rosa, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, was hardly short of a rapture.

Then my ignorance of German feeling toward us, and German

plotting up to even last July, kept me from any suspicions. In our Hall here we have had, only a very few years ago, some delightfully friendly gatherings of German Publishers, Savants, Theologians. I can still see Mommsen standing opposite the portrait of Francis Bacon in the big drawing-room, crossing his arms, shaking his head, and saying sententiously, 'So it was *you*, was it? that gave us Lady Macbeth and Falstaff'!

Finally, our dear Jim spent a most happy autumn near Berlin only last year, and received nothing but kindness. At some of the young men's evening parties 'Hoch! England' used to be one of the toasts. I had not even heard the name of Treitschke, and I fancied the Kaiser friendly in spite of the rapidly rising Navy. It was, therefore, a strange shock to me when the war came, followed at once by so much hatred, brutality, mendacity, ὕβρις in every one of its worst shapes.

You speak of Motley's descriptions. I have either never read or have forgotten them; but, oddly enough, just before your letter came, it occurred to me to read again Macaulay's account of the devastation of the Palatinate by order of Louis XIV. It seemed to me almost a prophecy of Liège, Louvain, etc.

It is a melancholy thought, surely, for you and me that neither of us can ever expect to see friendly, trustful feeling renewed between England and the Prussian part of Germany. The fight must last until one of the two opposites becomes not beaten only, but humiliated. I hate the thought of it.

Meanwhile, how nobly our good fellows are behaving! I am taking many of our wounded here for drives, and am immensely struck by their really fine qualities—not 'Tommies,' for good or otherwise, but intelligent, well-mannered, wholly free from swagger or complaint, very simple, beautifully proud of their officers.

Also kind Lady Smith-Dorrien lets me see successive portions of her good husband's journal. He and his two elder brothers were boys in my House, and he was Chairman of the Harrow Dinner last July 8th.

I am so glad that your dear George and his friend have again visited the sorely-tried Serbia. It looks surely as if Austria must be smashed, whatever be the fate of Hungary. They seem hardly ever to score a success, and they lose prisoners by the thousand.

I am touched by the number of our dear Harrow schoolfellows in the 'Roll of Honour.' There will be many more such young 'Benefactors' before this hateful strife is over. Our two Scottish Horsemen, Jim and Gordon, 25 and 23, are now at Sunderland and Morpeth, on the look-out for fresh raids. Of course, they may be called to the front at any time.

Cambridge is now occupied by some 20,000 to 30,000 soldiers who before long will go abroad. Whewell's Court is given up to Privates. The Nevile's Court Hospital was, after some three months, transferred to a field by the Tennis Courts. The convalescents are admitted to our 'roundabout.' As spring and summer come on this will be a privilege.

How wonderfully well your dear George writes! Few men have the gift of narrative in so high a degree.

We have many Belgians here. On Christmas Day our dinner-party included one really charming mother with three sons. The

father, a rich engineer at Liège, was looking after some works in the South of Russia. Two of the boys are already in Cambridge schools. What a scene of transformation it all is!

Pray give our love to dear Lady Trevelyan. May 1915 bring many compensations to us all for 1914.

On the death of Dean Stanley in 1881, Dr. Butler 'inherited' his pleasant duty of writing an annual letter to Miss Frances Arnold at Fox How for the day of Dr. Arnold's death, July 12.

To Miss Arnold.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: June 11, 1915.

As the day comes round, my thoughts turn again to you, to beautiful Fox How, and to the great Memory. When one thinks of him and Bunsen and the three hours at Bonn with Niebuhr in 1830, one sees what a mournful change has come over all that once bound England to Prussia. Up to last July I was living in foolish ignorance of what had been done by Bernhardi and Treitschke and others, and retained something of the sentimental and romantic regard for Germany which we inherited from our dear Father, who in 1797 had sat up with Schiller in his sanctum at Iena reading the 'Death of Wallenstein' before it was published. Surely the Prussia of to-day, or rather the governing part of it, is a less noble race than the Prussia of Niebuhr and of Bunsen. Mlle. Marie de Bunsen, by-the-bye, the granddaughter of the Baron, is just now showing kindness to our youngest son Nevile, just 21, who has been a Civilian Prisoner at Berlin since the breaking out of the war. After some months at Ruhleben he was allowed to be moved to the private house of the widow of a late wealthy and influential merchant, Herr Hahn, where he has been treated with singular kindness. Mlle. de Bunsen has visited him there and lent him books.

I do hope, dear Miss Arnold, you can really give a good account of yourself in this most anxious year. It seems to try the faith of us all. We want strong heroic spirits like that of Dr. Arnold to help us to 'be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.'

To the Rt. Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, Bart., O.M.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: January 26, 1916.

Your letter, as usual, gives a stir to my heart. The escape from Suvla Bay, for it was an escape, has given us cause for much thankfulness. Jim was among the comparatively few who were kept to the last close to the Turkish trenches—about 150 yards off. If the Turks had got the slightest notion that their ranks had been so thinned by the gradual embarkation at night of others, they must have made a very formidable onslaught—especially when, only a few hours before the final escape, fresh howitzers, big guns, and munitions reached them from Constantinople. But they had no suspicion of what was going on.

In a very few days we will send you Jim's letter. It has been typed and is making a little family tour. He and Gordon are now at Cairo, quite well, and Nevile is likely to join them there shortly,

having just accepted a telegraphed offer of a commission in their Scottish Horse. His exchange from Berlin with a German Civilian in England was without any kind of conditions.

How splendidly your dear George is carrying on his humane work, and how delightful to see George Young's two boys receiving grateful foreign distinctions together, just at the same time!

You talk of our old friend Thucydides,[1] always persistently loyal. Jim and Gordon have been reading much of him quite enthusiastically. Now, at Cairo, I hope they may turn to Herodotus II.

We are a stange sight now at Trinity—less than 100 men in residence, and Whewell's Court given up to soldiers!

To the Rev. Lionel Ford
(thanking him for sympathy on the death of the Master's son, Gordon Kerr Montagu Butler, from blood-poisoning in Egypt).

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: August 7, 1916.

It is a strange confession to make, but it is the strict truth, that I am really not quite sure whether I ever wrote to thank you for your beautiful letter or not. I know that I thanked you very fervently in my heart, and that I meant to try to put it into some words, however inadequate, and then I fancied I had done it; but now I am beginning to have serious doubts; so do, dear Friend, let me just try to say a few words, for sympathy like yours, so tenderly expressed, is no common help in 'time of trouble.'

Our dear Gordon has left us a very sweet memory, and, as I have said to some other friends, a 'sure and certain hope.' There was much of the child still in him, and much even of 'the lamb,' the name by which we all knew him in childhood and by which Jim still writes of him. Children, servants, private soldiers, even animals—no bad judges—took to him in a very marked way, he was so simple, kindly, playful, and loving. He was devoted almost equally to Harrow and Trinity, and in the last two cruel years he made many friends in the Army. His Commanding Officers write most emphatically of the ability he showed as an Officer and of his devotion to his work, especially in respect of the Machine Guns. Strange work for such a mind and such a heart.

It is curious that he and his three brothers and their father have all been 'Heads of our House.' He and his two brothers, Jim and Nevile, have for years markedly shared the same conviction that death can be no barrier to re-union in the new and greater life.

From H. Yates Thompson [on 'Evergreens'].

19 Portman Square, W.: February 23, 1917.

You are so partial to ages and dates that I do not hesitate to send this doggrel. Happily you only come in third in the age list, being easily beaten by Harrison and Courtney. Lionel Tollemache, from the exigencies of verse, had to appear under his School

[1] Sir George Trevelyan had observed in a previous letter that no young soldiers resembling Jim and Gordon Butler had sailed the Ægean since the young Athenian Knights in the Peloponesian War.

soubriquet. The date taken is Sunday last, which we spent so agreeably at the Lodge.

The average age of these twelve is 79 years and 11 months.

Were nursed upon the self-same hill, six decades since or more,
Butler, Trevelyan, Thompson, Church, 'Telemachus,' and Storr:
Add Courtney, Jackson, Harrison,
Mahaffy, Morley, Bryce,
And you've twelve hardy Evergreens—age average fourscore.

To Canon PEMBERTON [one of Dr. Butler's last letters].

Trinity Lodge: December 19, 1917.

Our Cadet Dinner last night and very many Scholarship letters are now over, and I can at last send you my too tardy thanks for that really valuable gift of the 'Spirit of Man' Be assured I shall prize it greatly, and *the Inscription*,[1] and this none the less because, I must frankly confess, I had the book before. Dear Jim gave it to me either last Christmas or the Christmas before, and I read a good deal of it at the time, with much pleasure for the Prose as well as the Verse extracts.

When you and I talked about the book and its insertion of the Robin stanza[2] at the end of the 'Elegy,' I fancied stupidly that you were referring to quite another book, a collection by Gooch.

The Robin stanza is surely in itself excellent, but perhaps we must admit that its absence does make the connexion with the epitaph a little closer and, so to say, a little more 'expected.' I am very glad to have it now before me on my table in so pleasant a form. It is well worthy of Gray.

Our Cadet Farewell Dinner last night was in every way most hearty, not least the well-deserved reception given by the young fellows to Parry, who has fairly won their hearts.

This is my first wedding day, 1861, when you and Charlie Gray gave me that beautiful oak chair which is still the chief ornament of my study. I use it constantly.

Dr. Montagu Butler passed peacefully away, after a short attack of bronchitis, on January 14, 1918. Seldom has a devout Christian been better prepared for his earthly end. He had spoken of it in many letters as 'an event which could not be far off.' The comfort of 'the sure and certain hope' was enshrined in the short hymn, 'Jesus died for us and rose again,' which he had composed for

[1] With affectionate best wishes from an old Trinity Friend, 'old' in fullest sense of the word, for he has completed the 85th year of his age this December 16, 1917; in memory of several interesting 'conversations,' and specially in connexion with Gray's 'Elegy.'

[2] There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

his mother's funeral. He had offered that consolation to the mourners for most of his own circle of friends: he adopted it with all pious confidence for himself. The *poena diu viventibus* (and he felt it) is to outlive the contemporaries and intimates of the vanished years: but to him such losses were but separations for a time, with an assured re-union to follow.

One portion of my task of love and reverence is finished —the Harrow Life of my dear Master and Friend. The story of his activities at Cambridge and elsewhere, of his funeral at Harrow, the gracious message from the King, the tributes of Pulpit and Press, the memorials in the Chapels of Trinity and Harrow, must be told hereafter. I have failed indeed, if I have not reproduced some of the lineaments of an exceptionally beautiful mind—so elevated that frivolity and baseness shrank and withered in its atmosphere; so charged with an exalted sense of duty that friends of all ages caught something from the example; so inspiring in its intellectual stimulus that pupils by the hundred rose and blessed him for the influence; so steeped in faith and piety, and withal so tolerant in sympathy, that it won for him the reverence of men of all shades of religious thought. Polished in eloquence, captivating in conversation, stored with anecdote and reminiscence, rich in humour, playful with children, understanding with animals, unstinted in generosity, unfailing in courtesy, he exercised an influence and drew to himself a respectful affection such as have been given to few other men in the world of education.

His outlook on life was wide: he could say with Terence, '*Humani nihil a me alienum puto*'; but in the inner chambers of his heart were three constant, romantic, hallowed interests—his family, his College, and his School, and of these not the least was Harrow.

To know the number of my mortal days
I ask not: be they many, be they few,
Each moment the sad voice of suffering says,
'Resolve and do!

'The temple of thy God in ruin stands;
Go up, and build, and take thy truest arms,
And grasp the Gospel trumpet in thy hands
To sound alarms.

'Lay firmly every stone; long years may be,
And stormy winds may rend, till all be done;
But lay the first—thou mayst not live to see
To-morrow's sun.

'Build for the future: let thy children say,
"His mind was finely toned and firmly set":
But look around thee, nor be slow to pay
The present debt.

'The "vision and the faculty divine"
Come not by dreaming: he whose eye is clear
To read the present reads the future sign,
The truest seer.

'God deigns to need thy weakness: heed His call,
Unhasting, but unresting: short or long
The days that wait thee, they are His, yea all
To Him belong.'

H. M. B., November 8, 1857.

(Written when riding from the Monastery of the Virgin at the foot of Parnassus.)

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